Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER
1937

ARTICLES
JOHN DOS PASSOS
GEORGE A. McNAMARA
GUY PÈNE DU BOIS
JOHN R. TUNIS
TOM MAHONEY
HARRY SALPETER
CHAS. WILLIAMS, M. D.
BRUCE HENRY
T. R. CARSKADON
IRVING SPIEGEL
HENRI GRIS

FICTION
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
LOUIS PAUL
IRA WOLFERT
LOUIS ZARA
HEWITT L. BALLOWE
JACK IAMS
PAUL ANNIXTER

ART
KENNETH HAYES MILLER

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HANNIBAL TOWLE
EDWARD HORTON
DANIEL LUNDBERG
WESTON MARTYR

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MAXWELL BODENHEIM

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ROBT. SAUNDERS DOWST
JOHN K. HUTCHENS
EDW. JEROME VOGELER

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GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

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GILBERT BUNDY
GEORGE PETTY
JARO FABRY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
ABNER DEAN
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HENRY BOLTINOFF
SYDNEY HOFF
GARDNER REA
GEORGE SHELLHASE
THURSTON GENTRY
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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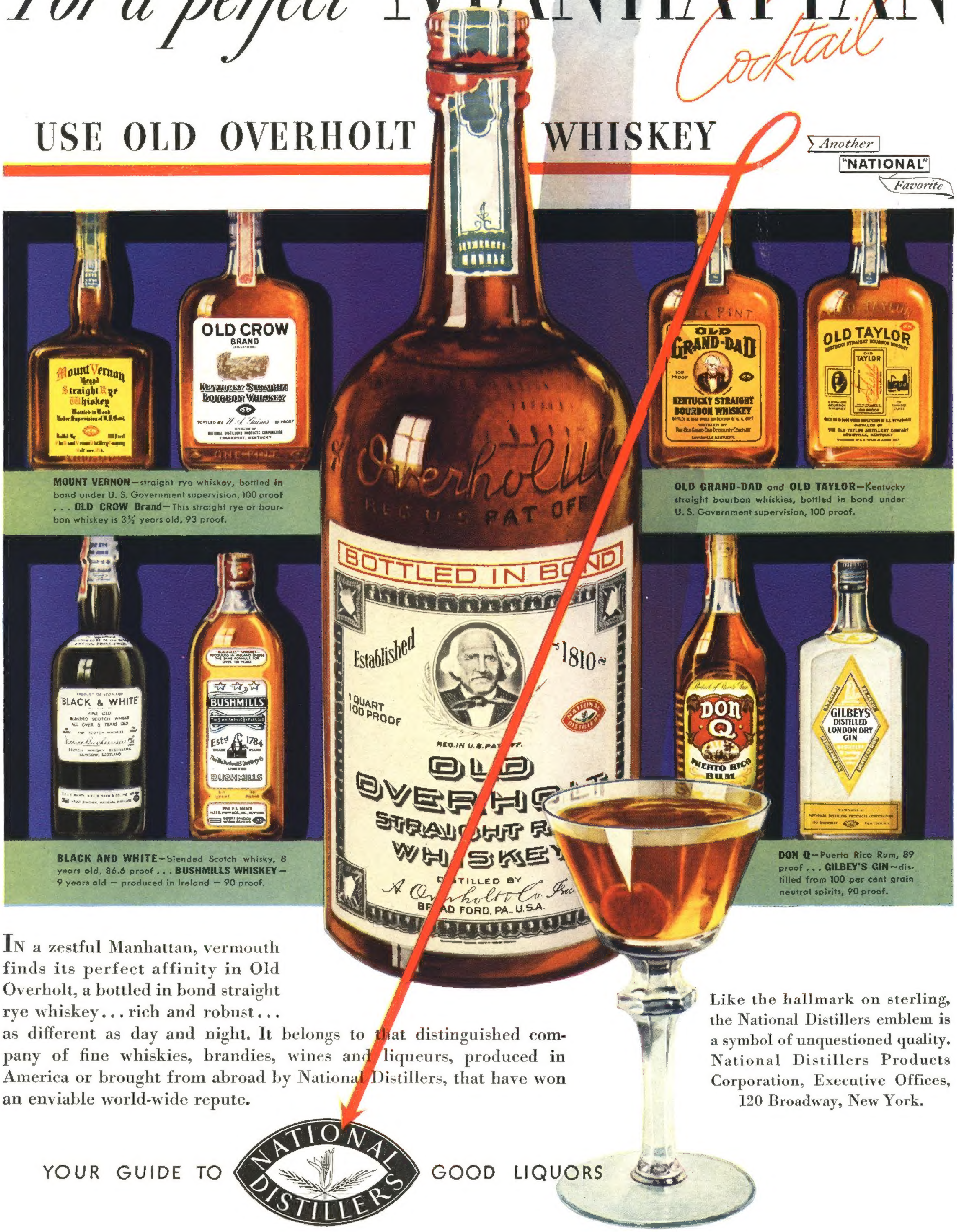

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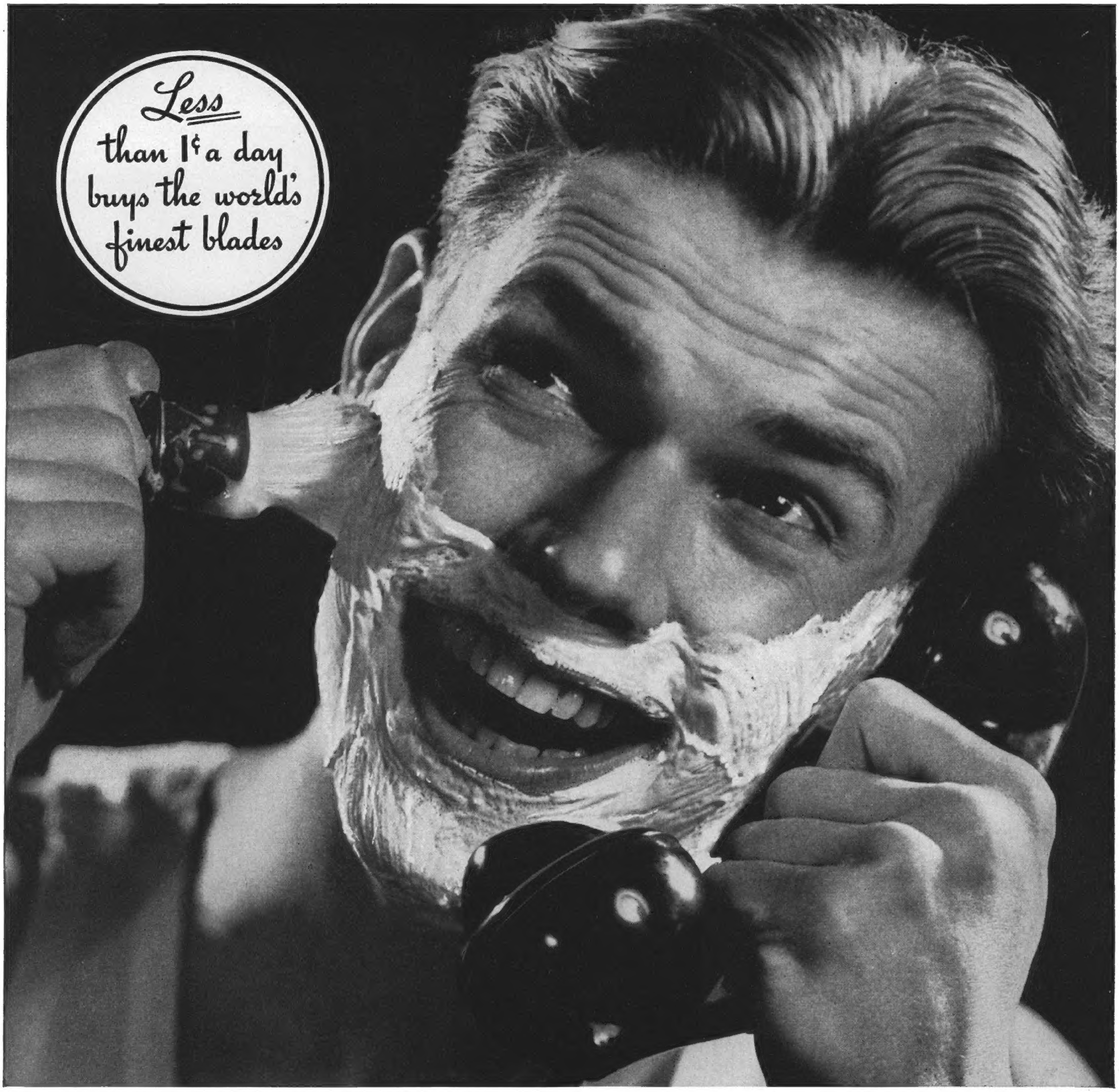

"I'm gonna come clean, baby!"

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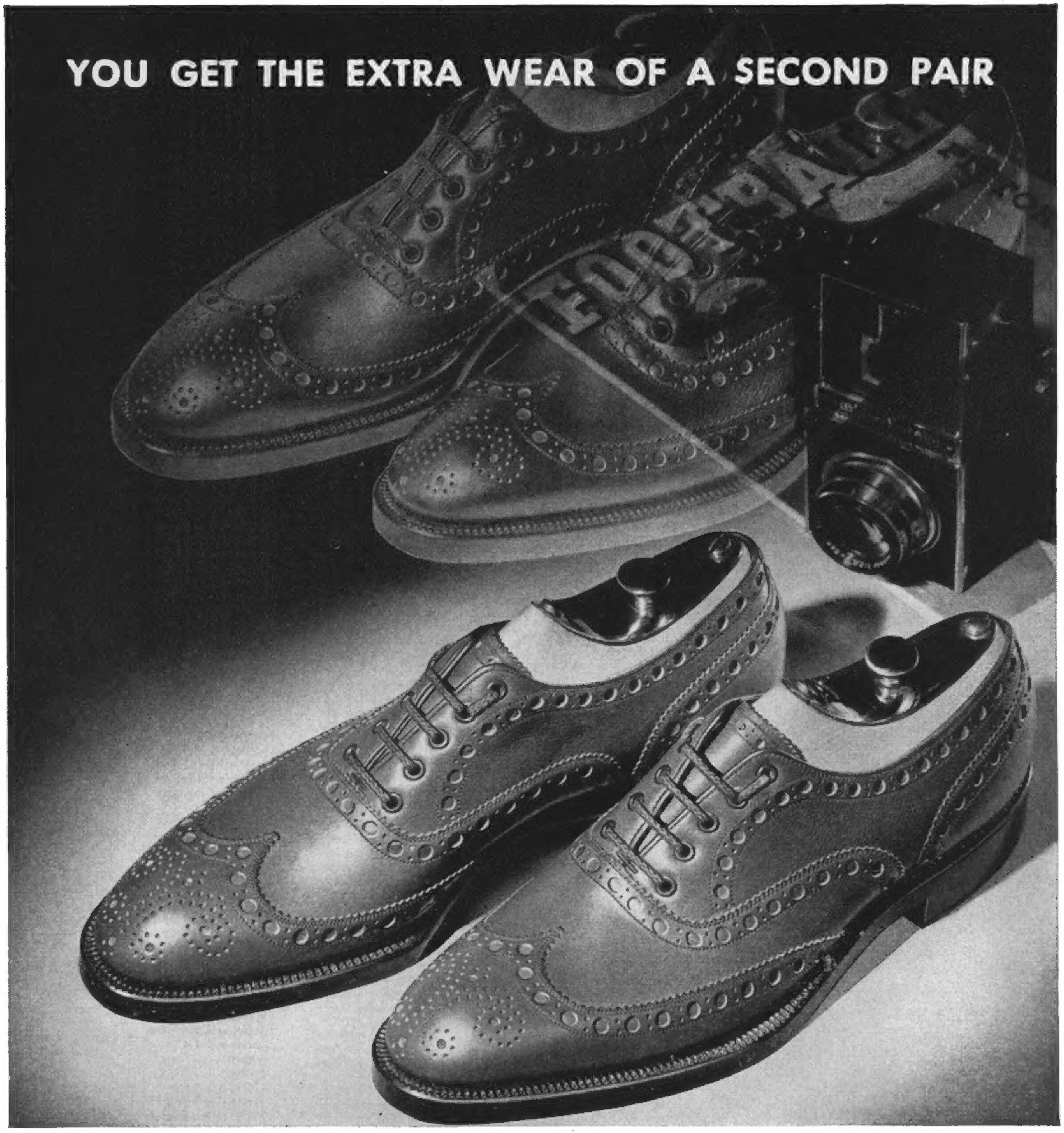

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, CHICAGO

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Directors: Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Pausing again to salute the living

It occurs to us at this late date that every time we have used this space to pay our little tribute to the living by saying now that they are alive the things we might otherwise put off saying about them until they are dead . . . What a sentence. Anyway, it occurs to us that for no defensible reason the object of our homage has in every instance been one of our own contributors. As Westbrook Pegler would say, tain't right. But this one isn't about Pegler. (He is, or was anyway, a contributor to these pages.) One could be about Pegler and maybe sometime one will. But this one is about Paul de Kruif.

He doesn't write for us. Our little sister Coronet has dated him up a few times. But mostly he writes for *The Ladies' Home Journal,* that magazine for millions of mammas, into whose massive circulation our measly six hundred thousand papas make a mere multiple. That this bruiser should write for a magazine whose concomitant features include recipes and patterns is a paradox akin to the thought of Tarzan teaching tap-dancing. For since you were a tadpole and I was a fish and the anthropoids first swung down out of the trees to try walking erect, a less lady-like man never gulped, bellowed, snorted nor swore. Rabelaisian in speech, Stentorian in voice, Gargantuan in appetite, Pantagruelian in gusto, the only thing that keeps his six foot, two hundred fifteen pound bulk from being all-male-muscle is the fact that such a measurable part of his brawn is brain.

He swims two miles in a fast crawl daily from April to November. He never wears any footwear more formal than moccasins. He never wears an overcoat of any kind, nor any hat. Once during a protracted cold wave when the thermometer was vibrating between twenty and thirty below his wife complained of the gaping crowds that marked his coat-and-hatless progress through the city streets. Giving in to her desire to avoid his making a scene, he bought a muffler and a trapper's fur cap, but still no coat.

Born near Holland, Michigan, about forty-seven years ago, he was a bacteriologist at the state university after getting his degree in medicine. They bounced him because he gave his lectures with his pipe between his teeth. (Latterly a fervent leftist, he smokes six dollar a pound tobacco in ten dollar English briars. If you rebuke him for such costly hedonism he says come the revolution, everybody'll have to smoke it, beginning with the non-smokers.) For two years the stormy petrel of The Rockefeller Institute, they threw him out for writing satirical articles on medicine which were published anonymously in *Century* magazine. That was 1922, the year he married Rhea Barbarin, and started life over again in earnest.

That was the year that saw the publication of his first book. The next three years went into the collaboration with Sinclair Lewis on *Arrowsmith,* and the development of his own dynamic style with *Microbe Hunters* which has been translated into twelve languages and has been a best seller, in one part of the world or another, for twelve years. Since then he has written *Hunger Fighters, Seven Iron Men, Men Against Death* and *Why Keep Them Alive?* His next, now in production, will be called *The Right to Live.*

He lives on the Eastern Shore of Lake Michigan, a few miles from his home town. There he and Rhea have designed and built, room by room, a house called Wake Robin which sprawls agreeably over half a dune. From there they dart forth in all directions at the drop of a hat, as she accompanies him everywhere he goes, in and out of print. So close is the conjunction of their lives that she even shares his recent title-pages. When they want to be alone they are, for despite the pleas of editors and publishers they refuse to install a telephone, and so tortuous is the road to Wake Robin that Western Union refuses to attempt the delivery of telegrams to its door. When they travel, it is in the grandest of style, though their journeys lead, more often than not, into the most wretched of slum-sections, where his search for the truth about human suffering leads them.

Fond of Beethoven, babies and beer, always a lusty yea-sayer to life, he has lately become almost a professional do-gooder. He can take off from a standing start to reach a higher peak of enthusiasm faster than any man alive. He would have made a marvelous college president, as he can talk the largest sums out of the biggest men in the fastest time, and does so constantly. For that matter, he would have made a magnificent night club owner, as a fortune teller lately told Rhea he ought to do, to keep in accord with his stars. He has become a beneficent bandit on behalf of the underprivileged, a sort of Robin Hood talking the very rich out of sizable sums to devote to the improvement of the condition of the very poor. He began single handed Detroit's history-making march against tuberculosis. He is the flywheel of the President's Commission on infantile paralysis. He has begun a whirlwind of house-cleaning among maternity hospitals. He is one of the big guns of the present nation-wide offensive against syphilis.

Seemingly concerned about everyone's health but his own, he can't stand to see his own glass or a guest's either full or empty. He could spot the eighteenth century's proverbial two bottle man a bottle and a half and still put him to bed. He will stay up until five, talking a roomful of stout fellows under the table, to be up again at six-thirty, ready for work. Late hours and fiery liquids only lubricate his lucidity. (Actually he takes very good care of himself, when there are no stooges around to stimulate his festive reflexes.)

We would wish more power to him, only it would seem a bit like wishing more power to Niagara. He's got enough. He looks good for a long time.

T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VIII, No. 4
Whole No. 47

T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A MANN'S A MANN FOR A' THAT

Burton Rascoe's article on John Steinbeck in the August Esquire is one of the best recent examples of a book reviewer filling up a piece with drivel. One can understand some of our writers he reviews for your magazine, but that the combination of John Steinbeck and Thomas Mann should not produce anything better than his present inane piece is incomprehensible.

The space he uses in describing the so-called metaphysics of Mr. Steinbeck might have been all right discussing Claude Houghton but what has all this mumbo-jumbo got to do with Mr. Steinbeck's real merits? It is Steinbeck's sensitive understanding of the working class and the depossessed whether they are ranch hands, migratory fruit pickers or farmers that has given him his position among the foremost writers in this country. And did the spectacle of one of the greatest living writers in the world addressing an audience in defense of human liberties and decency make no further impression upon him than that it was all an insufferable bore? Thomas Mann—driven into exile by the Nazi maniacs, comes to America to make a plea for the life of German culture which has about been exterminated by the fascist barbarians, and Burton Rascoe can find nothing better to say than that it was all "windy banalities."

Faithfully yours,
Harry W. Schwartz
Milwaukee, Wis.

ESKIE AMONG THE ESKIMOS

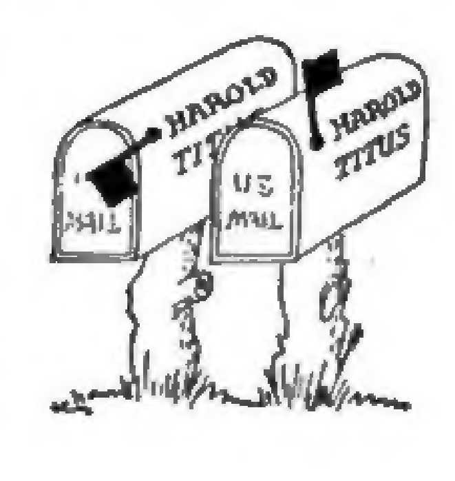
I wish to compliment you on your binding and the strength, durability and ruggedness of your magazine. I have bartered, in times of adversity, a copy of Esquire to the Eskimos in return for a reindeer carcass—and found the same copy six months later at a point some three hundred and fifty miles North. As near as I could ascertain the book had been through the villages of Mary's Igloo, Wales, Shismaref and several others which I hesitate to spell. Lord knows how many miles it made on side trips, how many people scanned the pretty pictures. Their one exclamation—Cah! is much in evidence when they scan the pretty boy clothes and all of that.

Taylor, Alaska Louis Mideke

THE SKUNK PROBABLY FORGED THIS LETTER

Here's a screwy one.

Somewhere in this broad land is another Harold Titus who goes about the country posing as the author of my pieces. He bobs up every now and then and people write to him care of magazines in which I appear and naturally I get his mail. The latest—sent to him from a budding author in care of the *SaturdayEveningPost*—indicates that he is advising writers how to get into Esquire so I think you should be warned.



He first came into my life about ten years ago when a gal he'd married and deserted wanted a divorce and alimony in Colorado. (Me, a faithful husband of many years standing with two kids to show for it!) He had evidently checked so closely on me and impressed his wife so deeply with his my past that my Denver attorney, a university classmate, thought I was crossing him up. On this dude's fatal wedding day, however, I was far toward the Hudson Bay height of land with Chase Osborn, which helped. The bastard in the case was finally located in a sanitarium on the coast. He broadcasts as the author of my yarns; he negotiates for the sale of my second serial rights to editors of minor publications. He loves gals and leaves 'em and they write me wistful letters in care of magazines. He promises ladies jobs in publishing houses and they plaintively want to know when. And he apparently is such a charming rascal that people he has duped simply won't believe it and give me no aid whatever in locating him. From this last incident, however, I judge he has a Georgia address.

As an occasional purchaser of my output you should know about this. Unless mail reaches you from Traverse City or through Carl Brandt don't believe it, mister. It ain't me! It's another guy and when I think of the possible plagiarisms he might commit I get jittery.

Cordially,
Harold Titus
Traverse City, Mich.

ACIDULOUS

I am sorry Mr. Nathan's play, *The Avon Flows*, was a flop but I'm more sorry he should be so mad about it as to malign and misquote his critics. His first four complaints against my review (in the New York *Times* of February 14, George Jean Nathan's Tales From Shakespeare) I pass by as journalistic legerdemain, amusing and good enough, I suppose and I suppose he supposes, for Esquire readers. But his Complaint No. 5 is so indecently inaccurate, even for Mr. Nathan, that I must ask you to print this protest.

In this complaint Mr. Nathan quotes me as saying at one point: "Together with a stage direction that we are still puzzling over, in which Juliet speaks *acidulously*." Mr. Nathan makes great fun with this. "What is puzzling about it, my boy?" he asks, and tells me to go look up Webster.

If Mr. Nathan will go look up his own stage directions, or even go look up my review of them, he will find that the word he used and I quoted is *aciduously*, not *acidulously*. He will find on page 95 of *The Avon Flows* (Random House, copyright, 1937, by George Jean Nathan) that Juliet is made to speak *aciduously*, and further that on page 96 she is made to speak *Even more aciduously*. Instead of calling Mr. Nathan an ignorant ass, which would be his approach to the error or misprint or whatever it was, I merely said I was puzzled by the strange word. Now he substitutes the correct word for his error or misprint, pretends that it was there in the first place, and that I quoted it in my review and was ignorant of its meaning. In my long life of reviewing (I am no boy, and, incidentally, no Mons.) I doubt if I have seen a more brazen piece of critical malfeasance.

Since Mr. Nathan appears to be unable to read a review accurately or proofread his own copy correctly, I think your readers should be advised that he is not infallible and that he can be very ill natured

Sincerely yours,
New York City Peter Monro Jack

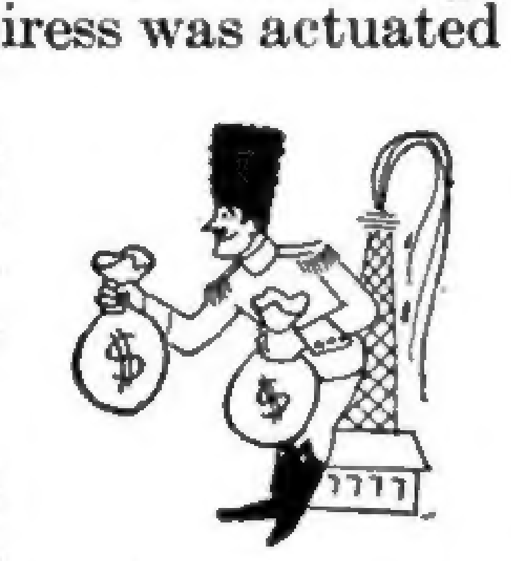
A HORSE ON US

In his article *The Astonishing Mr. Tilden*, Vincent Richards stated that Tilden has never spoken on the radio. Strangely enough he is mistaken. Tilden recently broadcasted a summary of the Wimbledon finals from England.

Yours truly,
Arthur K. Goldberg
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CREDIT SIDE

My attention has been drawn to a recent issue of your publication, in which appears a scurrilous article in which my brother-in-law, the late Prince Alexis Mdivani, is referred to in such a way as to infer that his marriage with an American heiress was actuated by purely monetary motives, and that he lived a life of ease and luxury, on money derived from that source.



Your contributor, who wisely remains anonymous, has done a peculiarly contemptible thing in attacking the honorable memory of a man who is dead, and is thus not here to defend himself.

Apart from showing himself capable of such a despicable course of action, your contributor was very unwise in committing himself to fallacious assertions which are not in accordance with fact, and which, moreover, expose him to direct and authoritative refutation.

Despite the fact that Prince Alexis Mdivani's father, the late General Prince Zachary Mdivani, personal aide-de-camp to the late Czar of Russia, lost his great wealth and property in the Revolution, the large part of the fortune left by Prince Alexis was gained from his own shrewd investments and in the large interests which he had in the oil wells belonging to his two brothers.

The assertion that the money he left was wholly derived from the source referred to, is a contemptible fabrication, for a large portion of his estate was a result of his own financial efforts and his own shrewd investments.

Equally untrue is the inference that his money was spent in polo-playing and luxurious living for himself. In actual fact, as distinct from your contributor's irresponsible surmise, Prince Alexis invariably used his money on behalf of the sick and needy, and I know personally that he was responsible for the education of at least 17 young men and women. He never lost an opportunity of doing good with his money, by easing the burden of poverty and ill-health for those he met during his short life, and many hundreds of people of all ages and classes all over the world, have reason to bless the name of Alexis Mdivani, and to regret with sincere sorrow the sudden and tragic death of one who never spared either his pocket or himself in order to lighten the burden of life for those less fortunate than himself.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
London Denis P. S. Conan Doyle

CHAPERONES' PLACE IN THE SUN

The title of your department is quite appropriate, because I wish to give vent to a fury that fills me when I think of your article, *Why Have Chaperones*, by our old friend, Anonymous.

I come from an insufficiently known Southern university, Emory; which, because we aren't intercollegiate in athletics, is little known outside of the South. But on to the object of this letter. I think our 2000 students are typical of the Southern collegian, and I resent Miss Anonymous classifying us with her Eastern boors. Probably we are more naive and unsophisticated than our Northern contemporaries, but I've always had the idea that a chaperone was as much a guest at one of our functions as any of the brothers' dates; she should be catered to and her wishes obeyed. I don't deny that much harmless necking and some not quite so harmless goes on—but there is a time and place for everything; we use our fraternity house as a home and try to keep it so that at all times we would be glad of a visit from our parents.

Under our system we have a house-mother in each house who we treat as a mother. We have strict rules against drinking in the house and "bringing in girls for immoral purposes" both punishable by a fine of $25; in my three years at the house we haven't had a single case of either. If we are inclined to raise hell we usually keep away from the house. We welcome the parents of the brothers, and quite frequently we have some dropping in for the week end. Our fraternity prides itself on its true 'Southern Hospitality', and hospitality is best known by catering to the wishes and desires of our guests.

The main thing I resent about the whole article is our dear author visiting one group of boys, finding her stay unpleasant, and immediately assuming that all students are 'hell-raisers', boors, inconsiderate and discourteous asses, and lacking in the finer sensibilities. Come South, Lady, and retract your harsh statements through gaining a broad view of college life. Honestly, we don't all measure our college life in pints and conquests.

Sincerely Hoping For a True
Understanding Of College Life,
A Student of the Old South
Emory University, Ga.

WE DIDN'T GET THE NAME

In re *The Beach Vendetta*, August Esquire p. 67, etc. Tell that guy, von Kolnitz that he'd better look at the name on his fishing-reels. If they are not *vom* Hofe, they are cheap German imitations. Look for the name *vom* Hofe. Vom Hofe fishing reels are made by the original vom Hofe family, a name with which sauerkraut has never been connected.

Emil vom Hofe
Vacationing at
Santa Catalina, Calif.

PIONEERS AND POGROMS

Three cheers for David L. Cohn! Esky turns serious and carries a dynamically true revelation in the August issue.

In Abe Spiegel, David Cohn reveals the true longings of a man who has established a business and built a home in practically every village, town, and city of America. He paints the picture of thousands of Abe Spiegels throughout the country, men who build, produce, and sell—men who work hard and die young.

And David Cohn really preaches religious tolerance when he reveals that awful life-shortening gnawing in the heart that comes of being treated as a foreigner simply because the Creator deemed that Abe Spiegel's parents should fight pogroms in Russia rather than pioneer in covered wagons across the midwest plains of America.

Esquire deals religious prejudice a hard right to the jaw.

Congratulations,
Walter Bullock
Los Angeles, Calif.

GNATS

Hey! You guys are going *buggy!* On pages 69, 103, and 127 of the August issue I found dried-up, flattened-out bodies of gnats. Maybe you're supplying local color for such articles as *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*, on page 69, or Petty's bear-hunt on page 103.

Anyhow, you ought to give me the nod as one of your closest readers.

Bob Epple
Altoona, Pa.

Continued on page 8

50 YEARS AGO TODAY

LOUISVILLE, SEPTEMBER, 1887—Reports from all over the country show that Four Roses Whiskey, the new brand introduced by one of America's oldest distillers, is receiving a tremendous reception. A host of knowing drinkers declare it the finest whiskey they ever tasted, and predict for the brand a long and brilliant future.

...AND TODAY

Fifty years have passed since we first brought forth Four Roses—and to mark the beginning of this noble whiskey's second half-century, we're now offering you a still *finer* Four Roses.

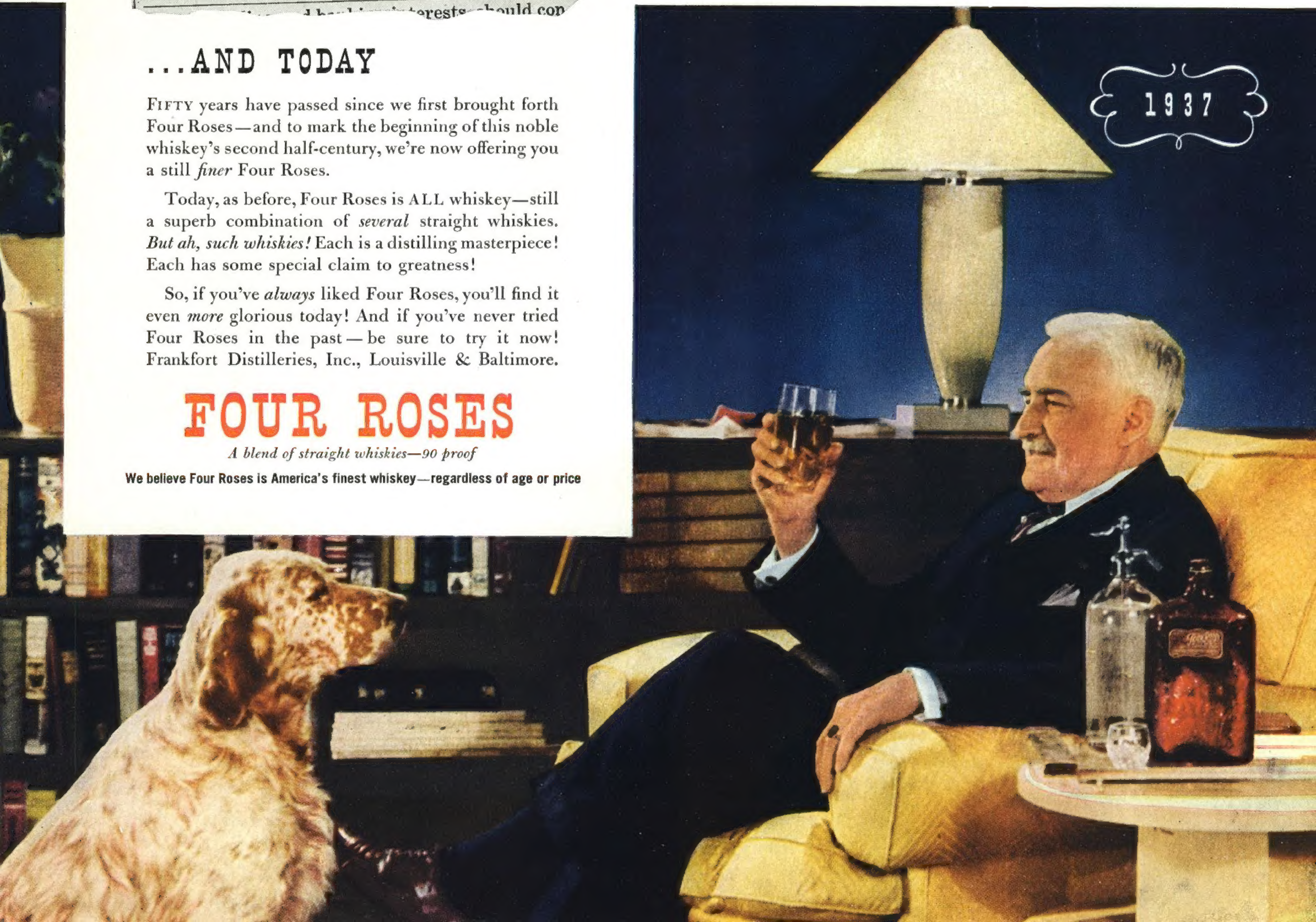
Today, as before, Four Roses is ALL whiskey—still a superb combination of *several* straight whiskies. *But ah, such whiskies!* Each is a distilling masterpiece! Each has some special claim to greatness!

So, if you've *always* liked Four Roses, you'll find it even *more* glorious today! And if you've never tried Four Roses in the past—be sure to try it now! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey—regardless of age or price



THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HARANGUING HROLDA

I've always imagined I'd like to publish a swell magazine like Esquire. To read the hundreds of rejected manuscripts would amuse me. One rejection would have been the contribution by Jean Hrolda, which appeared in the August issue. This was the most inane piece of tripe I've had the misfortune to read. I'd expect such nonsense in Bally-hoo but not in a fifty-cent mag. This jumble of imagination is quite symbolic to a 'raping lullaby'. Why you, Mr. Editor, assiduously clutter up the smooth pages of your publication with this trash, is beyond comprehension.

I think Mr. Hrolda is traveling towards fairyland and I suggest he devote his time to juvenile poetry.

Hee-Hawingly yours,
Troy, N. Y. Walter M. Oathout

MONKEY BUSINESS

I never did shine at math. and reckon I'm sticking my neck out in bringing this up, but what I want to know is whether Mr. Herbert Acton, Jr., correctly stated his eight-day problem in S. & F. (August). If he did, please tell him I'm discouraged and want the answer he promised.

Without the insomnious monkey and his self-seeking tactics I can get the answer. Or at any rate, *an* answer; and even *with* the monkey, provided his feeling of fellowship should lead him, not to follow the bad example of his human companions and take for himself after each embezzlement a coconut from the original pile, but rather to take one from the most recently purloined portion and return it to the communal cache.

Without the monkey raise 5 to the 5th power, and let the exhausted coconut gatherers take a well-earned rest to dream (with only one interruption for each of them) of an impressive pile of 15,625 nuts.

With the monkey, but him having a livelier and less human perception of the property rights of others, add five nuts to the pile, making 15,630 nuts.

I don't say that Mr. Acton can't solve his problem just as he has stated it, or that it can't be solved with fewer nuts, both as he has stated it and as I have re-stated it. I do say that I can't do it, and that I would like to know the answer.

And by the way, I believe Hubbell Robinson has really been out with a "glamour girl." His piece is swell, and authentic characterization.

Yours appreciatively,
Hertford, N. C. Granbery Tucker

AND HIM A HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATE

In July issue that worthy literator, Mr. Burton Rascoe, maligns The Concise Oxford Dictionary an exceptionally accurate and complete lexicon.

He mentions for example, hemoglobin, as not being listed also androgyne, masochist, olly podrida and antipasto. Taking them in order given—When one searches under "hem" for hemoglobin one is referred back to "haem." The reference is made in heavy type, a fact which Mr. Burton neglected to mention. Androgyne is given as an adjective, androgynous. Masochism is in the addenda in the back of the book. Olly podrida is a distinctly Spanish phrase despite Mr. Burton's assertion that it has been anglicized. As for antipasto it is clearly defined, as to alleged contents, on any can thereof.

It is true, British pronunciations are not always correct for America but the C. O. D. gives U. S. A. equivalents when there is a difference. It is assumed that one's own judgment may be trusted in some things, chlorine and chloroform have always been pronounced as though there were no "h" included in the word and most literate people know it. In the word chimera the ch is given the hard k sound—Mr. Burton read it as shimera—he should look again.

Having been invalid for many years I have been disposed to much and varied reading—as half the fun of infirmity is in the study of one's ills some of the books have been on rather technical subjects, such as psychology, physiology and anatomy. My C. O. D. has helped me nobly over such stumbling blocks as "arteriosclerosis" and "cryptaethesia." My great desire is to have a small encyclopedia. In the meantime I shall manage well enough with my C. O. D. Mr. Christopher Morley recommends highly the C. O. D. and he is not considered to be precisely inarticulate.

Any dictionary is a worthy effort meant to help in the enlightenment of a benighted citizenry but I have always found the Concise Oxford Dictionary to be superior to others of the same weight and class in the field.

Belligerently,
Gertrude Conway
Los Angeles, Calif.

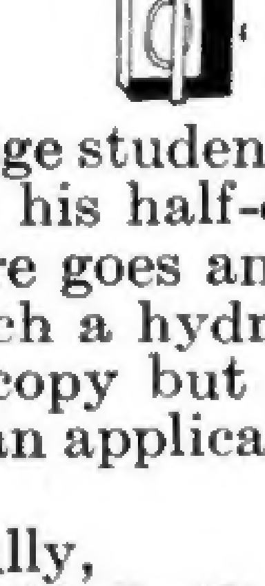
P.S.—Otherwise Esky is a swell publication and has given me many a laugh even on darkest days.

POME IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING

Your stories, Esq., are terrible;
But I've one consolation:
The paper of this publication
Is, fortunately, tearable!

Oklahoma City Fred Coombs, Jr.

KICKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE SLATS



Listen, you bunch of half-wits: As a newsdealer who almost broke his back handling last December's issues, I don't propose to hire a derrick to lift any possible 400 to 500 page Esquire. Try putting out such an issue and the editors themselves will have to sell them on the street corners (of the Bowery, to judge by some of my customers. One of my college student customers, as he gave me his half-dollar today, muttered "There goes another lunch.") By God, attach a hydrogen-filled balloon to each copy but don't make each newsdealer an applicant for a hernia operation.

Hopefully,
D. L. Kaplan

P.S.—In case you want to answer, the address is: Waverly Pl. and Broadway, New York City (Newsstand).

VINDICATING VON KOLNITZ

I notice that there is an error in the spelling of the makers of the rods and reels mentioned in my article, *The Beach Vendetta*, and you will unquestionably hear about it from some contributors to your *S. & F.* Department. I think if you read my manuscript, you will see that the correct spelling is "vom Hofe" and not "von Hofe" as you show it in the story. Vom Hofe is the largest manufacturer of big fish tackle in the country and I am afraid you will get a squawk from many of my fellow fishermen, not to speak of the vom Hofe people themselves.

Yours very truly,
Alfred H. von Kolnitz
Charleston, S. C.

STOP THIS, SOMEBODY!

After reading Mr. Herbert R. Acton's letter in your August issue, I was intrigued by the possibility of going nuts, figuring 8 days with nuts.

But after some thought the solution seemed rather easy, namely 15,620 nuts.

As some of your readers might be intrigued by the possibility of going screwy, figuring 8 days with screws, I am enclosing another problem which you might want to publish.

100 screws are to be used on a construction job. Exactly 10 Dollars is to be spent on screws. Only 3 sizes are to be used, the largest costing 20c and 50c each. Screws do not cost fractions of a cent.

The problem is: How many screws at what price are used.

Yours,
Toronto, Ont., Can. S. Gordon

KODIAK ISLAND FARMERS, SILLY!

I have just perused your last issue of Esquire and it has made me wonder why in hell you insist on printing such foolish stuff as you do on occasion. This guy Petty may be a skookum artist but when he talks about Kodiak bears killing live stock "every time" and slaughtering a herd of sheep "just for the hell of it" he gives a lot of us cause for handing him the big raspberry. And furthermore I would like to have friend George please tell us just why these magnificent big brown bears should be shot off until it's safe to raise cattle and sheep on Kodiak Island "because it's ideal grazing land." And furthermore what farmers are mad about the bears on Kodiak Island?

Your artist-contributor George is certainly maligning one of the finest game animals left in the world and the trouble is that a lot of drug-store hunters will believe his drivel and think it is their duty to go and kill off all the bears they can find in order to convert the only spot in the world in which these animals live into a goddam sheep pasture. The picture accompanying George's article showing a much-stretched bear hide reveals the author as quite a personable sort of good-natured hombre but in spite of that I believe that he owes the big Alaska brown bear an apology in order to square himself with a lot of American sportsmen. There is any amount of country in the world where sheep can be raised but only one Kodiak Island and don't kid yourself George, that you are furthering civilization any by making the world safe for sheep. I'll bet Charlie Madsen himself will agree with me.

Very truly yours,
Minneapolis, Minn. B. G. DeVries

SNAPPY BUT ELEVATING

As Esquire is a man's magazine, perhaps you had just as soon not hear a woman's comment (especially from one whose furious state of mind is giving vent) after reading a recent issue of Esquire on the whole of it and one story especially.

Perhaps you will say a woman should keep her infernal nose out of men's articles of pastime. Well, all I can say is: I read the July 1937 Esquire with the sole purpose of subscribing for my husband Esquire, but that purpose was nipped in the bud and I regret the time taken to read the aristocratic pamphlet bound bunch of rubbish.

I am a broad minded, far from haggish looking, smart, young, ambitious, modern matron. I have two delightful children to my credit, also I am holding my own in the business world where I come in contact with dozens of men. I wholly disagree with some who still contend this is a man's world, but I will admit that in this world of conflicting emotions, chaos, and passion for the new, the different, the unusual, it is a major problem of young matrons today to tactfully keep one's erring spouse in the straight and narrow path.

Gentlemen of Esquire, I beseech you, please give just a little consideration to us women of wedlock when selecting your stories, articles, yes, and even advertisements. Have snappy, spicy stories of an elevating nature to be sure, interesting informative articles, and enticing advertisements, but never again anything so sordid, vile, and atrocious as the paltry anecdote, *A Wife's Tale.*

This may find its way to *Sound and Fury* (I hope it does for the benefit of all women who keep apace with their husbands' intellectual reading material), but if you think I am going to spend *money* these next few months for Esquire just to satisfy my womanly curiosity, and I have plenty of it, as to whether or not it will appear, you're wrong again for it will have to be appeased otherwise.

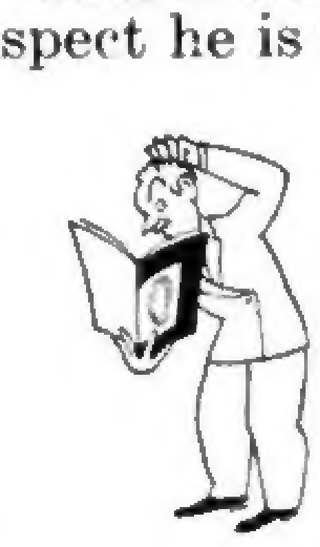
Until Esquire revises, amends, and Amens, I remain
Carbondale, Ill. Mary Smith

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

I have just had a letter from Mr. von Kolnitz saying that in his article the name of the fishing rod was spelled incorrectly. It should have been vom, not von Hofe. I am almost certain that I was responsible for this mistake. I am a demon proof reader and Mr. von Kolnitz's manuscripts usually need a good deal of correction. It never occurred to me that anybody's name could be *vom* Hofe. I will be good and not tinker with personal names from now on.

Sincerely,
Elsie McKeogh
New York City, N. Y.

A NICE TRICK IF YOU CAN WORK IT



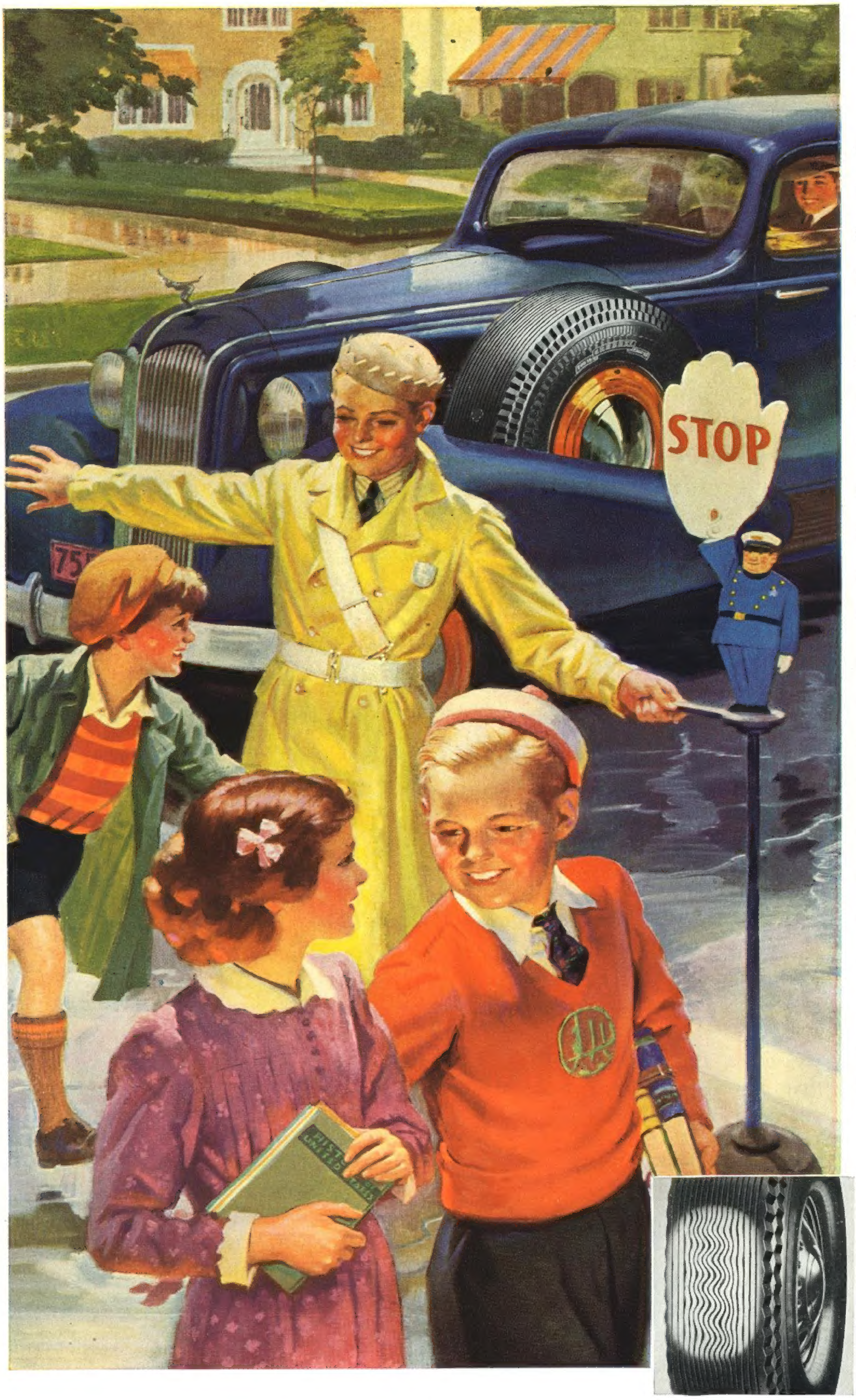
When I was in high school not so long ago I used to read your present drama critic, the Mr. Nathan, with some relish. There has come a change, however. I begin to suspect he is running out of thinking ability, the mere mechanics of that style (one reader discovered to be worth reading aloud) have become second nature; in short, he comes to us now as a Mr. Nathan. That *Avon Flows* business proves it.

After reading his last contribution to your estimable publication I begin to ask why did he write that play—or, perhaps, why did he make that literary quilt? His major achievement seems to have been the trapping of the acrid Mr. Fadiman, who should know better—or whose editor should use both eyes, in a snare worthy of a ninth grader. I looked up some of the lines in Shakespeare's own stuff and found Mr. G.J.N. to be telling the truth. But, to what end would any man, drama critic or even librarian, bother to construct one of these orchestrations? The lines are of his own choosing as much as if they were his own words instead of the long-suffering bard's. The only advantage seems to be the ducking of the responsibility when a critic's cough appears due. This, of course, would appeal to a critic of Mr. Nathan's caustic approach.

Yours,
Francis Hutchinson, Jr.
Redwood City, Calif.

Continued on page 210

Skidding is a stop that doesn't happen
THE DUAL 10 MAKES A STOP A Stop!



The dangerous thing about skidding is that it occurs *beyond* the point where a car would have to stop to avoid an accident. The Dual 10 is designed to stop a car quicker and straighter on the wettest, most slippery street. The flexible tread wrinkles into squeegee-like action when you apply the brakes. This new kind of positive traction enables you to stop quicker at 60 in the rain than you have been accustomed to stop at 50 in dry weather. It removes that feeling of uncertainty that every driver has on a wet, slippery street. This extra protection for you and others is worth many times its cost. If you are buying a new car the General Tire dealer has a change-over plan that makes full allowance for the equipment tires that come on your car. He will also make full allowance for all the unused tire mileage on your present car. A convenient payment plan is available.

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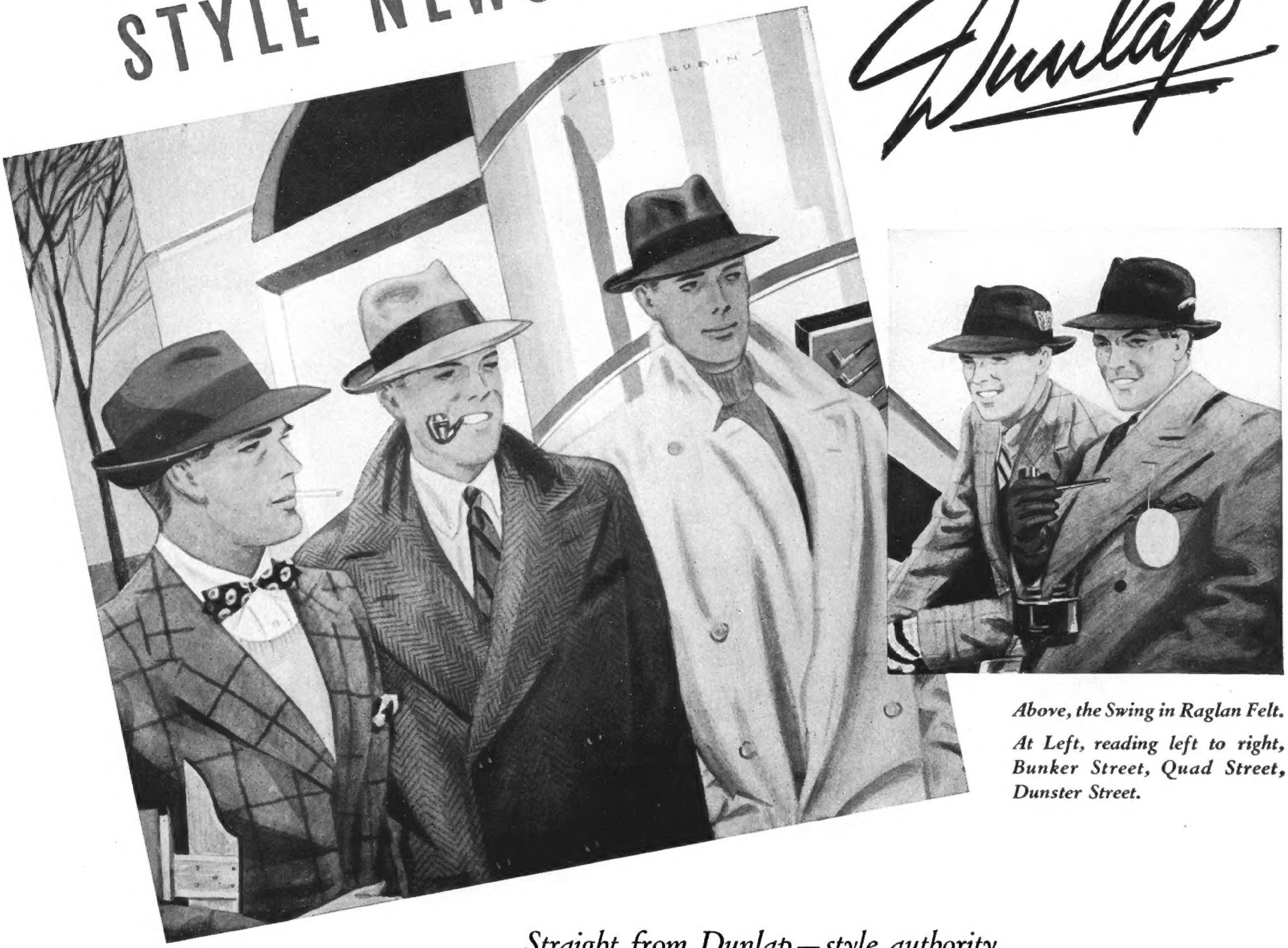
STYLE NEWS—IN HATS BY Dunlap



Above, the Swing in Raglan Felt.
At Left, reading left to right, Bunker Street, Quad Street, Dunster Street.

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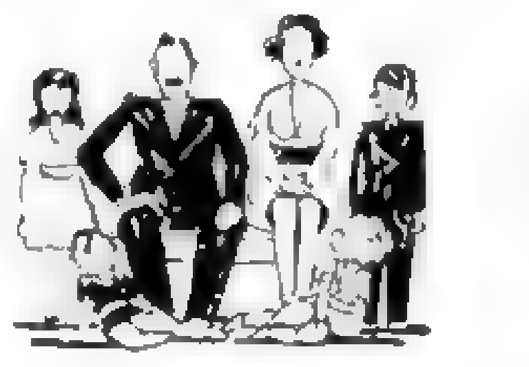
HOME SWEET HOME. Not long ago we made a comprehensive survey of Esquire readers. Results showed that 61.8% of them own their own homes, and that 80.3% live in private homes. We're pretty pleased about it all. Shows a nice stability . . . backbone of the nation stuff, wife, kiddies, oil burners, radios and roofs. And besides we've been getting requests from a number of home boys and girls asking "Talking Shop" to lean a little more on what's new for the home. So here goes, Esquire's Room Service, coming up!



PARLOR. The new furniture shows a growing regard on the part of the designers for the customer's comfort and convenience. For example, there's a Duncan Phyfe revolving book table . . . if the book you want is not at hand, a twirl of the shelf compartment brings it around to where you are. The leather covered table top remains stationary . . . so do you. Then there's a "server chest" . . . a gem of utility. Lower shelf will hold a tub of ice cubes and mixing ingredients; filled glasses go on the top shelf which has a decorative and useful pierced fretwork gallery. Cupboard compartments below provide plenty of room for silver, linens, etc. A swivel table also gets our vote, a touch of the top and it turns from console side table into a card or luncheon table with storage space under the top. In American federal design. We also went for a grey walnut, low, modern coffee table with two convenient drawers, an unusual feature for this type table. Most compact breakfast set we've seen is in light ashwood, top of table folds back and there's a place underneath for silver, doilies, etc.; two long benches at either side have tops that lift up, providing long drawer space for linens. Benches are covered in soft, beige and brown striped cushions.

BEDROOM. There need be no more marital combats on the subject of single vs. double beds. Here's the answer. *One* headboard and *twin* beds attached. One spread covers both, yet they separate individually. As the makers delicately put it: "This bed appeals particularly to the younger set, having the scientific arguments for sleeping alone, yet retaining some of the intimacies of a full sized bed." So much for master bedroom. For the children's rooms, there's the ingenious bunk-bed. Twin beds can stand side by side, or they can be piled one on top of the other by screwing the feet of one into the top of the posts of the other to form upper and lower bunks. Complete with pullman ladder for about $60. And for unexpected guests, good looking upholstered love seats or davenports that can be converted instantly into full sized beds or twin beds. Living room into boudoir.

AND BATH. Newest bathtubs are made 2 inches lower than the usual (easier to climb in and out) have flatter bottoms (non-slip principle) and wider rims so that you can park a highball thereon. "Terlits" are built lower, too. More scientific, they say, and one-piece silent operators are the subtle thing to have. Smartest color for bathroom fixtures is old ivory or a shade called Persian brown which looks like apricot. Most exotic tub, in pale blue with whole exterior of mirrored glass.

If you want to know where to buy these articles, write to Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

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ESQUIRE says this must be labeled an advertisement but we still insist it's news.

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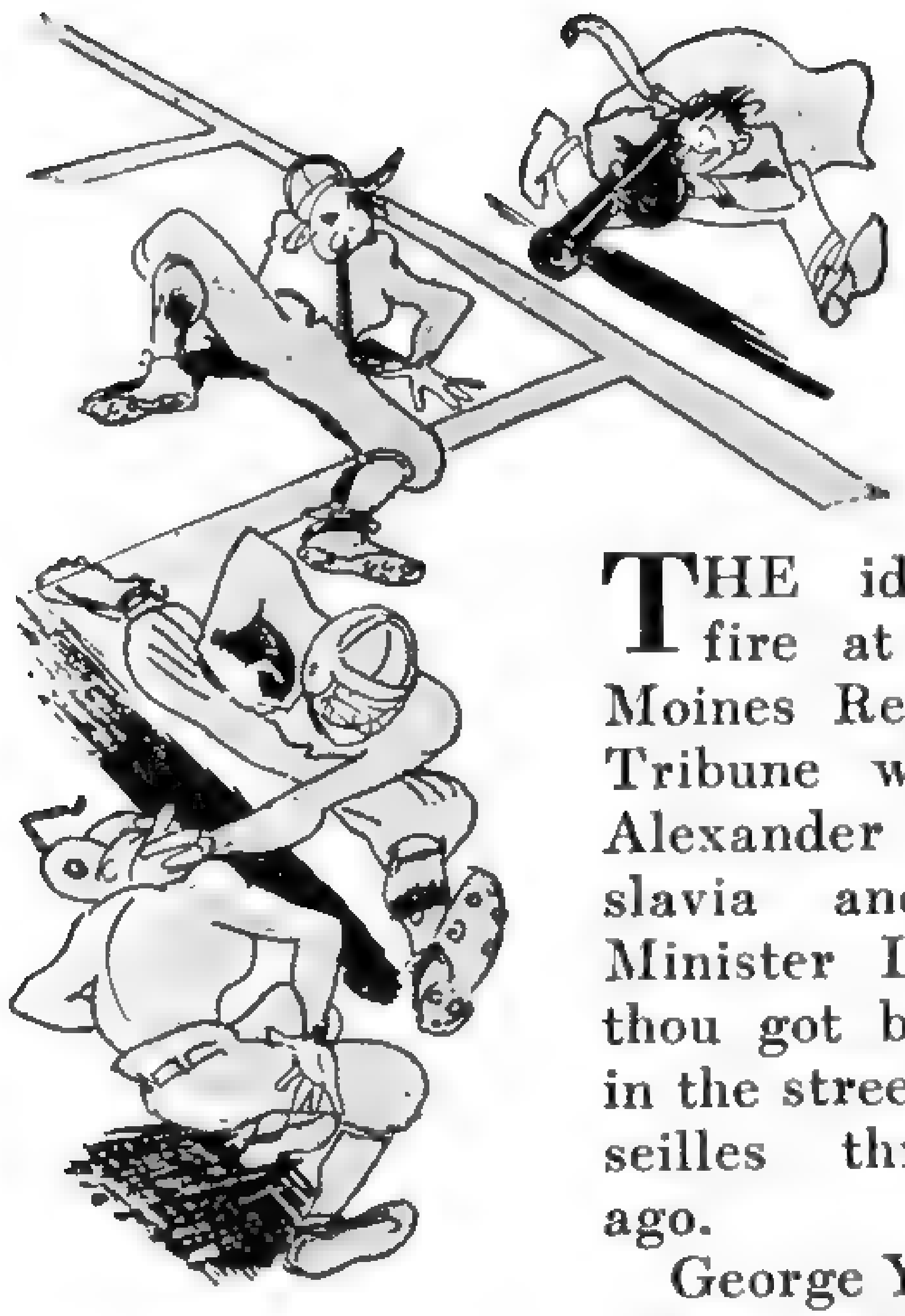
2,000 pictures of a single gridiron clash--that's only part of Iowa football newshawks' job

by JOHN MARSTON



THE idea struck fire at The Des Moines Register and Tribune when King Alexander of Jugoslavia and French Minister Louis Barthou got bumped off in the streets of Marseilles three years ago.

George Yates, Register and Tribune photographic chief, and managing editor Stuffy Walters were looking over the pictures—thrilling play-by-play shots of the assassin being hacked down by a mounted soldier, Alexander gasping with his pinch-nose glasses all awry, and poor old Barthou bleeding to death.

Says Stuffy, "Could you have bagged photos like that?"

"No," admits George, "I couldn't have changed plates fast enough. Those pictures are from a newsreel camera, blurred because a movie camera has a slow shutter. On the screen one blur just melts into another. Seen as stills, they're fuzzy. I'd need a new kind of rapid fire camera to get good sequence pictures of fast action."

"Well," retorts Stuffy, "You're one of these ace news photographers, why don't you get it?"

So that's how the "machine gun camera" idea got started at The Des Moines Register and Tribune.

George Yates is persistent, tall, mustached, debonnaire . . . looks like the typical British army officer. In 1912 as a young man he became bored with life in England as a lawyer's apprentice and flipped a coin, "heads to Canada, tails to Australia." Canada won.

Next came bandit patrolling in the Mexican border squabbles of 1916; seasoning as infantry lieutenant on the Western front; spy catching in France with the U. S. Department of Criminal Investigation; later picture newshawk for the rapidly growing Des Moines Register and Tribune—which packs its share of thrills, too.

So in a few weeks Yates announced to Stuffy:

"Here it is—specially built. Like a movie camera except that the shutter works lightning fast to freeze every bit of action into a clear picture; made out of a movie camera revamped with a long range lens, shutter step up to 1/1000 second and frame 16 to the second. Just imagine what she can do at a football game!"

"Now we'll be able to show the way a winning play puts the ball over the goal line, motion by motion. Sports fans can see the interference clearing the road, tackles missing by a hair, the ball sailing through the air from one gridster to another. We'll take thousands of pictures and use only the best.

"This newspaper's going to do picture sports reporting—telling the story of the game's highlights in sequence action photos!"

"Swell," beams Stuffy, "This will make 'em sit up; and we'll take the whatsit to games by our plane . . . Let's see . . . Iowa U. . . . that's 100 miles or 38 minutes!"

And that's how the machine gun camera got hooked up with Good News VI — The Des Moines Register and Tribune airplane that yanks reporters and photographers all over a whole state like it was only a single city.

The "machine gun camera" was a good enough idea to deserve some real trumpeting so the football season of 1935 saw it launched in a big way—with plenty of promotion. The Des Moines Register and Tribune believes in its own advertising because it works. The same force that sells soap chips or refrigerators sells newspapers. The idea caught like influenza in March. All round the state, in cigar stores, restaurants and mostly in homes (since over four-fifths of Register and Tribunes go to front doors directly) folks started talking about how much brighter big football stories were when seen in play by play pictures. There's something democratic about pictures — although the slowest understand them, they're not below smart men.

At first nobody knew what to call the rapid fire camera. During the 1935 gridiron season "Magic Motion Photo Camera" was hung around its neck until some copywriter started telling how it took pictures like a machine gun. The name took and this year "machine gun camera" was officially christened in the U. S. copyright office. "Machine gunning" players from atop the press box has saved both the legs and artistic souls of George Yates and his ten staff picture hawks. Galloping up and down the scrimmage lines trying to pictures in edgewise and cursing at missing plates during brilliant moments of play takes years off the lives of photographers who feel a sense of personal shame when they muff pictures.

Of course the "machine gun camera" and the plane alone don't do the job of covering big-time football—especially for The Des Moines Sunday Register whose big 10-page peach colored sports section packs more football news and pictures than ANY other American newspaper.

At a dozen big and little gridiron clashes all over Iowa on a fall Saturday afternoon, newshawks will be fighting their own battle against time while the heroes are dying for good old Siwash.

Reporters and photographers will be racing up and down sidelines; telegraph wires humming; and pictures will be coming in to the head office of The Register and Tribune over telephone wires through a special new invention known as Phone-photo.

From all over the United States, gridiron bowls scattered from Yale to Southern California, football action pictures will be pouring in like telegrams over special wires through Wirephoto—pictures with the news exclusively to readers of The Register and Tribune in Iowa because two years ago this newspaper had faith enough to plunk down thousands of dollars a year on a new invention of The Associated Press.

Iowans, canny people who are accustomed to know real value when they see it, naturally flock to The Des Moines Sunday Register for their sports news. In the past ten years the circulation of this newspaper has doubled and now rings the bell at over 312,000—read by half the families in a state of two and a half million people with an area as big as New York and Connecticut tossed together (you toss 'em).

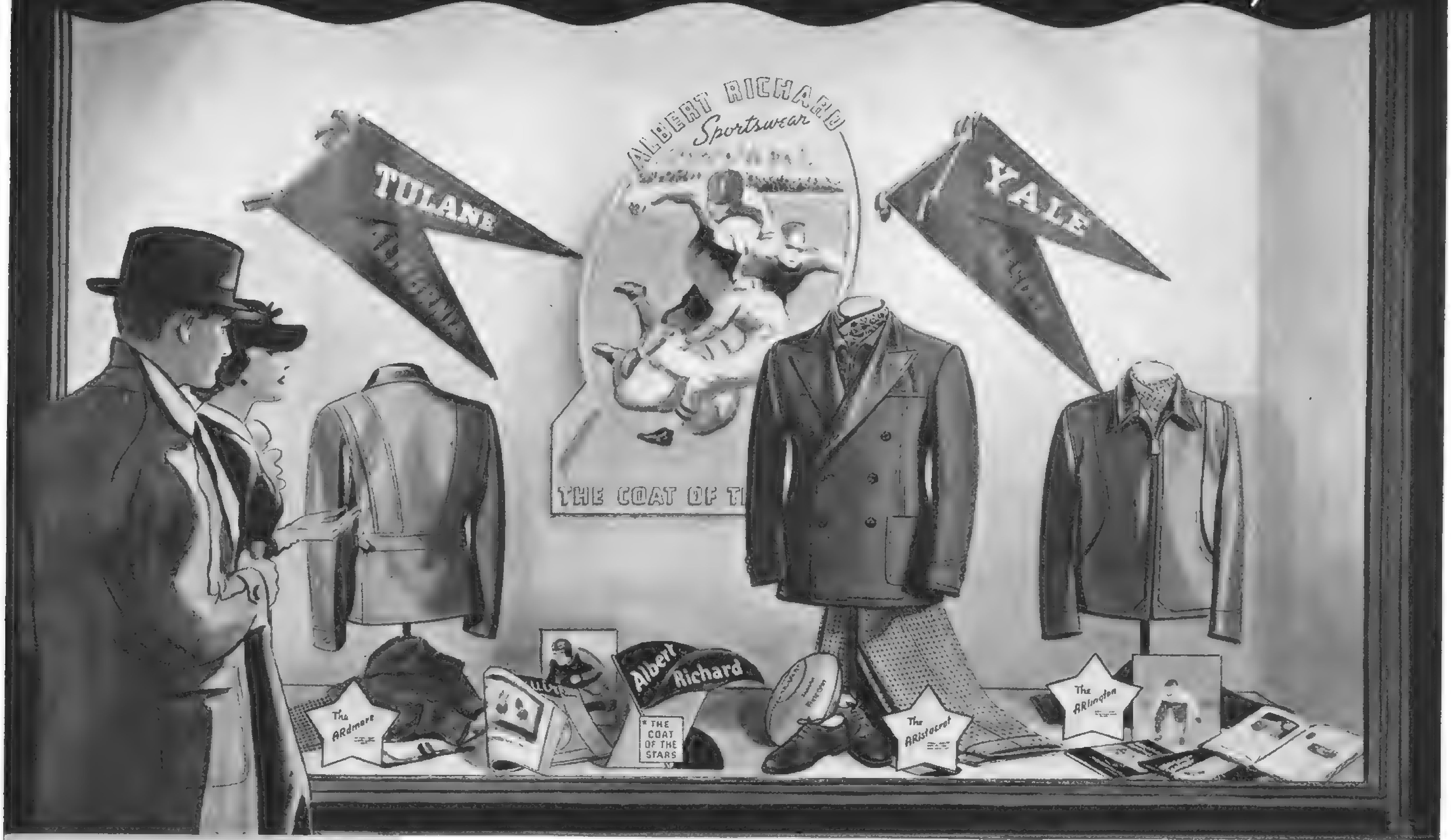
Of course, complete football news and pictures aren't the only reasons why Iowans like The Des Moines Sunday Register. It's ace-high in other news and features also. Taking 2,000 pictures a single football game, rushing them over the state by airplane, sending pictures by telephone or paying $35,000 a year for the privilege of receiving them flashed at the speed of light from all over America by Wirephoto may seem extravagant . . . but it results in the largest football news and picture section in the country and real reader interest.

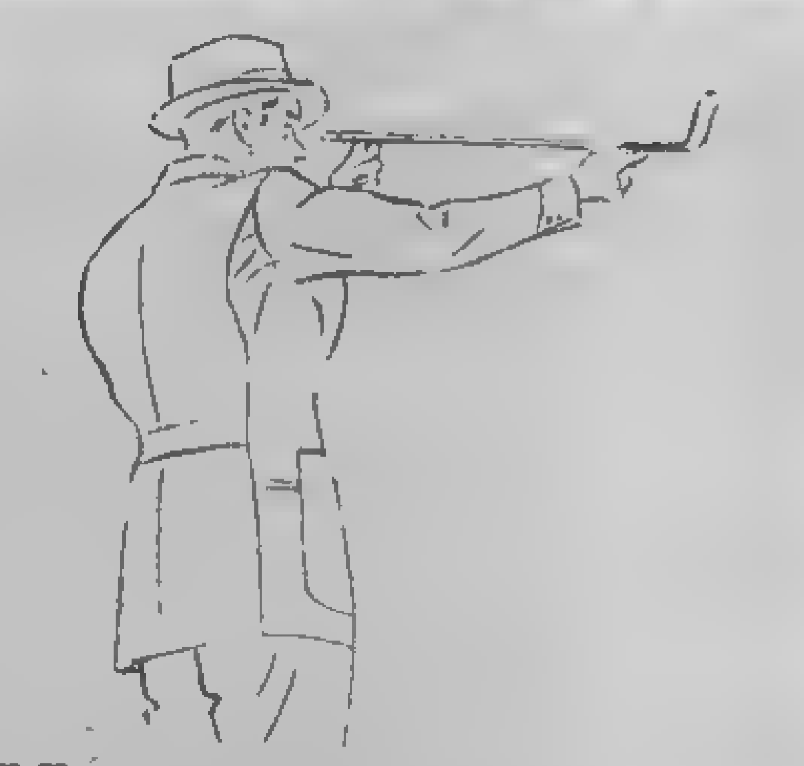
OVER 312,000
BANDWAGON

Advertisers, too, pile on the bandwagon. The fact that half the merchandise on Iowa store shelves bears an invisible tag, "To be bought by a reader of The Des Moines Sunday Register," means that it's a real saving to turn the whole of Iowa into a single *Sales City* with big schedules in one newspaper. Reader interest in The Des Moines Sunday Register news and pictures means reader interest in advertising, too . . . and big sales results at lowest milline rates in Iowa ($1.76).

And by the way—George Yates is experimenting again—so look for an idea to pop soon!

THIS MONTH • YOUR FAVORITE STORE *invites you to..*



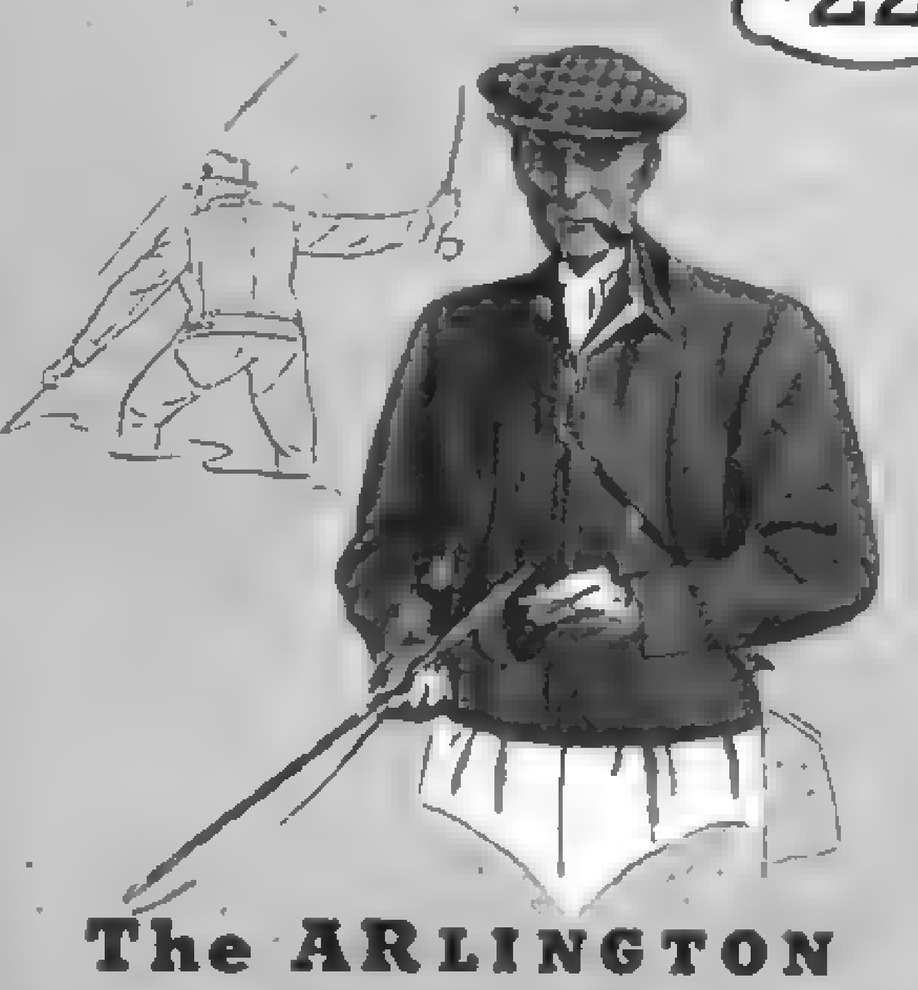


Featuring . . .
(see window)

The ARISTOCRAT

Soft, rich suede, with collar and facing of smooth leather. Tailored like a fine custom-made coat. Double-breasted; belted-back with gussets; star rayon yoke; patch pockets. *ACTION* FIT styling for smartness and ease. Colors: navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown.

$22.50



The ARLINGTON

New Talon fastener leather jacket with cadet-panel front and gusset back for *ACTION* FIT. Star rayon lined. Finest quality suede with collar and inside lapel of smooth leather. Colors: navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown. Also made in tan, brown or black ostrich grain or smooth capeskin.

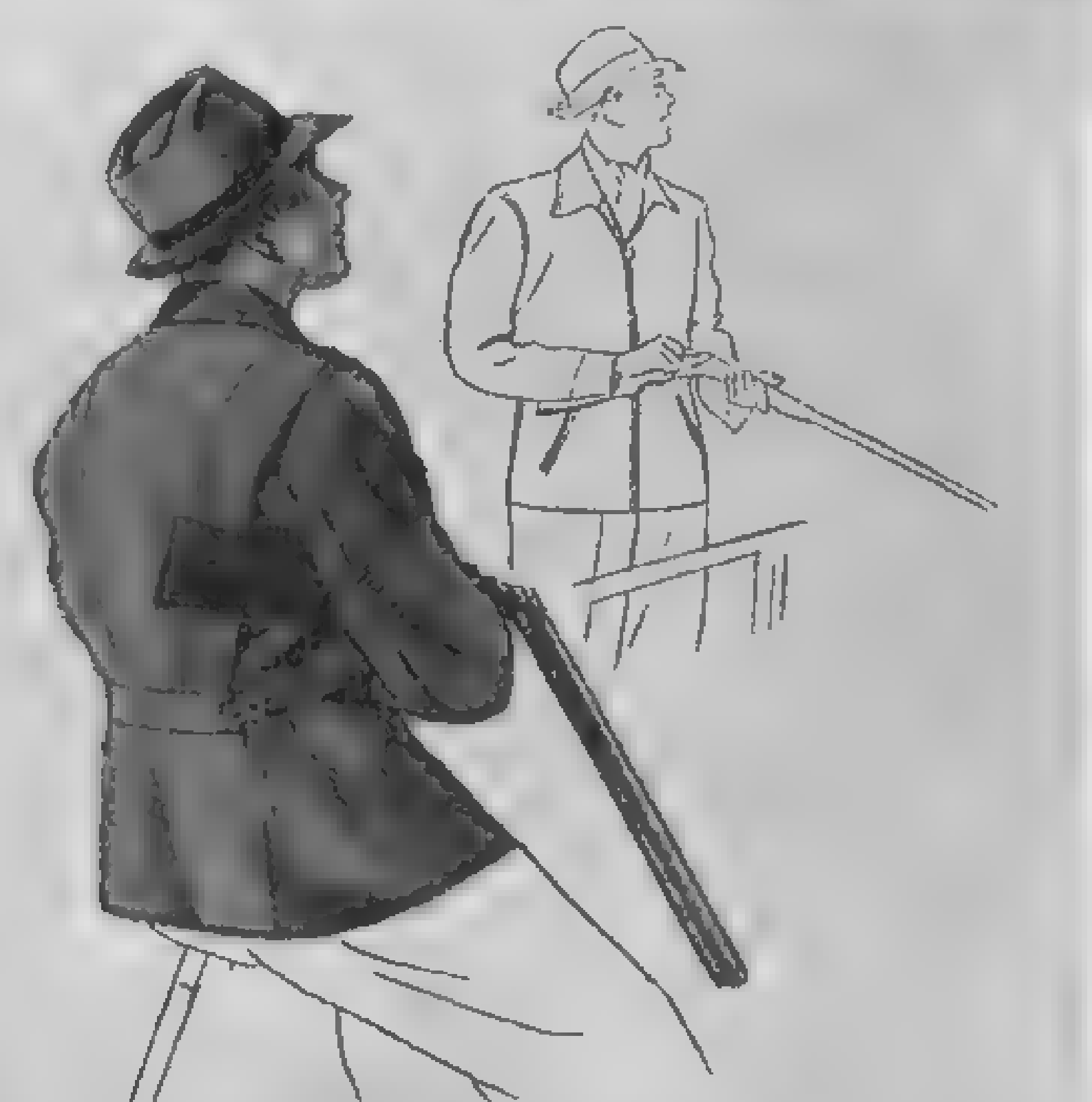
Waist length, as shown $15.00 *Hip length* $16.50

COME IN AND SEE THE NEW *Action* FIT ★COAT OF THE STARS★

The moment you slip into one of these new Albert Richard coats, you'll know it's the coat for *you* . . . and you'll know why it's the choice of famous athletes. Men of action demand *ACTION* FIT . . . true freedom of movement. *ACTION* FIT . . . to make the game more zestful . . . to help you play your best. *ACTION* FIT, scientific distribution of fullness, is tailored into every Albert Richard garment . . . plus style and comfort and good looks aplenty! This page shows only a few of the many new Albert Richard leather and woolen coats now on display at leading stores. If your store doesn't have them, write us direct and we'll see that you're supplied promptly. State your size, style you want, color and kind of leather. Enclose check or money order. Mail to ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, Department E-1, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. ★ ★ ★

Models from $9.95 up; also many styles for boys.

Copyright 1937, A. R. Co.



The ARDMORE

Suede leather jacket featuring EZE-swing back with two-way stretch Lastex inserts. Talon fastener. No-Seam underarm sleeve construction. All for athletic freedom! Smooth leather collar and facing. Colors: navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown.

$18.00

Free! *"Headwork Wins Football Games,"* thrilling 36-page book by the All-American stars. Write for your copy today.

This Emblem of Merit distinguishes the genuine . . .
DEALERS—write for catalog.

ALBERT RICHARD *Sportswear*

KEN

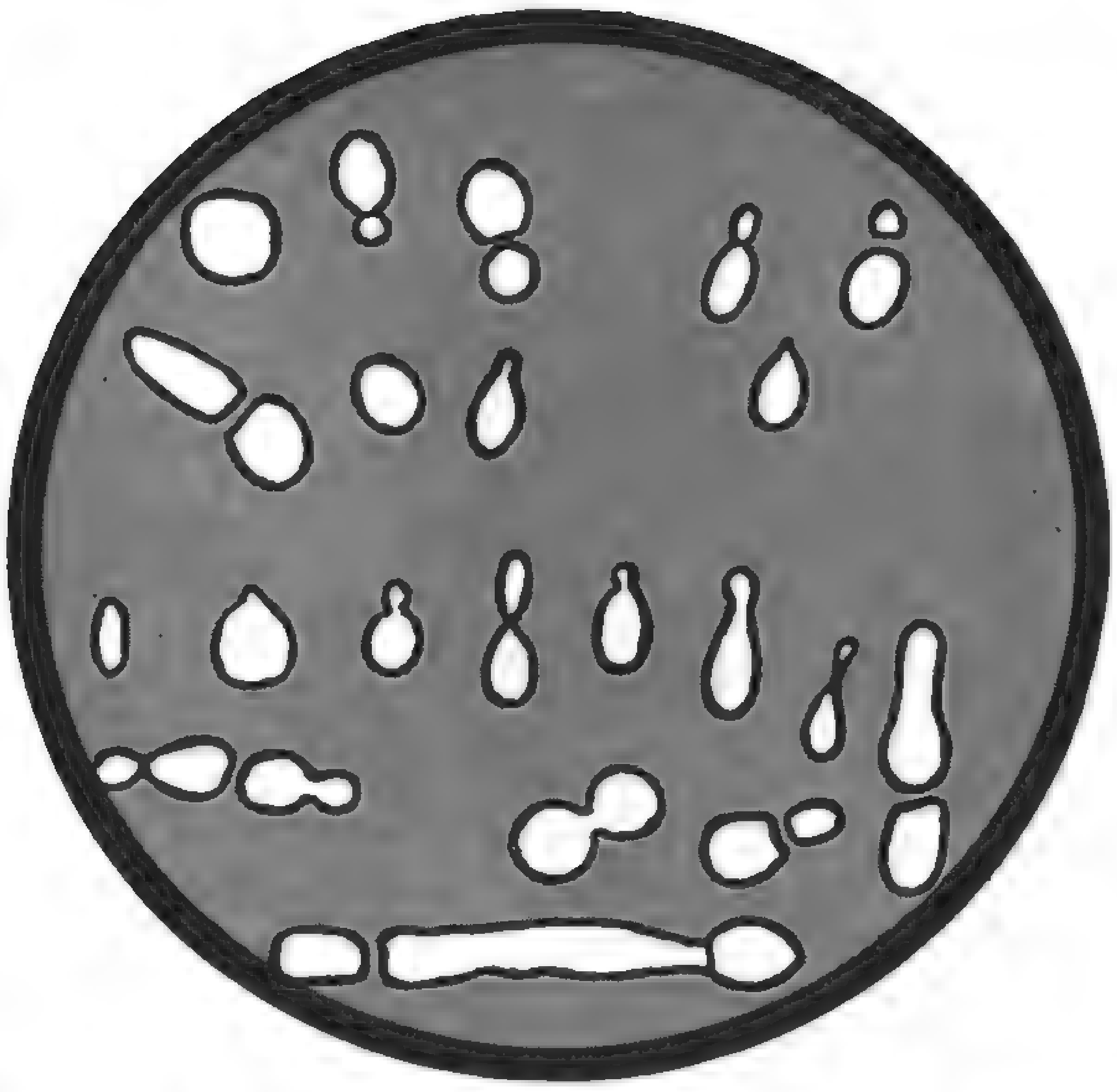
The Insider's World

. . . will tell you what the newspapers never tell you, and the newsmagazines only occasionally hint at

. . . will print things from the inside looking out that you now read only from the outside looking in

. . . will be a scoreboard of the news

. . . will be a lie-detector of the news



Pityrosporum ovale

The germ which causes dandruff, magnified many times. In cases of dandruff it is always present on the scalp and hair and in dandruff scales.

This is the stubborn germ you must kill if you want REAL RELIEF from DANDRUFF

WOMEN SAY THE BEST WAY TO APPLY LISTERINE IS BY MEDICINE DROPPER APPLIED TO THE PART IN THE HAIR

Discovery that Strange Bottle-Shaped Germ Causes Dandruff Leads to New Kind of Therapy, Antiseptic in Character. Listerine Treatment Brings Quick Relief to 76% of Patients in New Jersey Dandruff Clinic. Thousands Report Remarkable Results

If you have any evidence of dandruff, don't waste time on untried ointments, salves or solutions that merely strike at symptoms and relieve only temporarily.

Use the new treatment that really gets at the cause . . . the only treatment so far as we know that has proved itself repeatedly in laboratory and clinic . . . the treatment that is getting results for countless people who try it . . . Listerine Antiseptic once or twice a day, accompanied by massage.

Listerine surrounds the hair and scalp and penetrates infected hair follicles, and *kills the germ Pityrosporum ovale, which, research now shows, causes dandruff.*

See Improvement at Once

After the first few treatments you will notice how Listerine Antiseptic diminishes the number of unsightly crusts and scales. How it allays irritating itch and burning which so often accompany a dandruff condition. How it cleanses and freshens the scalp so that it feels lively and youthful. How it brings new vigor to the hair, itself.

For your own satisfaction, examine Listerine's brilliant results in the most searching clinical study of dandruff undertaken in years.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

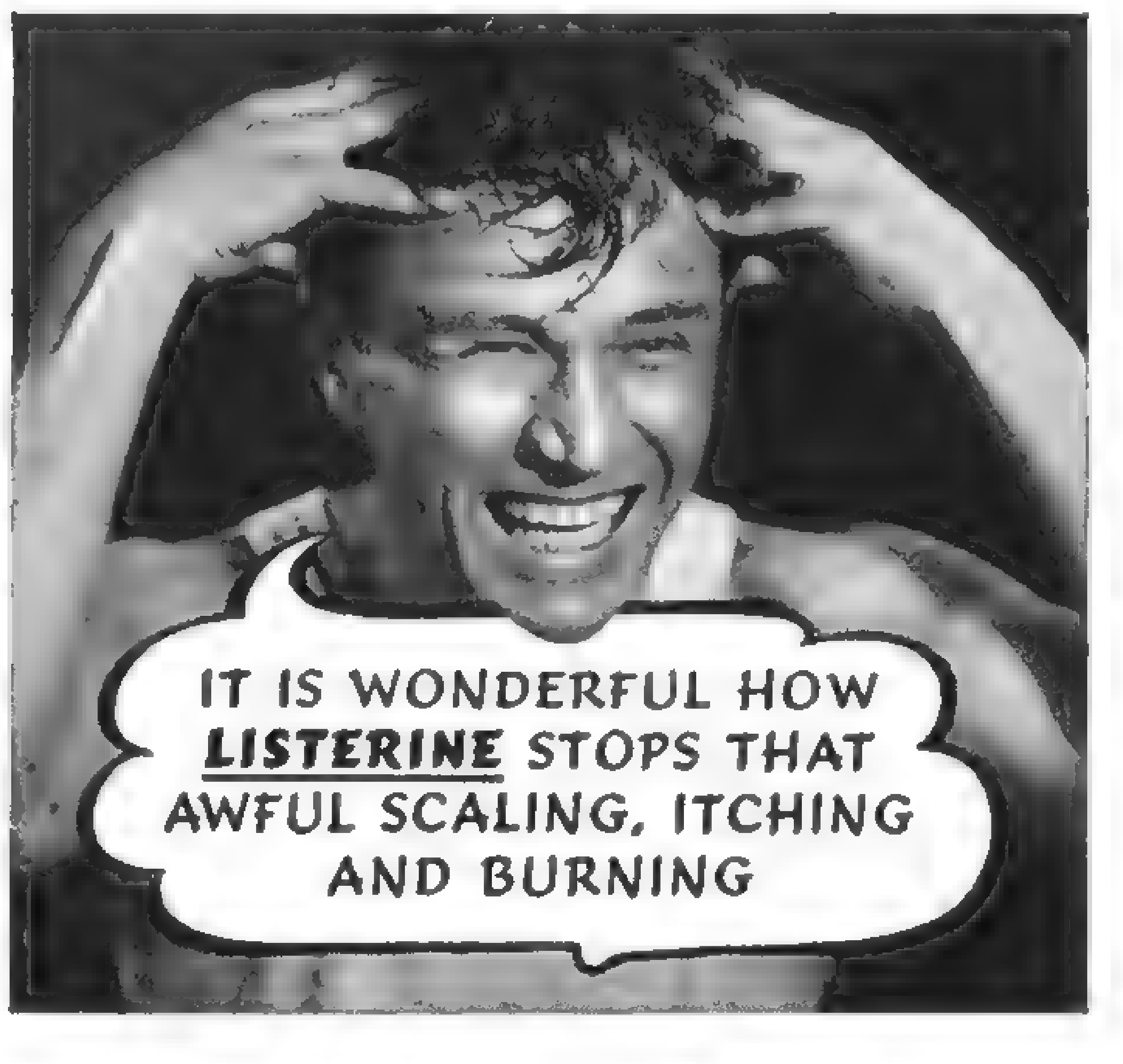
Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation of Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side, only, with Listerine Antiseptic once a day. The other side was untreated.

Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts. The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*


IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

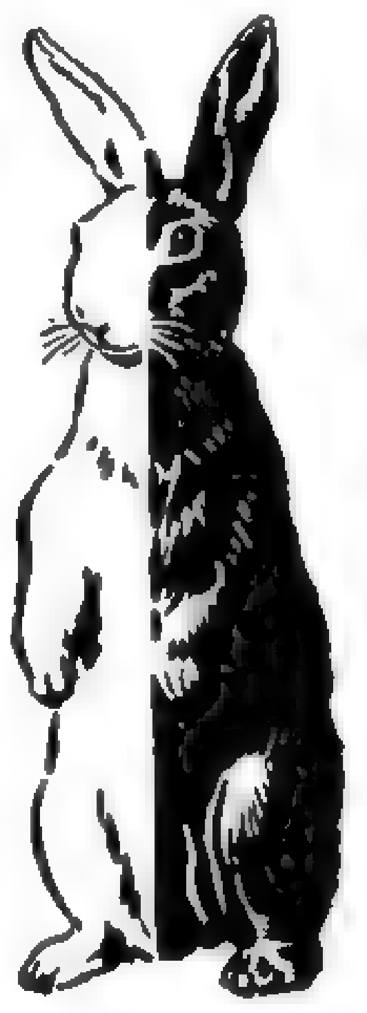
76% Got Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Keep it Up

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Caution: Don't expect overnight miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic.* Remember, also, that Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

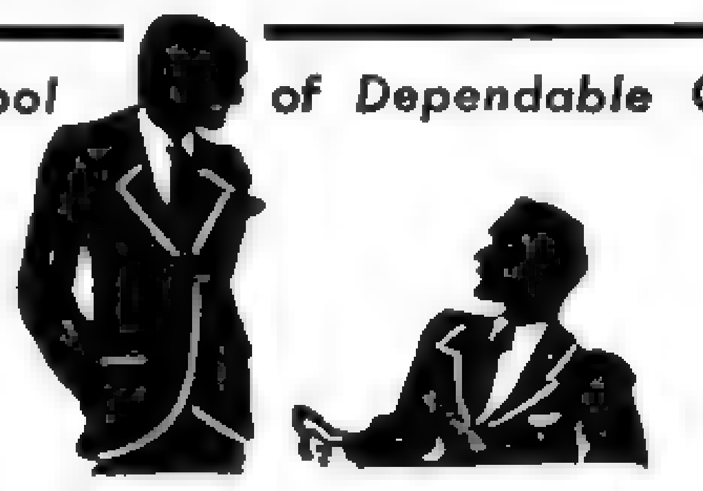


Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic. On the sides not so treated dandruff was evident nearly a month later.

LISTERINE GETS RESULTS

LISTERINE
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



The Symbol of Dependable Quality

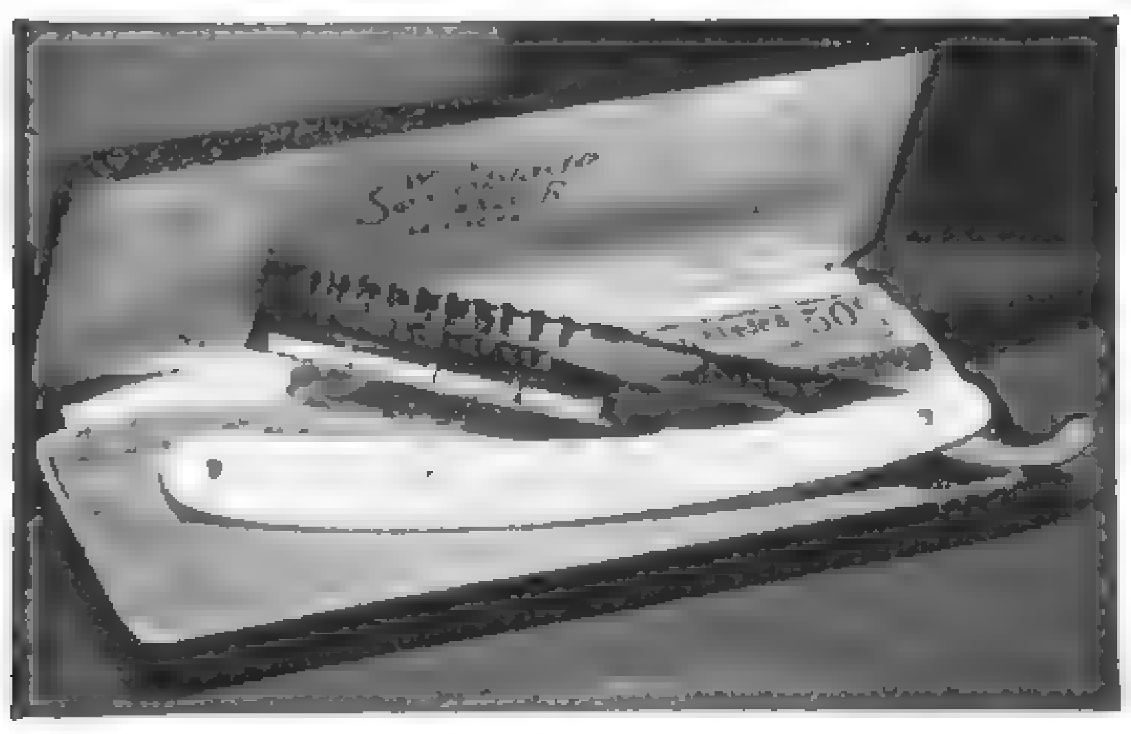
★SIMPSON CLOTHES

At Home Anywhere

In any company, at any time . . . in penthouse or studio, in the office or at the club . . . Simpson Clothes provide easy elegance and an unmistakable distinction. Tailored by clothes-artists, they are a challenge to the finest clothes that money can buy . . . yet the average income can afford them. Simpson Clothes grow old gracefully, like hand-pegged shoes or well-bound books. A representative, skilled in measuring, will gladly call, or we will send you Fashion Brochure E. Write,

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

Display Rooms in Many Cities



The WECK SEXTOBLADE

Show her your etchings by all means, but don't have them on your chin. Sophisticated shavers who have tired of doing it the hard way, now enjoy clean, smooth, free-wheeling shaves with Weck Sextoblade Razors. Each razor fitted with reversible safety guard. Price $3.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, you may order direct.

EDWARD WECK & CO., INC.
138-c Fulton Street • New York

SOLVES CROSSROAD *Puzzles*

The Hull Auto Compass always shows your direction of travel, telling you which way to go at puzzling crossroads or confusing street intersections. Cuts down your mileage, saves money, worry and delays for only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

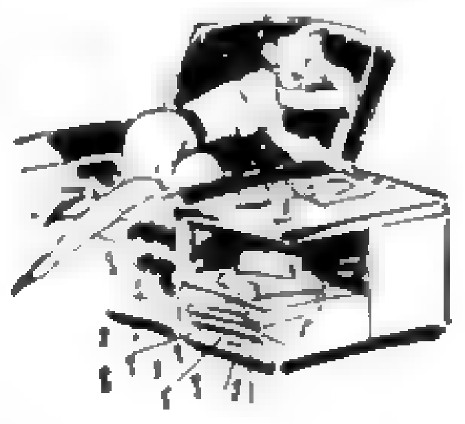
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-65, Warren, Ohio

HULL STREAMLINE AUTO COMPASS

Modern Life Demands

special care for the eyes. Your eyes are subjected daily to light glare, dust, smoke, strain from reading, sewing, working. Help nature protect your most priceless possession by cleansing, soothing and relaxing your eyes with the daily use of Murine. Healthy eyes are beautiful eyes. For over 40 years Murine has helped keep eyes healthful and rested.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



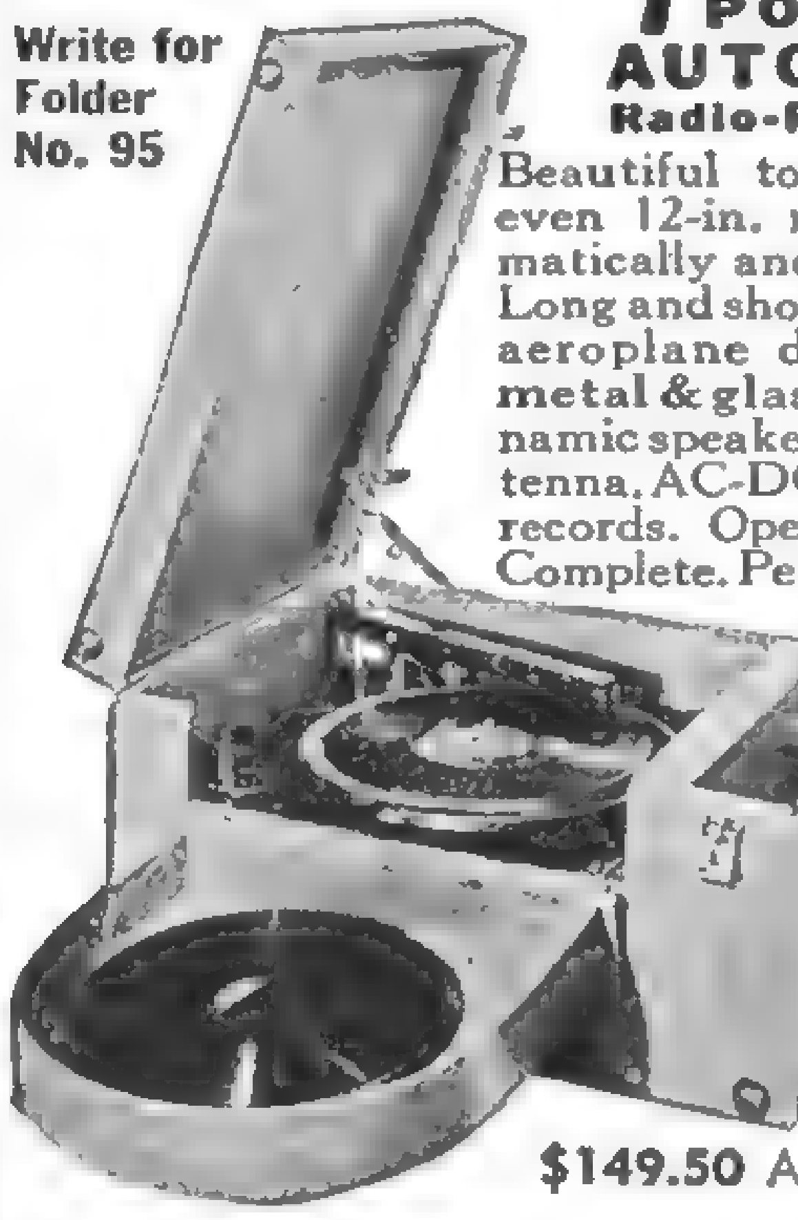
CHAIRSIDE RADIO. In a small home or apartment, there is always the eternal question of where to put the radio cabinet. The new "Sit Down" or chairside model is your answer. Looks like a very handsome modern walnut end table (approximately 21x15x25) with indented shelf underneath for books, and plenty of room on top for beverage and smoking paraphernalia. Dial is set in the top, the last word in cone-centric tuning. The pointer on the dial is swung to station name, handle then depressed, locking the station into place. Station finding is fast and silent, the set is tuned off automatically until the station is locked into position. Another type of radio is made with a gadget to pamper arm chair sitters . . . to wit, the arm chair control; a series of station pushbuttons in an unobtrusive little control box that you put on the arm of the chair or your end table.

TRENDS IN TABLOID. Return to elegance and formality, this goes for everything from furniture through rugs and draperies . . . 18th century furniture leading, but Louis Quinze neatly simplified and Victorian (with rococo effects greatly subdued) are coming into the picture . . . beige and cream shades are newer than white . . . colors are what they call "muted" or slightly dulled . . . gun metal colored leather is new for chairs and divans . . . the crystal chandelier is staging a comeback, elaborate Versailles palace type or modern streamline crystal minus the danglers. Crystal wall brackets in lovely feathery blown glass in flower petal designs . . . jewel-colored bed sheets, newest note for a man's room. Fine white percale with wide borders in ruby red, emerald, sapphire or coffee diamond (brown to you) . . . table covers and napkins in Wedgwood patterned linen to match exactly your Wedgwood china.

"GOINGS ON" IN GLASS. Latest and most flattering decorative idea is the use of *flesh* tinted mirrors. And of course mirror furniture . . . coffee tables, mirrored partitions in rooms, mirrored screens (little Junior can get an eyeful from any vantage point); mirrored clocks . . . a beauty in square blue glass with raised chromium numerals and hands or an electric clock in the new *gun-metal* mirror glass with gold colored bevel. Note: Newest mirrors have copper plated backs, seems that copper over the silver preserves the mirrors for a lifetime.

LAMPS . . . in the modern manner. An unusual base consisting of alternating bands of cork and copper, and a shade of pressed cork with cork band. Another of navy blue leather combined with blond wood, with shade of natural shantung; or a base of *pottery* that looks like a good masculine looking *tweed* pattern, and with it a hardy homespun shade. Very efficient floor lamps, one of a wood and metal combination has 3 speeds—a click of the button and you get dull, medium or bright lights. A bridge lamp of chromium, when the shade is turned down it sheds light on your bidding; when you want indirect lighting, just flip the whole shade ceiling-ward. And then the gun lamp for a man's study or hunting lodge. Whole base (about 5 ft.) made from a Civil war musket mounted on an iron base. Plain skin shade. About $30. Swell gift for stalkers.

If you want to know where to buy these articles, write to Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.



The Mark of the Masterpiece

Marconiphone

PORTABLE AUTOMATIC Radio-Phonograph

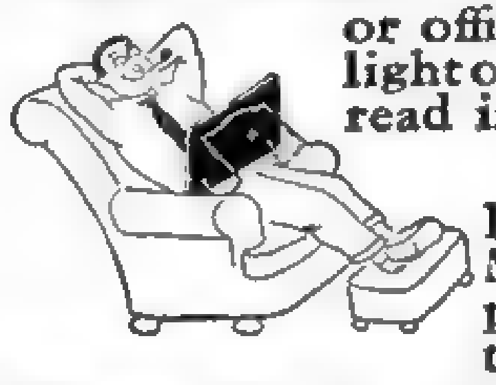
Write for Folder No. 95

Beautiful tone. Changes even 12-in. records automatically and will repeat. Long and short wave radio aeroplane dial—with 8 metal & glass tubes, dynamic speaker, built-in antenna, AC-DC, carries own records. Operates closed. Complete. Perfect. Hear it!

$149.50 As Illustrated

DEALERS WRITE *Ideal going back to school GIFT*

MARCONI BROS. *Incorporated*
679 MADISON AVE. (61st ST.) NEW YORK



NEW WAY TO WORK OR PLAY

in Bed — or Chair — or Anywhere • Take Esquire or office work to bed and make light of it. Write, eat, play games, read in comfortable relaxation.

The READ an' REST

Folds flat for traveling. Mahogany or Walnut sent prepaid, $5.00 for a lifetime of ease.

READ an' REST CO., 225 Broadway, New York City

How to Speak FRENCH SPANISH, GERMAN or ITALIAN AT ONCE!

Free Book explains amazing Cortinaphone SHORT-CUT WAY. Read foreign books. Really enjoy travel. Learn quickly, at home, in spare time, this natural "**learn-by-listening**" way. Write for free book—State language interested in. **Cortina Academy, Dept. 4510. 105 W. 40th St., New York City**

FREE BOOK
THE CORTINA SHORT-CUT

Empire PRESSER

Save time, pressing bills, wear on clothes. Press pants, coat collars, sleeves, lapels, ties, dress pleats, etc., in a few minutes at home, office or when traveling. Easy to use. Plug in AC or DC socket. No wet cloth, board or bother. Wt. 10 oz. 6-ft. cord.

$2 at stores or postpaid on Money-Back Guarantee. Circular Free

EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO.
800 Main St. Cincinnati, O.

Dealers—Sell this practical electric appliance. Over 500,000 now in use. It's a fine, new gift item.

WON'T CLOG! ADJUSTABLE DRAFT

Draft can be adjusted to your taste with instant turn of pipe bit. Whether your tobacco is moist or dry, tightly or loosely packed, you will still have the same cool, dry, free and even smoke always. No "slugs". Easy to clean. Finest selected quality of briar . . . . Straight stem only. Price $3.00 and $5.00.

PATENTED

CORONET PIPES
With slight briar imperfections

Mechanically Perfect! Limited Supply! Order NOW! $1.50

If after receiving your pipe you are not thoroughly satisfied, return it and your money will be refunded immediately.

ARCH DRAFT PIPE COMPANY
Department B
80 Bethune Avenue West • Detroit, Michigan

Enjoy Swift Train Travel In Comfort... *Take*—

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Weathers
Any Weather

Scotch Mist*

the rainproof topcoat

$65

Scotch Mist welcomes the brilliant light of a cloud-free day, for there's no smarter topcoat under the sun. And when thunderheads gather and pour down their rain, there's security in Scotch Mist's rainproofness. This fashionable topcoating is made rainproof by a process known only to its Scotch weavers and to us who gave them the secret.

Scotch Mist cloth is a pure wool cheviot woven in Scotland. Scotch Mist topcoats are fashioned in this country in the Rogers Peet workrooms. You will find them only at Rogers Peet stores and at Rogers Peet's accredited dealers. Get to know the dealers of the modern Rogers Peet.

Rogers Peet
Company

NEW YORK: *Fifth Avenue at Forty-first St., Liberty St. at Broadway, Warren St. at Broadway, 13th St. at Broadway, 35th St. at Broadway*
In BOSTON: *104 Tremont St. at Bromfield St.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Get to know the dealers of the modern Rogers Peet:

ALBANY, N. Y.	McManus & Riley
ALLENTOWN, PA.	Hess Bros.
AMHERST, MASS.	Thomas F. Walsh
ANN ARBOR, MICH.	Van Boven
ATLANTA, GA.	Parks-Chambers
AUSTIN, TEXAS	E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.	Sisson Bros. Welden Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Henry Porter, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS.	Rogers Peet Company
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	Meigs & Co.
CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.	Buckner Ragsdale
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.	Schumacher & Kaufman
CHARLOTTE, N. C.	Ed. Mellon Co.
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.	J. B. & W. H. Wood Inc.
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Thomas L. Carey
DANBURY, CONN.	J. Howard Burr
DETROIT, MICH.	Van Boven
EL PASO, TEXAS	The White House
FALL RIVER, MASS.	Talbot & Son
FLINT, MICH.	The Flint
FORT WAYNE, IND.	Patterson-Fletcher
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	Fletcher's
HANOVER, N. H.	James Campion
HARTFORD, CONN.	Gemmill, Burnham & Co.
HARRISBURG, PA.	Kuhn Clothing Co.
HOUSTON, TEXAS	Norton's
KALAMAZOO, MICH.	Lew Hubbard
KANSAS CITY, MO.	Perry Sargeant, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.	J. W. Robinson Co.
MEMPHIS, TENN.	Beasley Bros. Jones & Ragland
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	The Boston Store
NASHVILLE, TENN.	Jos. Frank & Son
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	Douglas MacDaid
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	Godchaux's
OMAHA, NEB.	Browning King & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Jackson & Moyer
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Rosenbaum Co.
PORTLAND, ME.	Hogan Brothers
PORTLAND, ORE.	M. & H. H. Sichel
PRINCETON, N. J.	Douglas MacDaid
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	McFarlin Clothing Co.
ROCKFORD, ILL.	The E and W Clothing Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Famous-Barr Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	The White House
SIKESTON, MO.	Buckner Ragsdale
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop, Inc.
TAUNTON, MASS.	The Seeley Co.
VICKSBURG MISS.	Warner & Searles
WATERBURY, CONN.	Jones Morgan & Co.
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.	House of Walsh
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.	Hartzell Bros. Co.

Merry Christmas

some must wail as thousands cheer

The first forms of the December issue of Esquire went to press in mid-August. In case you've forgotten which issue that is—although we've tried not to let you—that's the Christmas 1937 issue, so bountifully big, so breathtakingly beautiful, so Brobdignagianly—oh so you *do* remember? Well, a fellow was going through the plant the other day who stopped at one of the presses and said "What are those three-sheet posters for?" And gee we had to laugh because the gigantic-enormous color illustrations that he mistook for billboard adornments were merely some of the two-page feature pictures of the December Esquire, now on the presses and hell-bent-for-a-million copies, which is all the plant can produce. But maybe that sounds as if we're trying to *sell* you, as shouldn't. Because the practically instantaneous sell-out of the December issue is a foregone conclusion. So all we're trying to do is *tell* you that now is, 'pon our word, the time to reserve your copy of the Christmas 1937 issue of Esquire if you want to be sure of getting one. We've been saying that, we realize, these past two months, but we meant it, and thousands have taken the tip! Other thousands, disregarding these repeated warnings, are only reserving choice spots for themselves at the Wailing Wall—and how they'll wail when they see it and can't get copies. There's still time. ¶ SEND NO MONEY, but write, right now, for information on how to get your copy of this giant gift issue of Esquire at the special holiday rates. Address: XMAS SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., ℅ ESQUIRE, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

GO OUTDOORS IN STYLE

CHOOSE A *Laskinlamb* OUTDOOR GARMENT

Man alive! How they're going in for sports! To-day, you simply have to get outdoors to bag your full quota of fun in life.

In this exciting outdoor drama, outdoor garments featuring famous Laskinlamb score high everywhere...with young men, as well as older men who want to be young again. They all like the sporting qualities of Laskinlamb.

On jackets and coats, this rich fur wears like an old friend. It's exceedingly light in weight, yet a warm standby in all kinds of weather. Good looking to say the least, Laskinlamb bestows upon outdoor garments that extra measure of smartness the coming season demands.

Remember, Laskinlamb may be procured in a variety of smart outdoor garments for men and boys. At all leading stores throughout the country.

GENUINE *Laskinlamb* TRADE MARK

Genuine Laskinlamb is identified by this label sewn in the garment. Be sure to look for it. Accept no substitutes.

J. LASKIN & SONS CORP.

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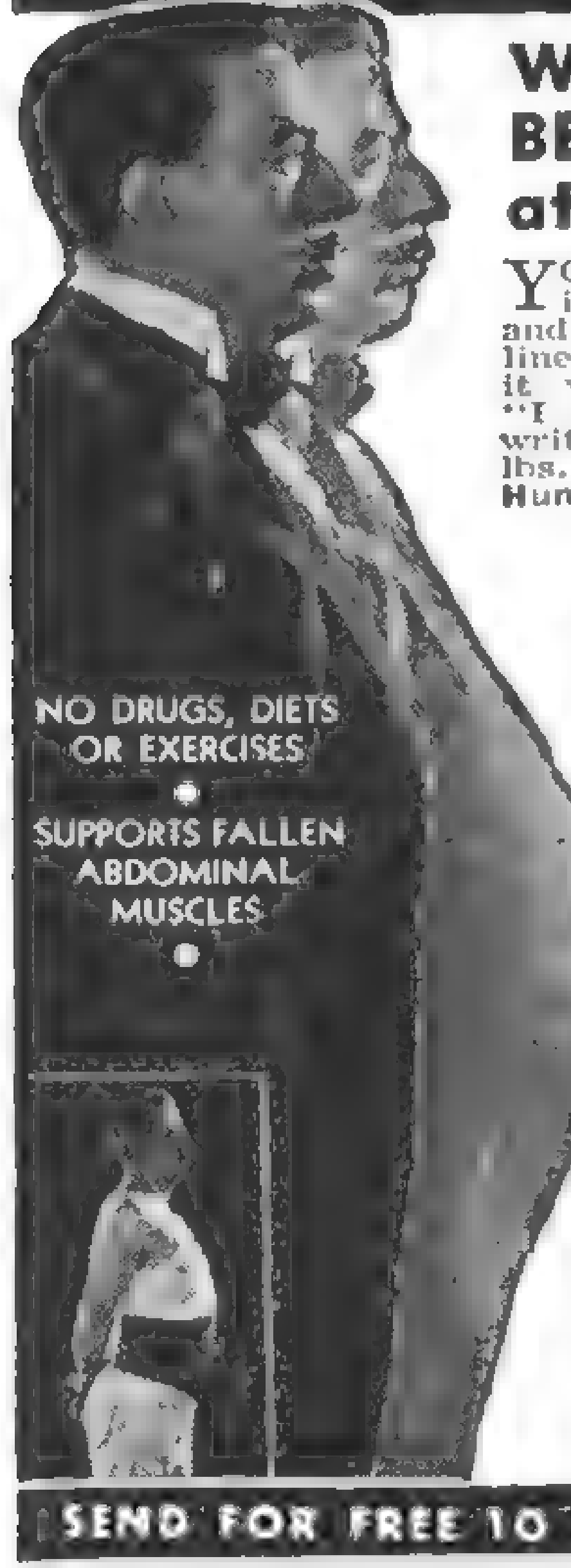
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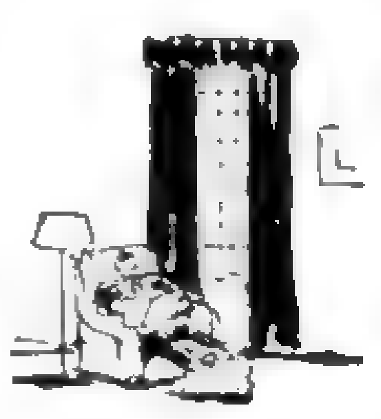
THE HOUSE IS PAPERED. No question about it, wallpaper is "in." And what paper. Flying fish in the bath room; vegetables and pots and pans cavorting on kitchen paper. And for a game room, bar or bachelor's domain . . . one of the most amusingly sophisticated papers we've seen. It's called "Tattoo", and was designed by a genu*wine* tattoo artist . . . the usual interlocking hearts with the "Tru-love" lettering, "Queenie the Mermaid", the Muscle man and other authentic motifs of strictly gob preference. Swell in red and blue.

RUGS. There's a new self-patterned broadloom called Looptuft. A figured monotone effect is achieved by an uncut pile fabric with two levels which form a small fret design. Comes in 14 colors from white and beige down through the sturdy wines and browns. In line with the trend toward luxury come "Townhouse" rugs, traditional motifs used in a modern design with modern colorings. There's a formal baroque pattern (looks like Aunt Bessie's front parlor, way back) an acanthus scroll, needlepoint interpretations and bold floral designs . . . a return to the big pink rose on rug era. There are draperies especially designed to go with these rugs.

PERSONALIZED RUGS. You've probably seen linoleum floors with all manner of amusing, modern designs . . . signal flags, sailboats, chevrons, animals, toys or game rooms with squares for ten pins or checker boards set right in the linoleum. You can give vent to your originality and have a lot of fun concocting your own floor patterns. You buy the motifs already made up (3 to 24 inch sizes) and these can be set in the linoleum at the time of installation, or at a later date. It's a simple operation, just cut out underneath the linoleum and paste the designs in. Good chance to have something exclusive for a very modest investment.

DRAPERIES. Great emphasis on spun rayon and cotton mixtures. A terra cotta colored cotton drapery flecked with glittering tinsel; a shimmering rayon studded with cotton ratine stars; linen damask in modern designs; mercerized cotton with large motifs in embroidered wool with sheared, shaggy edges. And for a bachelor's lair, solid color drapes of wool *serge*, or formal draperies in 3-tone velvet stripes. Colors such as blue spruce, turquoise green and the prune shades are going over in a big way. And direct from Paris: sheer French voile curtains in quaint, all-over patterns done in bold, modern colors, a combination of naivete and sophistication that is utterly charming. Incidentally, they wash perfectly.



TOAST ON A TREADMILL. If you go in for mass production in toast making, then by all means get one of the new electrical gadgets which makes *three* pieces at a time per minute. Machine is a handsome chromium, rectangular affair, with slots at either end. You insert the three pieces in one side and a conveyor line carries the toast through automatically and drops it out at the other end, uniformly toasted to a golden brown (light, medium or dark) on both sides at the same time. Seems that up at West Point they use giant toasters built on the same principle . . . think nothing of doing 2400 pieces at a clip. The home model costs about $14.

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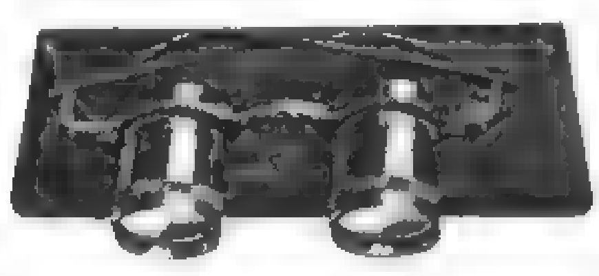

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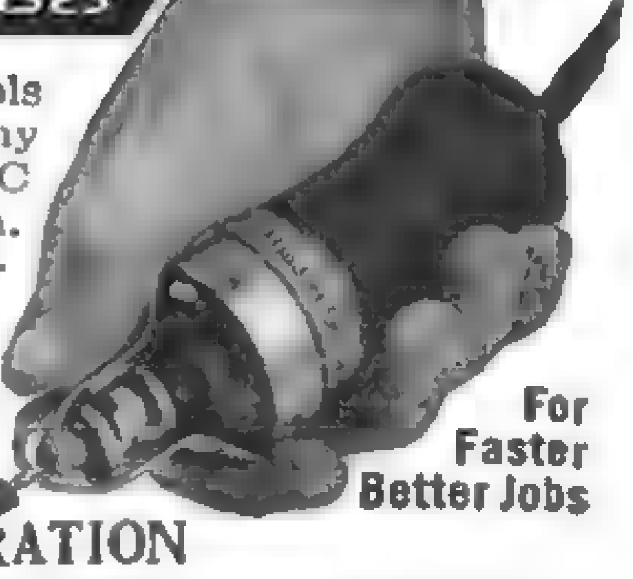

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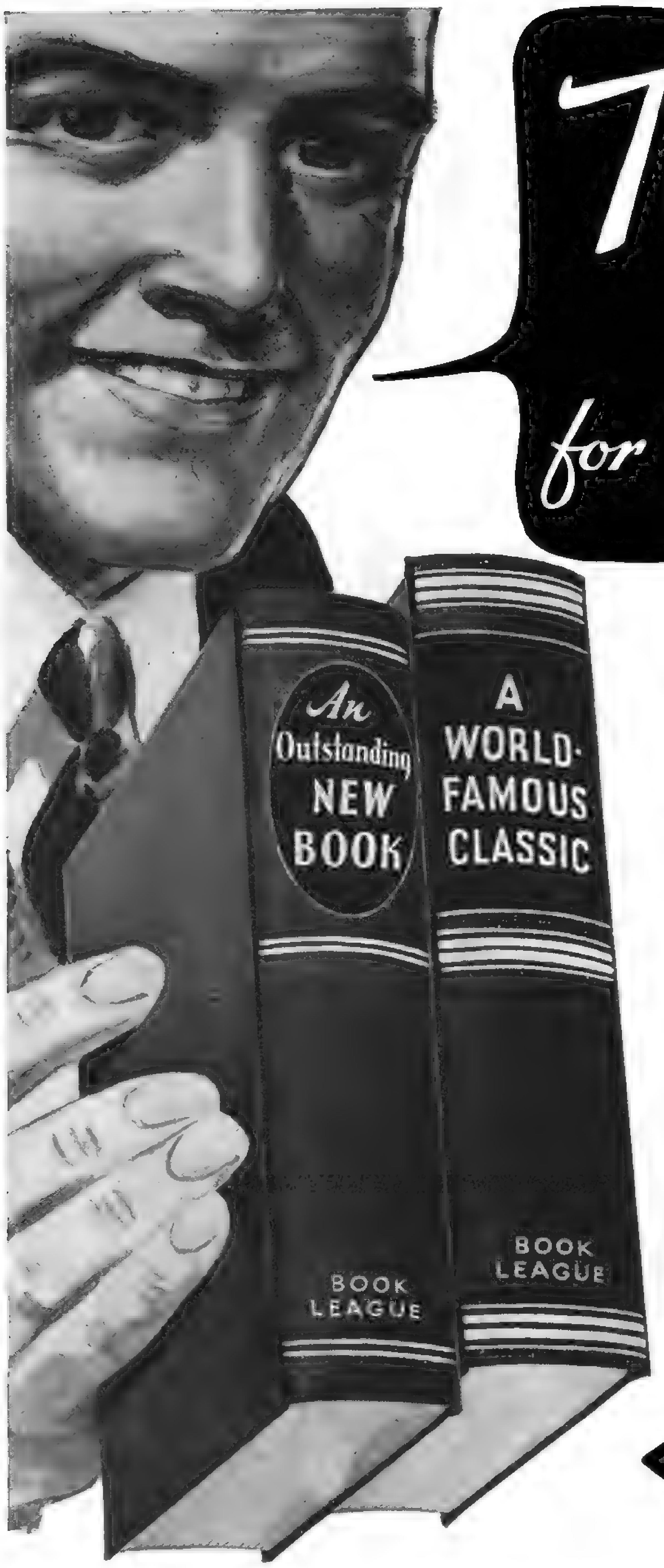

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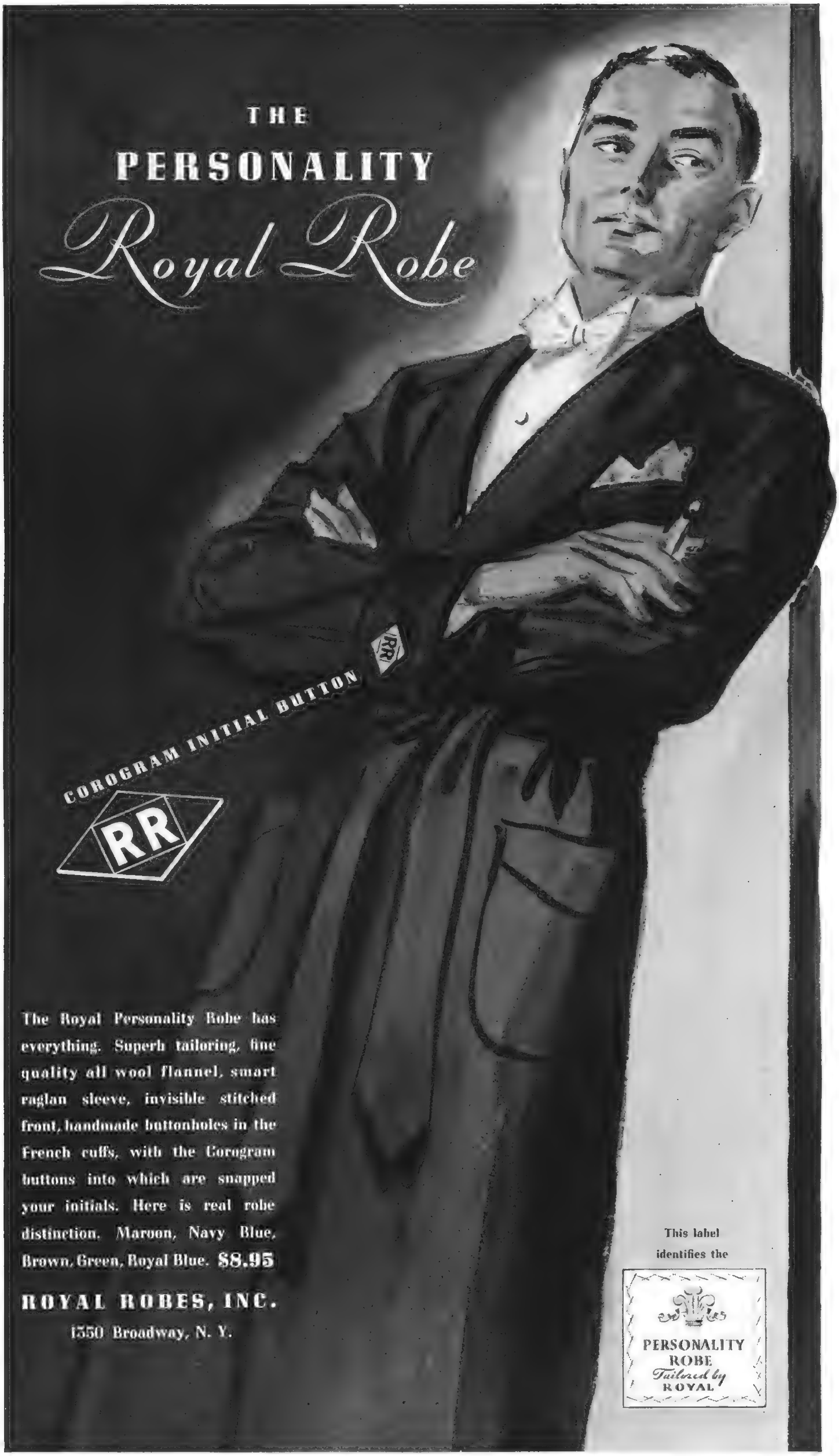

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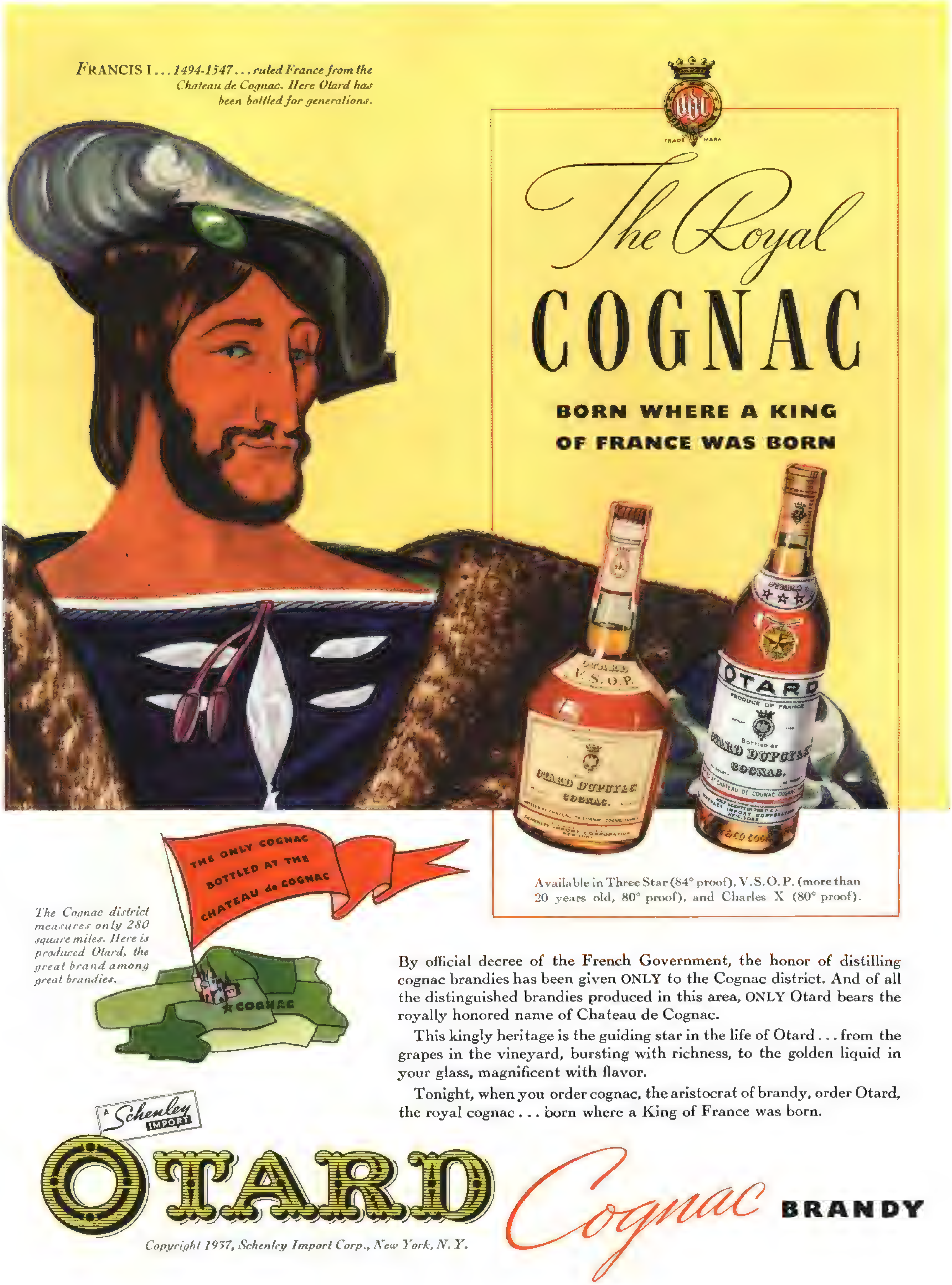

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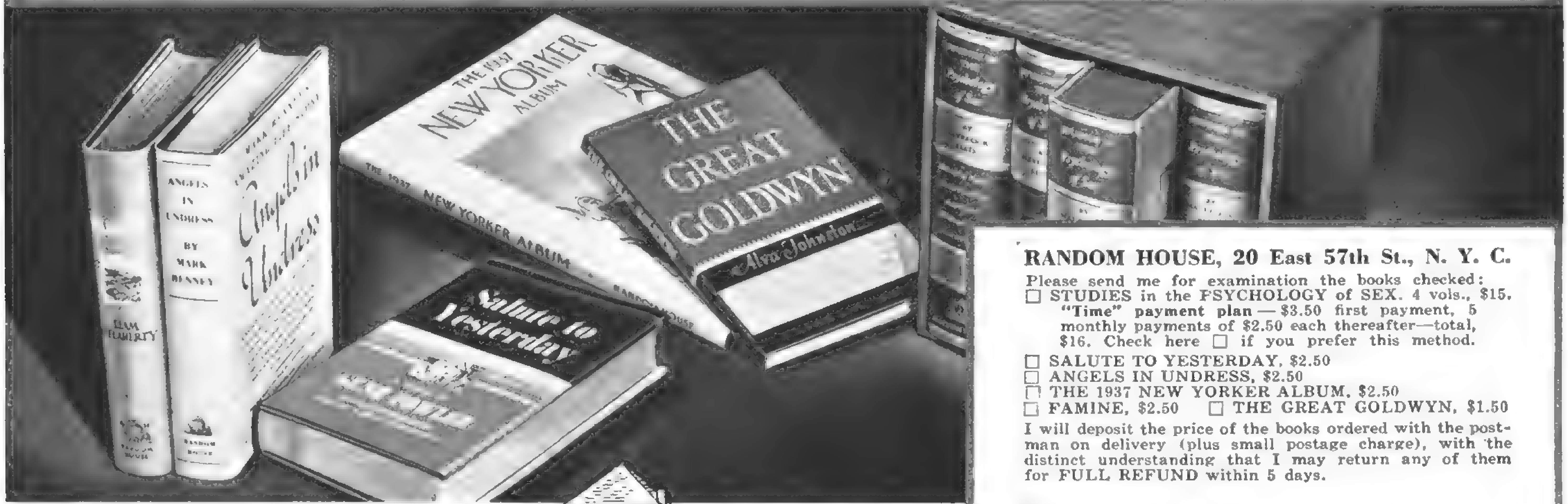

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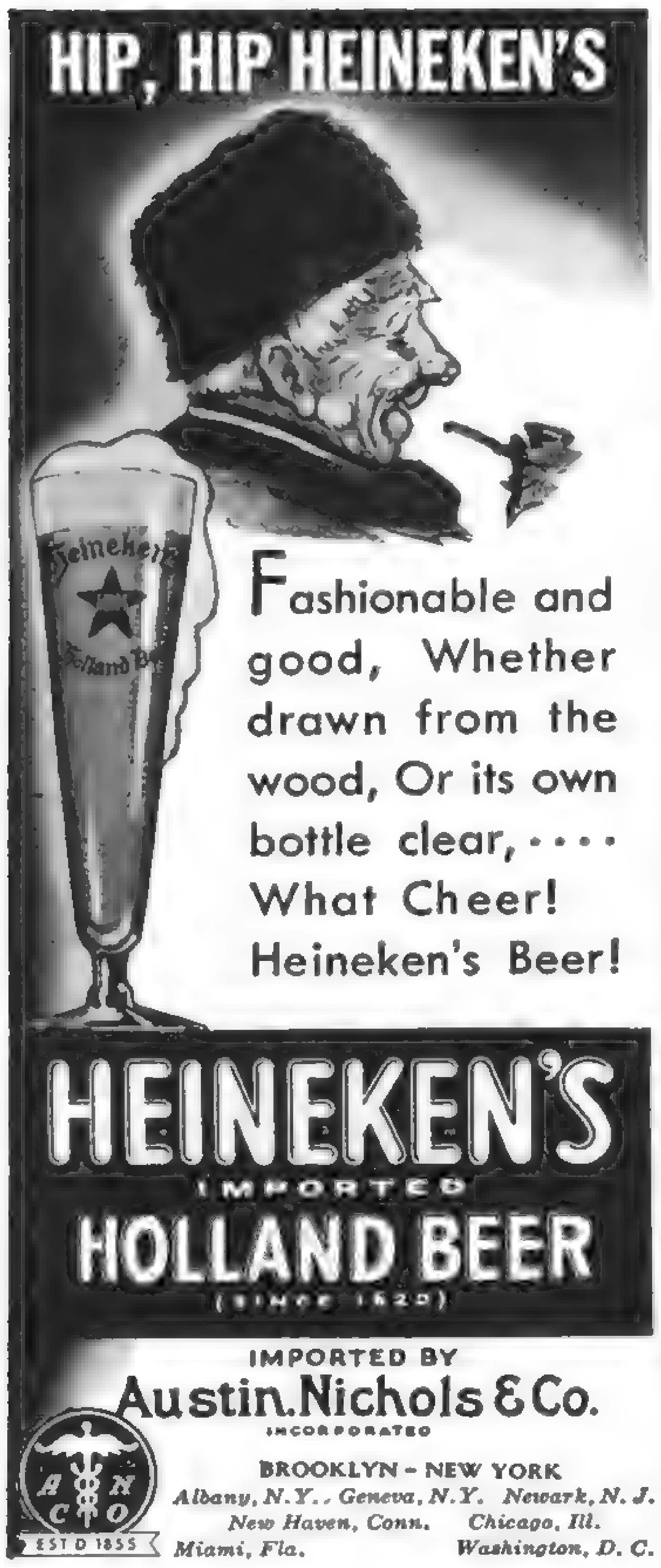

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Fashionable and good, Whether drawn from the wood, Or its own bottle clear, ... What Cheer! Heineken's Beer!

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The gay and sparkling
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FEATURING
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THREE SHOWS NIGHTLY FOR DINNER AND SUPPER
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Cocktails, Dinner, Supper Dancing
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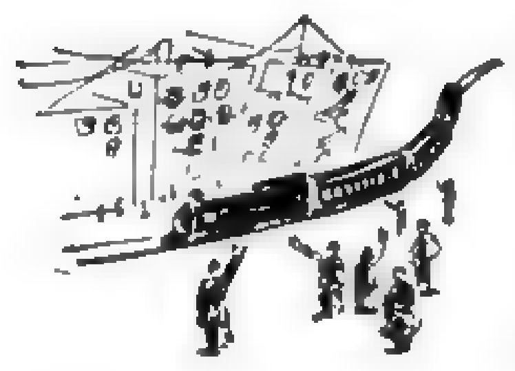
You wouldn't believe it, but even a railroad can become whimsical, especially if it falls afoul of daily contact with George T. Bye. Posing as a commuting Connecticut farmer, Mr. Bye is really the one who has carried the whimsy torch since the death of James M. Barrie. Mr. Bye's "Wednesday Culture Club That Meets On Friday" is a loose organization composed mainly of his literary clients and publishers, meeting formerly in Rosie's speakeasy and now at regular restaurants. For a change they asked the New York Central for a meeting place on a train. The railroad come back with the bright idea of conducting the club around Manhattan Island, the first and last of such excursions. So with all the literary high-lights aboard, one diner and two parlor cars left Grand Central, up to Dykman and then down Eleventh Avenue, through the new cut to St. John's Park. Aside from its educational aspects, it was fun eating good food while the populace hung out of the windows gazing in understandable wonder at the strange apparition, preceded by the customary man on horseback. Our best memory of the trip is of Gene Tunney refusing to board the train because he thought it not air-conditioned. He might have felt cool anyway when he saw the non-air-conditioned houses along Eleventh.



The Plaza Hotel returns to its favorite, Eddie Duchin, with his orchestra for the young folk of the town. The Persian Room again is the center of the social activities of the hotel, and with the orchestra, various dance teams will be used during the season. The Savoy-Plaza also keeps to its pattern and has brought back Dwight Fiske to sing his smoky songs.

La Chorrera is the oldest restaurant of the Spanish persuasion in town. For seventeen years now it has been at 107 Water Street and for twenty-three years before that it was on Pearl. The old time newspaper men will remember it as it was a favorite haunt of the old Sun and World men when publishing of papers was done on Park Row. It keeps open until 9 at night, though the luncheon trade is its peak. The fare is of the best Spanish sort, chicken with rice, real tamales and fried plantains that are as good as in Jamaica.

If your friends go in for yachts, you are probably familiar with Thwaites, on City Island. It has been there almost as long as the island or as city folks have liked to devour lobsters and clams. You reach it from the road to the new Orchard Beach, near Pelham.

Schrafft's have decided to watch for the hungry male on every corner. After their highly successful opening of the Columbus room in Fifty Seventh Street, between Broadway and Seventh they have brought forth a new one at 462 Fourth Avenue, near Thirty First St. The decor here is pleasing and in the sensible modern manner. Schrafft's are trying to live down a misconception that they cater to the sandwich eating trade and bridge set and are rushing up some filet mignon and thick chops to prove otherwise. We took on one of their hunter's dinners, from a charcoal grill in the oak room of the branch at 625 Madison the other night. It was all a man could ask for. Personally, when we are homesick, we like the joint on Fifth Avenue, near Forty Sixth, where you pretend to be a guest and take a second helping (or even a third if no one is looking) of anything on the menu. This place is especially good for the forlorn who think they believe New York is a good place to visit.

DINE DANCE ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
● An authentic Hawaiian setting for a gay, romantic evening. Dancing to a famous orchestra with native songs and entertainment. The Hawaiian Room has "taken the town by storm" with the tropical hurricane, complete with rain, lightning and thunder.

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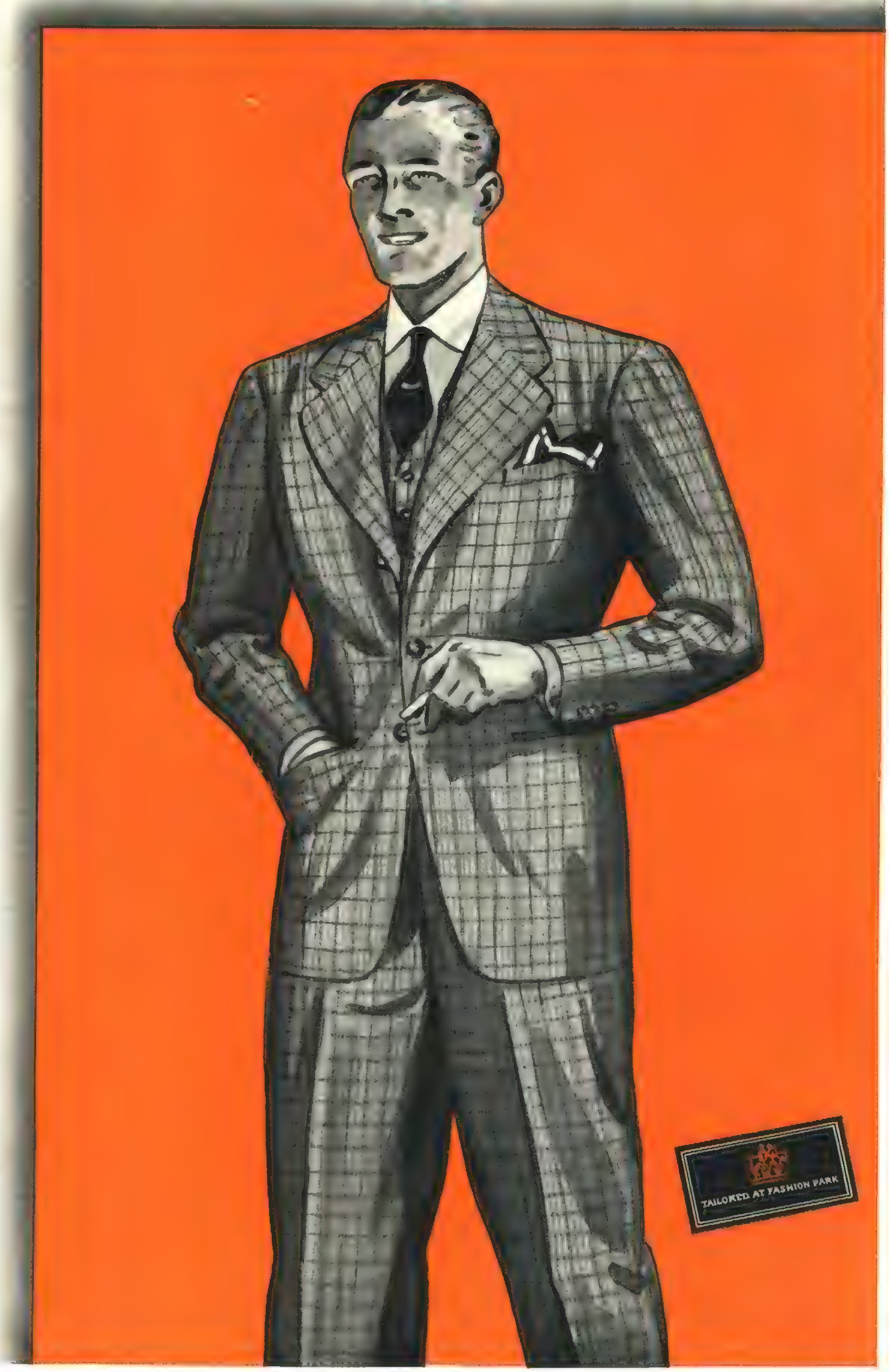

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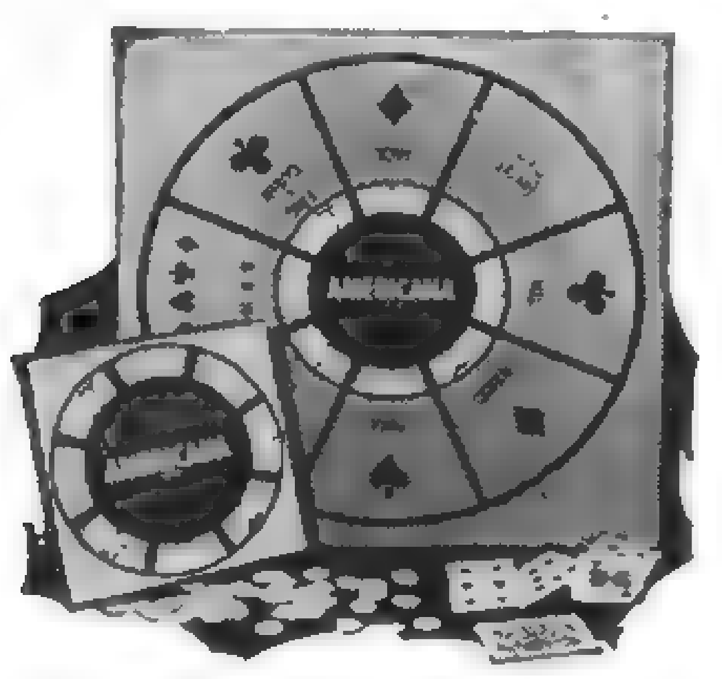

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POPULAR SET: Big Board (22 inch sq.—the new popular size) with complete equipment — playing cards and chips........$1.50
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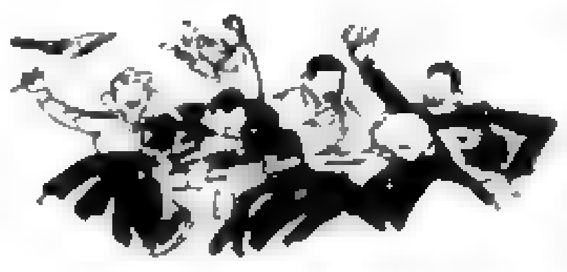
CARL HARTE'S ORCHESTRA
Will Remain Open for Full Season
DIRECTION • ARNOLD SCHLEIFER

The Famous **Keen's**
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th *Near* 6th

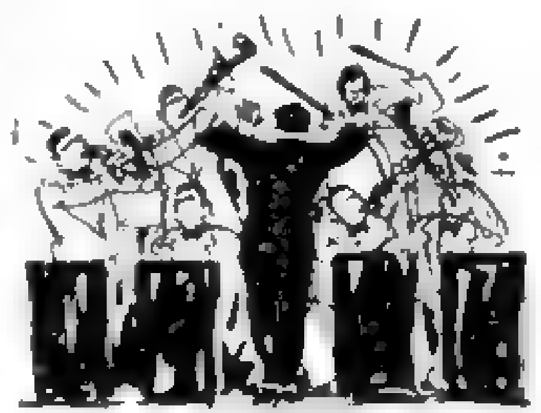
Seems like yesterday that we were trying on our yacht cap and learning to dodge a boom. Now it's the turtleneck sweater and wondering where we will eat after the game. The followers of Princeton have a little edge on football diners. We do not refer to the Clubs but when the bets are paid and the car turned homeward. There is the popular Zig's Brook Club at Summit, New Jersey, one of the footballers' favorites. And nearby is the equally crowded Chanticler at Millburn. Both are modern as to decor, food and orchestras. Some we know of go all the way to the Perona Farms at Andover. (We had a letter recently from a Doctor who said he had motored ninety miles for a Perona meal and it was worth it). The Beverwyck Inn at Troy Hills is a quiet and excellent place for food and drink without entertainment. Up Yale way we like best the unbeatable sea food to be found at Wilson's on State Street, in New Haven. Their crab meat au gratin is something to remember. On the way up for a good meal we know of no place, after a decade of experience, as satisfactory as Rich's, between Greenwich and Stamford. Inland, there is the White Turkey Inn, three miles north of Danbury, and the excellent Outpost Nurseries Inn at Ridgefield.



Gabriels, at 6 East 56th Street is another of those excellent French restaurants that has a consistent following. The luncheon is kept at a popular level, as is the towns' custom, and the dinner is in the higher brackets. But Gabriel has a way with the *maison pate*, the snails and the frog legs that is all his own.

The Astor Hotel has made extensive improvements in their Grill Room, the approach and the lobby of this having been somehow overlooked in the recent chromium glorification. Although the first gesture which carried through the summer was a thousandfold better than the early nineties decor that hung on so long. Wherever you are in the Astor, you can feel safe about the food—they have never let man or his stomach down.

Whatever the season's trend in music, swing will take a long time dying. Hollywood yanked Stuff Smith away from the Onyx and we suppose that will make the country still more conscious of the lilt of the hotter notes. The Pennsylvania Hotel, which packed its Madhattan Room last spring with Benny Goodman, sees no reason for change and has taken an option on king's services for the winter. A swing band is a great investment, as most of the dancers prefer standing and listening to wearing out the floor.



The Hotel New Yorker hung on to its ice floor as long as possible and have now tucked it away for the winter. The orchestras will be changed from time to time, giving the dancers a break.

S. Gregory Taylor follows the Parisian custom and keeps the roof and terraces of his St. Moritz hotel open until the frost drives the patrons in. When that happens he has planned a gala opening for the Cafe de la Paix, the center of winter activity for his hostelry. Seasonal decorations are being added.

Legionnaires and other correspondents who have spent time in France, write now and then to know where they can obtain snails and frogs legs which are a specialty of many New York restaurants but scarcer in the hinterland. A tabulation of the vote seems to point to Scotto and Gigoux Bros., 306 West 13th Street, as keeper of snails, and Darling, 112 West 53rd, as dispensers of frogs legs.

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LEO REISMAN
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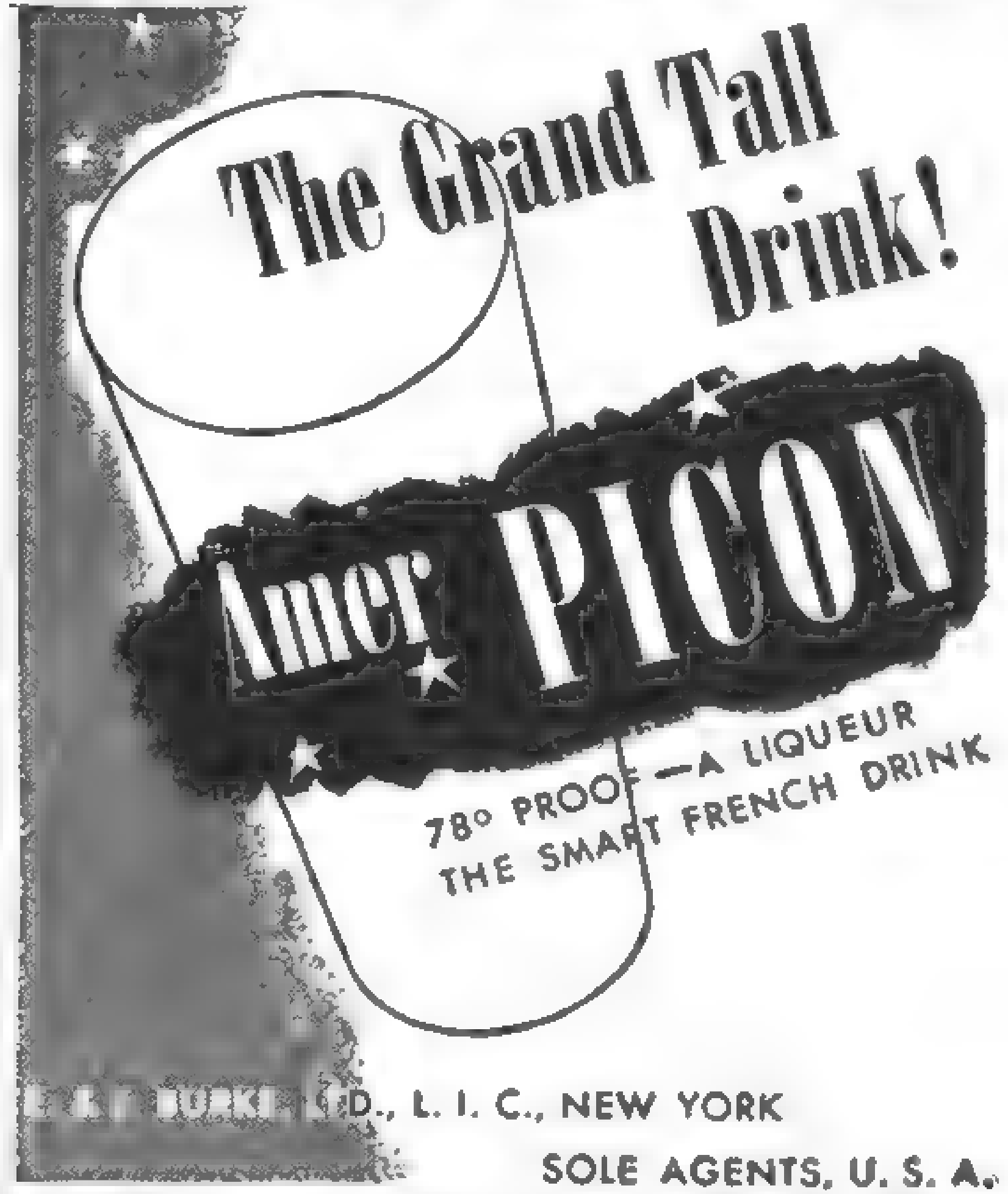

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THIS IS PERHAPS THE ONE COFFEE YOU HAVEN'T TASTED BEFORE . . .

"Strange phenomenon this, gentlemen. There's a *bouquet* rising from this demi-tasse. The first time I've met coffee with an aroma that could assert itself in the presence of brandy." (Explanation: Café Rico is a *liqueur* coffee. The gentlemen will also find its flavor and bouquet blend in the tasting.)

"It isn't at all like other coffees. At first sip I thought I'd have to cultivate a taste for it. But suddenly it left such a glowing, exhilarating after-taste I was completely captured. It must be the connoisseur in me."

"It has such a romantic history. There's Puerto Rico, all sorts of kings and connoisseurs in its past. It was always served black ...always in demi-tasse. Café Rico is really the only *liqueur* after-dinner coffee."

Silverware and china by Georg Jensen

Café Rico

The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico. The Paton Corp., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sole U. S. distributor.

Café Rico
The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

The traditional clothes

FOR MEN OF AUTHORITY

Clothes by Stadler & Stadler are not alone superior apparel. They represent a superior way of living. Stadler & Stadler's top-flite clientele of socialites, business and professional men is tradition. It is significant that men of authority recognize that nothing short of completely distinguished clothes, tailored to individual preference and requirement, outwardly reflect inward refinement. The promise of such clothes, executed along flawlessly correct and fashionable lines, is fulfilled daily at Stadler & Stadler.

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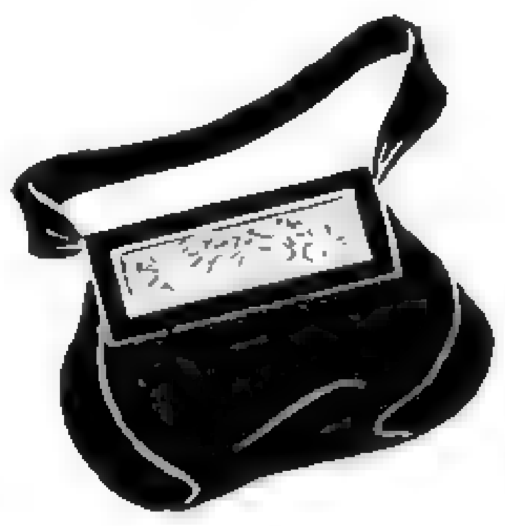
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

MOTOGLASS

We've tried all methods for warding off blinding headlights whilst driving at night. Black glasses are fine and dull the glims alright, but you can't see black cats or Nubians who might loom up in your path. Now comes Motoglass—driving glasses which eliminate headlight glare, yet permit clear, normal vision. Lower portion of the lenses, through which eyes normally look are slightly tinted to protect vision against ordinary light glare reflected from the road. Starting a little above the center, the lenses gradually darken to almost solid black, so gradual that the shading is imperceptible. All a person does, when piercing light blinds the eyes, is tilt the head slightly so that the headlight is on a line with the darker portion of the shatterproof lens.



NO PLACE LIKE ROME

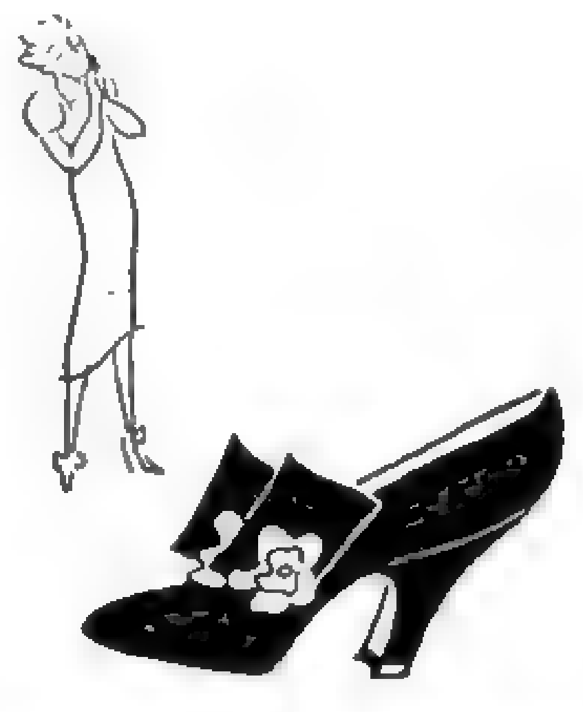
An enterprising American handbag creator went to Rome and had Buccellati, the famous Court Jeweler, design a number of individual frames and ornaments for his handbags. "I shall depict the story of the new Roman Empire—the Facist Empire — in symbols of the past", said Buccellati, and that is exactly what he did. Each handsome suede handbag has a wide, exquisitely hand-wrought Sterling silver top or plaque in bas relief like a miniature frieze. Chariots, Roman warriors, triumphal torches, lions rampant . . . the Glory of Rome in the palm of a lady's hand. They're really magnificent, and strikingly original.

COLLARING THE SHIRT BUSINESS

Smartest idea of the season comes to us from a bright young haberdasherman over on Broadway, who has conceived the idea of putting custom-made collars on ready-made shirts. The shape and size of a man's collar often make or break his appearance. A giraffe neck should wear a high collar to take away the swan-like effect. The short necked man with round face should wear a narrow collar with long points. Maybe a man has a 15½ body but requires a 16 collar; maybe he has to have quarter sizes. All he has to do in this shop is to choose any ready-made shirt in any color, pattern or material, then try on a dozen collar styles and decide which is the most becoming and the most comfortable. His collar is then made to order, within 24 hours. Every shirt and collar are pre-shrunk, and cost no more than regular shirts, $2 up.

RESIDENTIAL HOTEL IN THE ENGLISH MANNER

A new luxury spot overlooking Mr. Moses' greenery. 1 to 7 rooms, duplexes, terraces, etc., every apartment complete with kitchen or fully equipped serving pantry. The furnished apartments are all different in decor, and feature such things as enormous mirrors, practically covering the side of the wall, white leather beds, gay English chintzes, bright cherry colored rugs and ebony bookcases. Everything is designed to be as unhotel-like as possible. They specialize in trained personal maids or gentlemen's gentlemen who have been (pronounced bean) in private service, and who may be hired by the day, week or hour. Breakfast appears on a *tray*, London fashion . . . (whether the tray contains tea instead of mocha we haven't heard). One floor is to be given over to a series of private dining rooms, individually decorated, for small, recherché parties of a dozen or so, such as you would entertain in your own home. Although its "Residential", there will be welcome on the mat for the more élite visiting firemen. *The* pied à terre, my deah, for the season.



WINGD SHOES

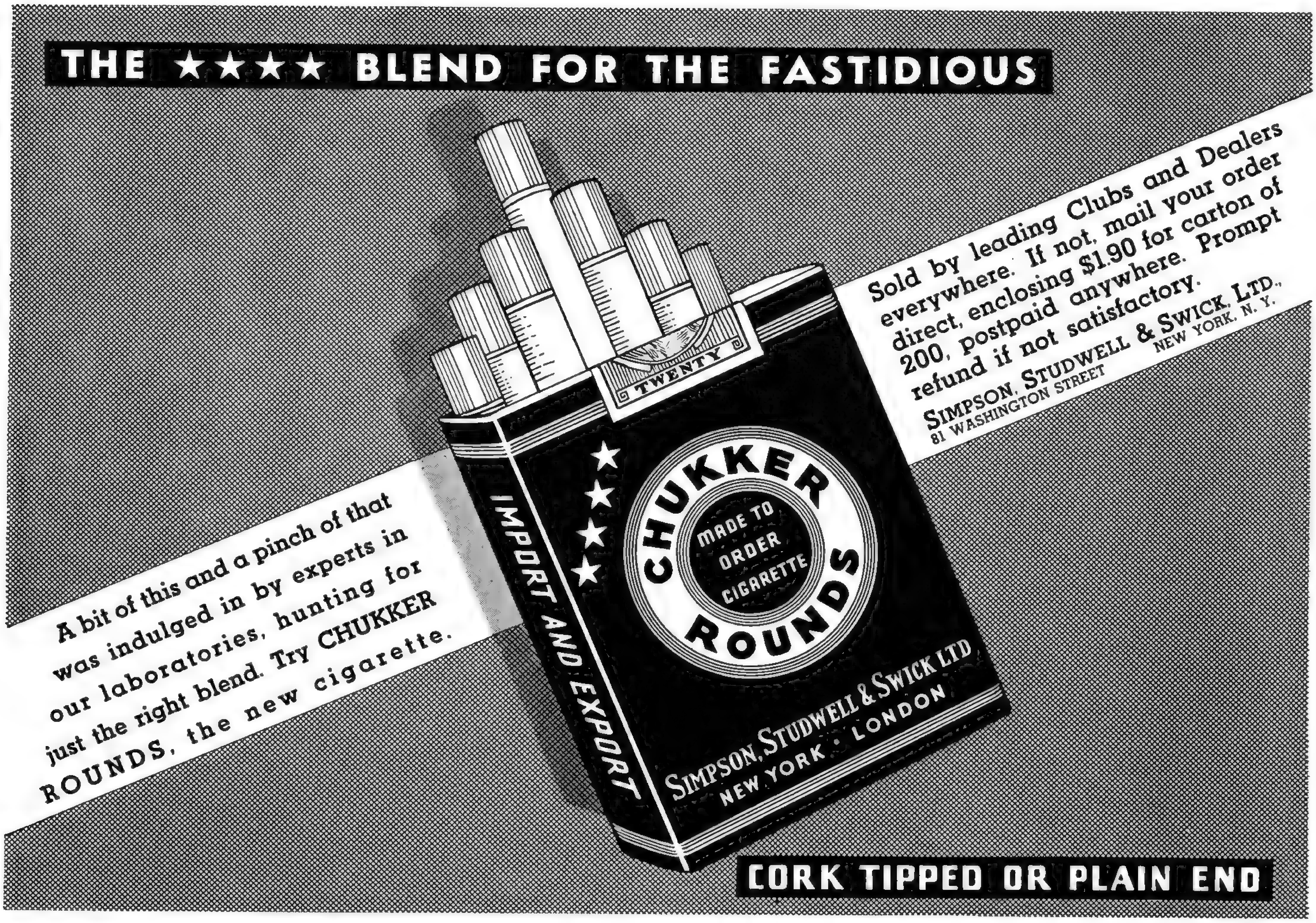
We dropped into a shoe fashion show the other day. Whole theme was what they call "Wingd" fashions—shoes designed to interpret the swift movement of a bird. Flaring winged bows; pumps with ornaments sweeping to the side like the spread of a wing; winged lines that move forward, upward . . . graceful and flattering beyond words. Colors of the shoes are bird names; meadowlark brown, pheasant gold, partridge grey, etc. And they've made hosiery to blend in . . . darker, wispier and more devastating than ever on a neat pair of shanks.

Ranger

If you want to know where to buy these articles, write to "Ranger", Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

"...but I have enough jewelry, Mr. Bixby...take me to see that '52nd Street' movie tonight!"

Here at last! The entertainment jewel of the motion picture world! The story of the world's most famous street, from its haughtiness to its naughtiness...with stars like Ian Hunter, Leo Carrillo, Pat Patterson, Ella Logan, Sid Silvers, Zasu Pitts, Marla Shelton, Dorothy Peterson, Collette Lyons, Al Shean...and Kenny Baker...plus those famous entertainers that helped make "52nd Street" the swing lane of the nation ...Jack White, Rocco & Saulter, Georgie Tapps, Cook and Brown, Jerry Colonna, Al Norman and the 52nd Street girls! A Walter Wanger production, released thru United Artists, which means it's the tops!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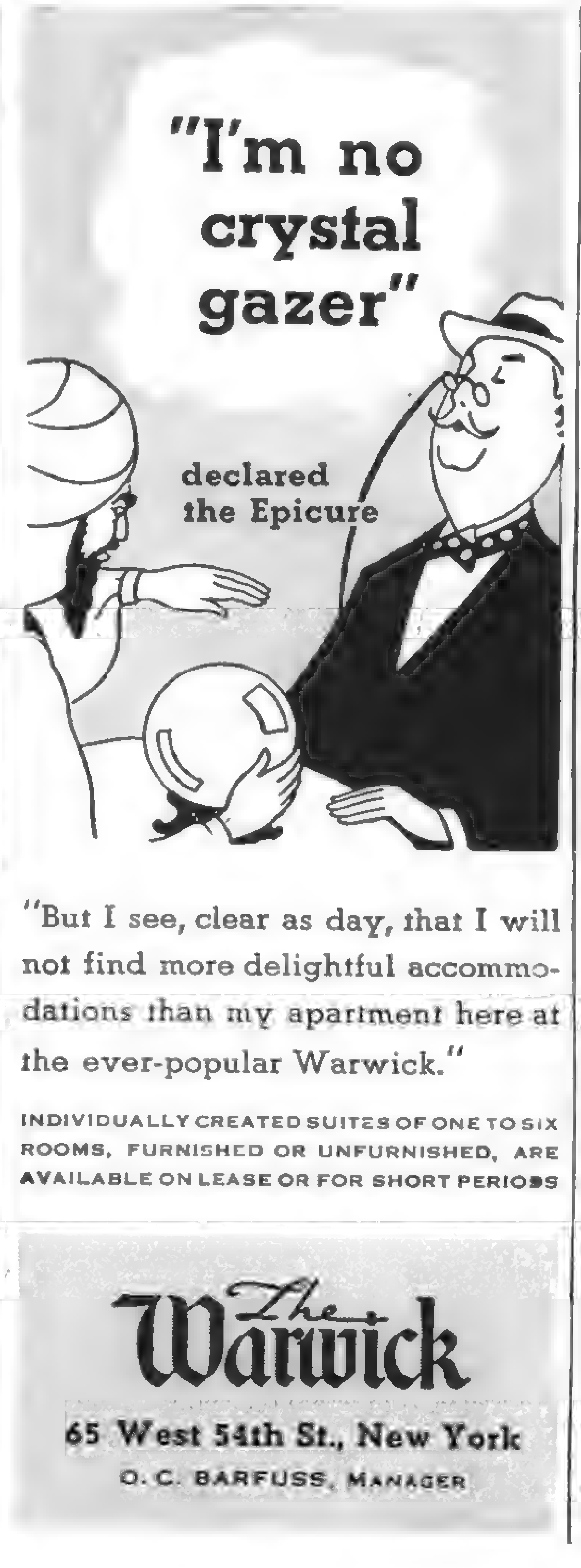

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declared the Epicure

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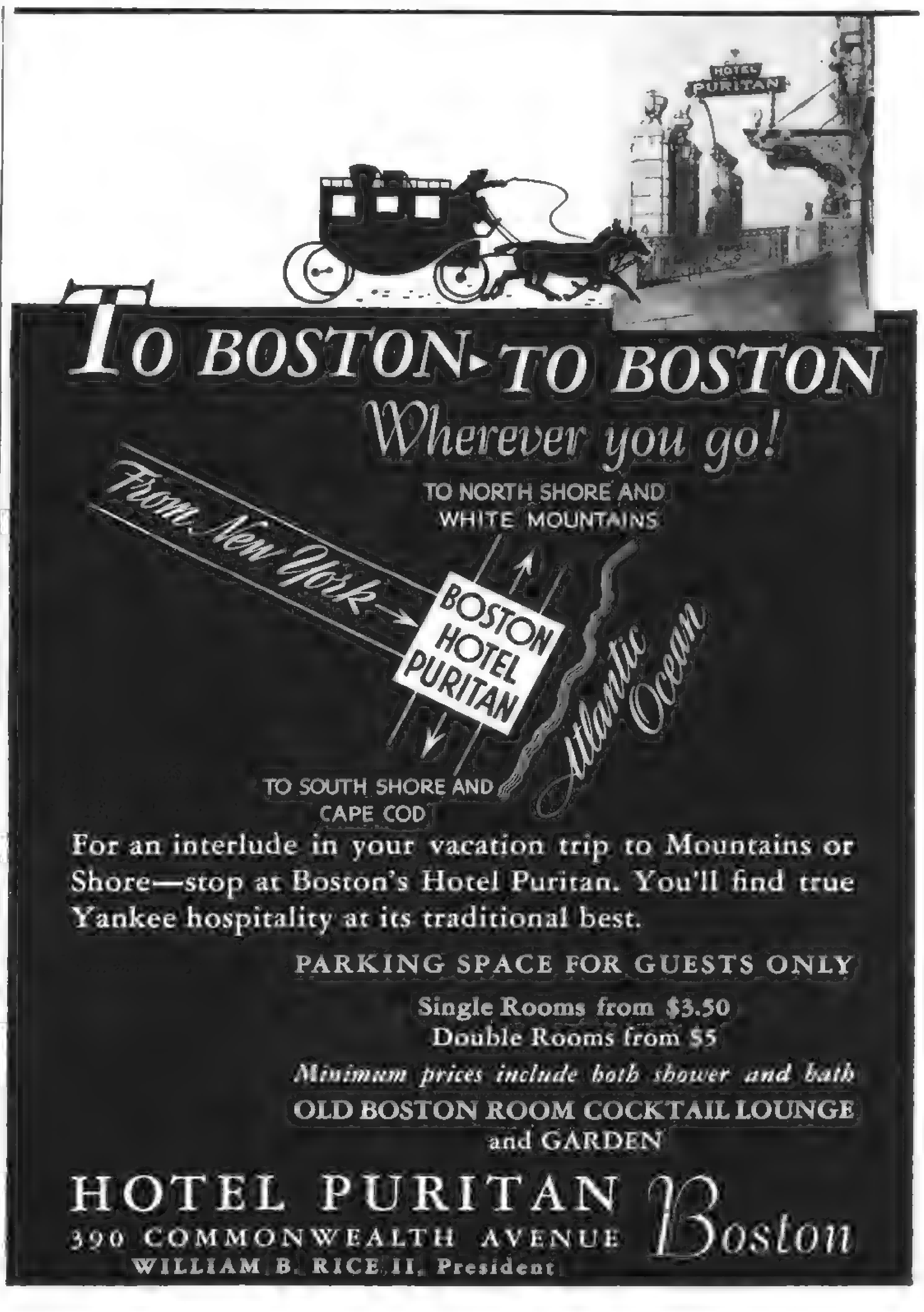
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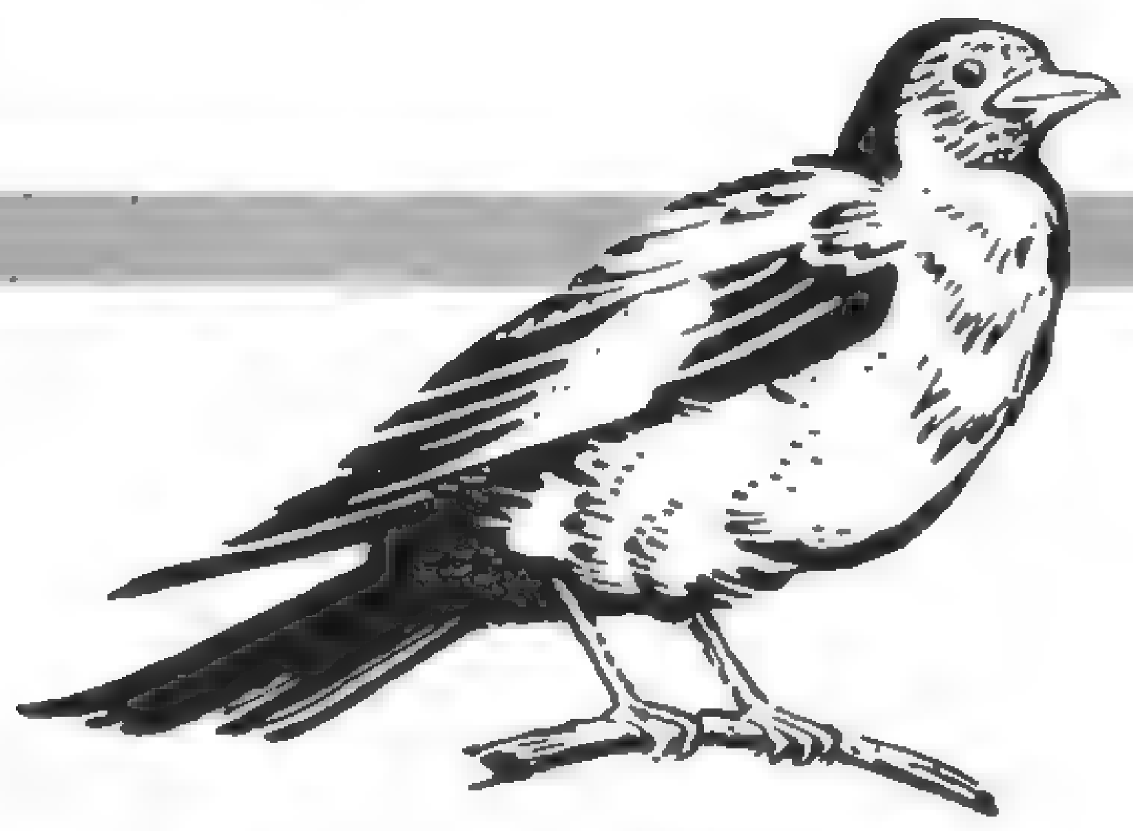
SMART BIRDS SAY "B-r-r-r!"



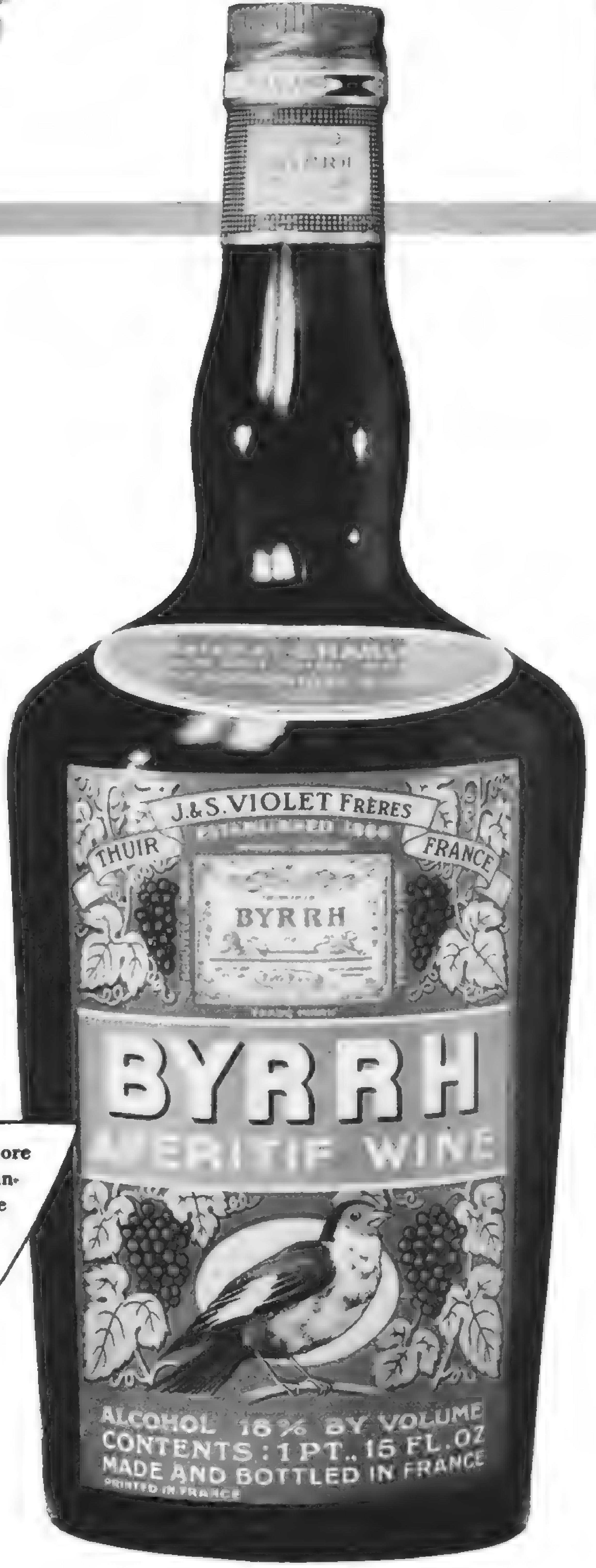
In the dimly-lighted elegance of fine homes—or in the bright, blazing gaiety of famous night-spots—you hear smart people saying "B-r-r-r" when they're offered a drink.

For we are learning to appreciate Byrrh's exquisite warmth and fragrance and to enjoy its incomparable flavor.

Try it! Then you'll understand why, in France alone, as many as 40,000,000 bottles of Byrrh have been consumed in one year.

Byrrh is a delicious aperitif that is really unique in its character and flavor. Marvelously blended of the choicest wines obtainable, it is dry, with a truly delicious bouquet that delights the connoisseur.

Say "B-r-r-r" to the waiter next time you order a drink. Serve it at home and please your friends!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CONTENTS: 1 PT., 15 FL. OZ
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BYRRH, popular throughout Europe for more than 70 years, is a blended wine, dry, pungent, delicious, that seems to contain the very laughter, warmth and wit of France. It is a stimulating aperitif. An excellent cocktail base. Many enjoy it plain with soda. At the better hotels, bars, restaurants and liquor stores.

Byrrh says the Frenchman for his favorite aperitif wine

(*pronounced* Burr)

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Get out your gun!

The first few days of upland shooting are likely to be the best of the whole season. For the early touches of Fall paint the whole landscape in vivid colors as a beautiful background for a day's shooting.

Perhaps your gun needs overhauling, cleaning and adjusting. Experts on the premises will put your gun into perfect condition and re-fit it to your changing eyesight if necessary.

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Schrafft's Smart Bar and Cocktail Lounge
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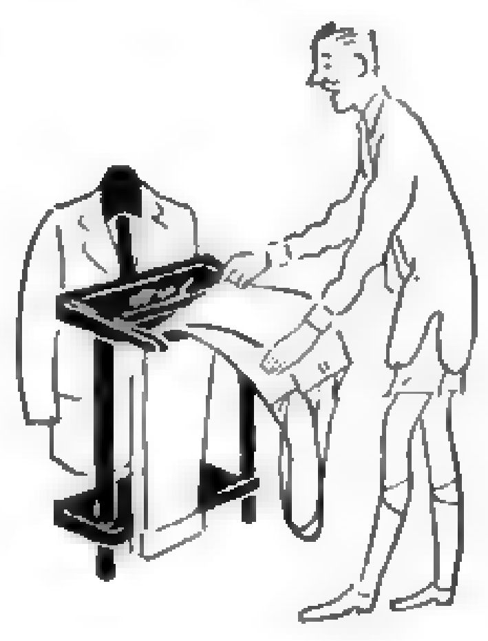
There's something about Schrafft's Columbus Room you'll like. It's modern as today, yet so comfortable that if you drop in at cocktail hour, you'll most likely linger for dinner. Superlative food, service, liquors—open noon until 1 a.m.

SCHRAFFT'S
15 MEN'S GRILLS ABOUT TOWN

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

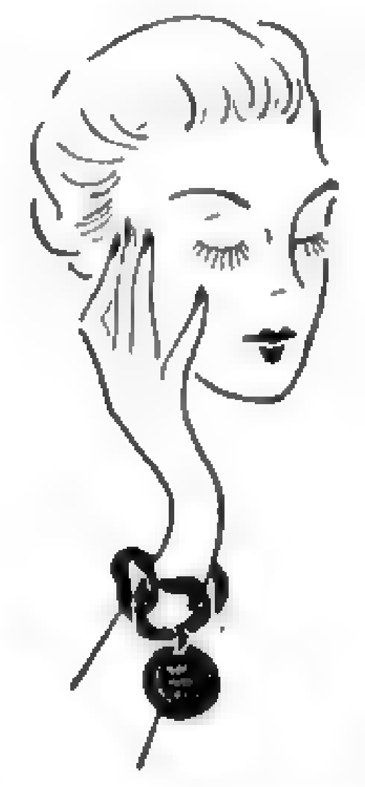
SILENT VALET

Not as unusual as a silent barber, we'll admit. This one not only won't talk, but can't. We're leading up to a wooden clothes rack, to encourage neatness in a man when he divests himself of his clothing and dives for the hay . . . also to keep his clothes looking well groomed. The stand is about 4 ft. high, there's a coat hanger, a tray to hold studs, wallet, etc., a bar over which trous are hung and a slanting shelf underneath for shoes. Stand comes in maple, mahogany or any painted woods. Can be placed by the bed, handy like, or in a closet.



WATCH WITH THE FISH

Gazing through the plate glass of one of our favorite shops, we beheld a man's watch serenely keeping excellent time immersed in a gold fish bowl filled with water. This worry-proof, chromium-cased affair operates under water as efficiently as a submarine. Absolutely water-proof and as invulnerable to shock as Joe Louis' chin. Movement is 17-jewel, non-magnetic. About $25.

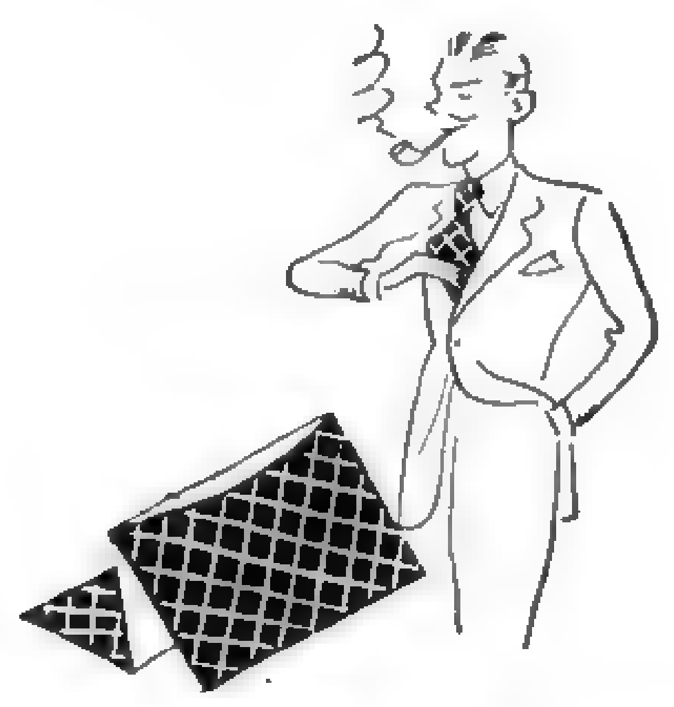


LADY LICENSES

Latest whimsy is to buy your current feminine flame (or your wife) a heavy gold link bracelet about the size of the chains you put on your tires in slippery weather. Hitched to this chain is a gold tag, the size of a silver dollar, whereon you have engraved all manner of witticisms. One prominent lady in town, given to roaming after a few snifters, wears upon her tag the words: "If lost, strayed or stolen, return to Don Blank, 000 Park Avenue". Another little cocktail kitten bears this admonition on her gold tag: "This is Fifi soandso, the property of W. R. W." This could go on indefinitely, but you see what we mean. Price for the bauble, $135.

FORTUNE TELLING TEACUP

If your guests hang heavy on your hands, whip out your fortune tea cup, and amuse yourself as well as them. This remarkable cup has Chinese symbols all over the inside and out; a 3 legged frog means wealth; paired fish mean marriage (quaint humor, these chinee); the broken fan means separation; etc. The saucer has a border of 12 cyclical animals of Chinese geomancy, which indicate the trend of your fortunes in a certain month. You just pour hot water over unstrained tea leaves, and wherever the leaves fall (on certain symbols) you read the fortune by aid of a very thorough Chinese fortune book.



MATCHING TARTANS

Newer than matching ties with socks—have your tobacco pouch match your necktie. Authentic Scotch tartans, for instance, in lightweight wools. Two point five 0 a set.

CALORY COCKTAILS

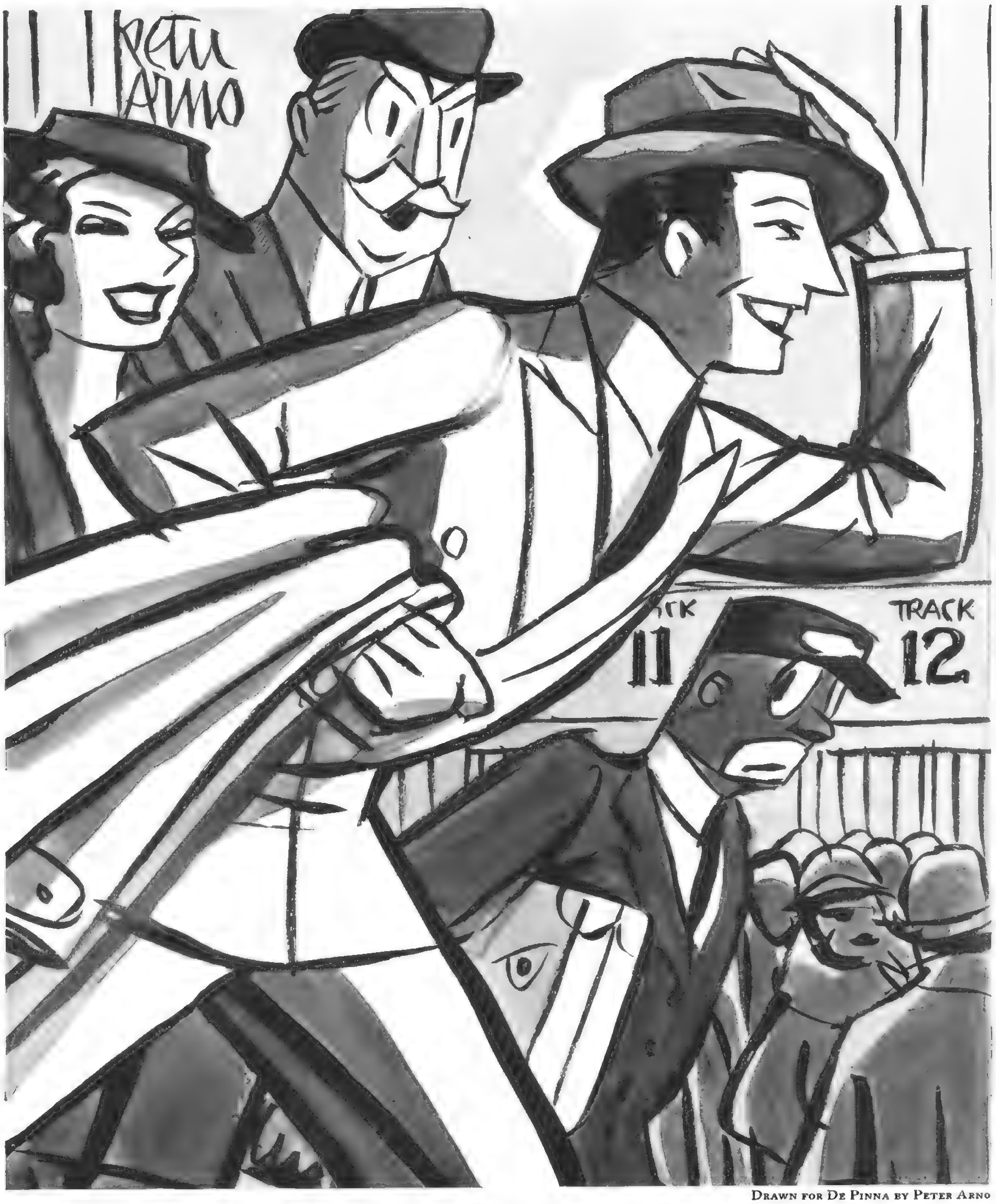
There's a new health bar in town. Anaemic or corpulent gentlemen or ladies of avoirdupois stand at the traditional rail and pour goblets of fruit or liquid vegetable juices into their vitamin starved interiors. Vegetables are scientifically shredded to extract the vital cell content, and compounded according to formulae culled from world famous continental spas and Alpine sanataria. After your bracer, you have a luncheon composed of 20 raw fruits and vegetables. They know how to give red cabbage real allure; how to put glamour into a raw mushroom. Health rule: eat it slowly and eat it raw!

BEANS IN A POT

Imagine a little brown crock of succulent baked beans, prepared from an old New England recipe and baked slowly with juicy pork for 12 continuous hours. You can have 'em, brother, for two bits. All you do is heat the beans, pot and all, in oven or hot water. Makes an aristocrat out of plebeian fare. Size of pot? One pound, twelve ounces.

Ranger

If you want to know where to buy these articles, write to "Ranger", Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.



DRAWN FOR DE PINNA BY PETER ARNO

Gate Still Open!

Every gate in life is open to the man who has self-confidence enough to dress well. Instead of worrying about the antiques in your wardrobe, treat yourself this year to half a dozen good suits by DE PINNA.

DE PINNA prices for good suits start at $58, and their very excellent overcoats, shirts, ties, socks, pajamas and handkerchiefs have a pleasant way of looking far more expensive than they actually are.

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 52d ST., NEW YORK

"Clothes make the man, and DE PINNA makes the clothes"

is national advertising an economic waste?

To be sure, *inefficient* national advertising is an economic waste. Just as wasteful as incompetent bridge-building or ditch-digging or field-plowing or science. Inexpert activity in any line of business is *economic waste:* bad building design wastes floor space; indifferent production management retards outputs; top-heavy and extravagant sales operation increases selling expense. All of the foregoing squander profits for the manufacturer and lessen values for the ultimate consumer, as well.

Able national advertising, on the contrary—as well as expert business planning in any direction whatsoever—spell *economic thrift.* It is fortunate for both consumer and manufacturer alike that economic law, indeed the law of life itself, forbids the permanent success of any business grounded on any foundation, other than that of capable management all along the line. Sharp, healthy competition, alone, sees to that.

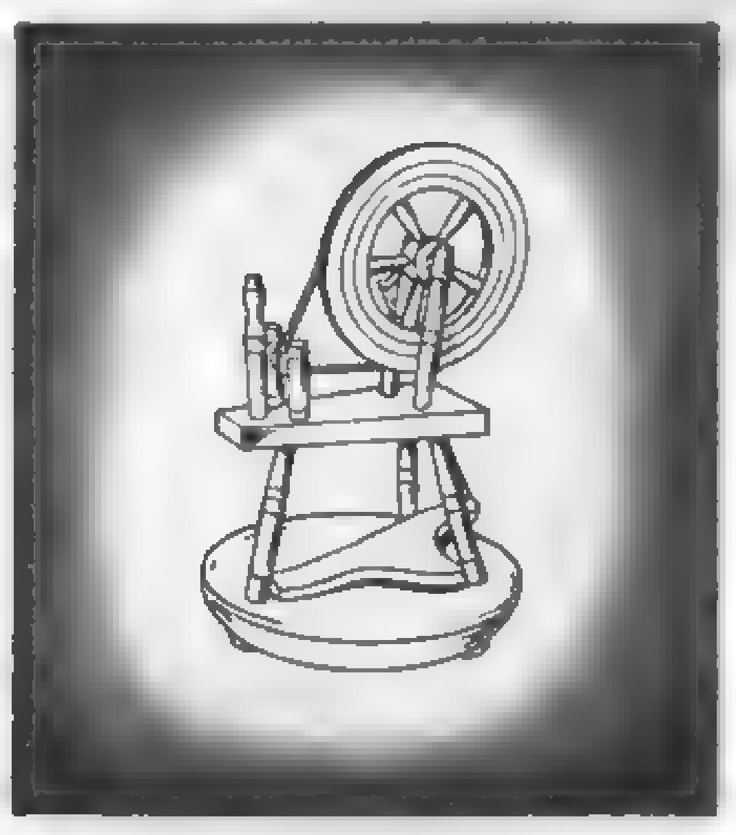
Adroit national advertising performs its own unique function. By quickly, simultaneously, apprising a whole nation of a product's virtues—it speeds distribution, cuts selling overheads and hence accelerates production—saving multitudes of needless and heedless costs along the merchandising trails.

Sound national advertising is a sort of business insurance program in which the consumer rightly shares. He it is, who is ultimate beneficiary of national advertising's power.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

over 600,000 A.B.C. net paid

Odd Facts of Old Boston



FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."
OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. E10,
BOSTON, MASS.

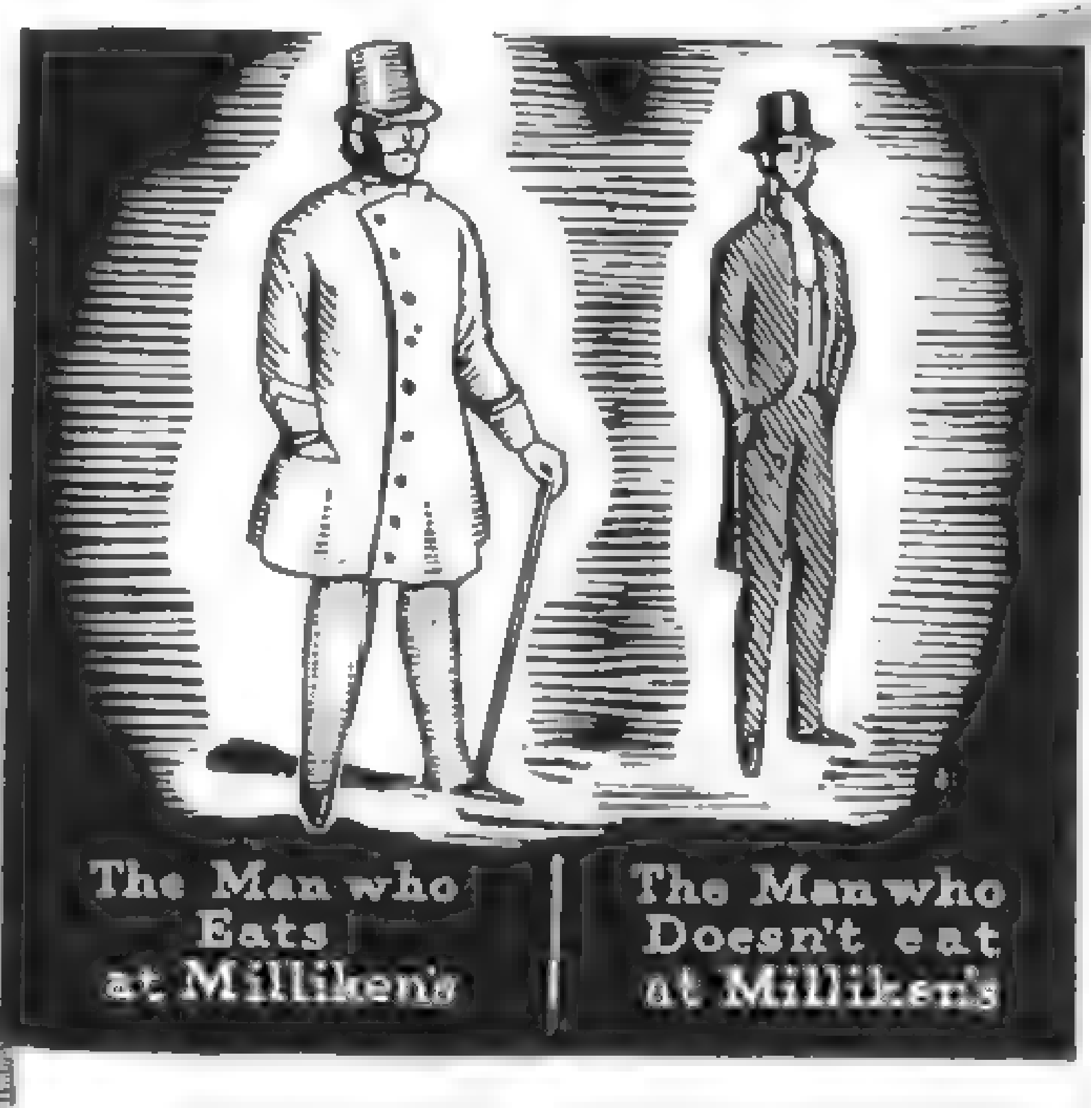
This offer good until Oct. 15 but not good in states where such offers are prohibited.

FAMOUS FALSE TEETH

DR. HITCHCOCK'S DENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, "ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC," FEATURED A MODEL ROOM IN WHICH COULD BE SEEN IN LIFE-LIKE WAX THE HEADS OF PROMINENT BOSTONIANS WEARING DR. HITCHCOCK'S FALSE TEETH.

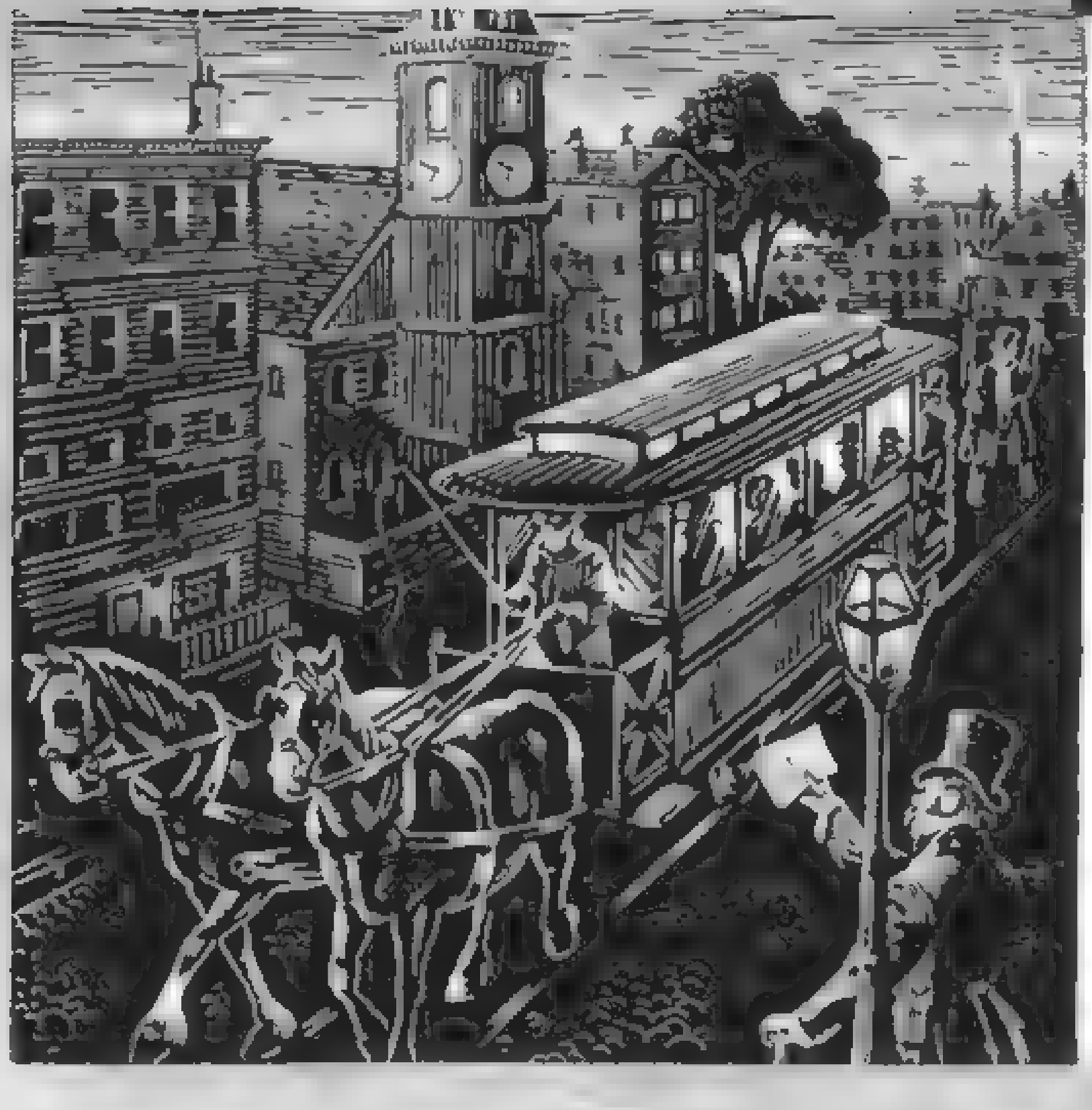
PRISONER BECOMES OWN JAILER

SYMPATHIZING WITH THE WEARY SENTRY WHO WAS KEEPING HIM PRISONER IN HIS HOME, MATHER BYLES, SUSPECTED TORY, VOLUNTEERED TO RELIEVE HIM. SHOULDERING THE SENTRY'S MUSKET, THE WIT REMARKED: "I HAVE BEEN GUARDED, REGARDED AND DISREGARDED."


The Man who Eats at Milliken's
The Man who Doesn't eat at Milliken's

THE FIRST "THIN MAN"

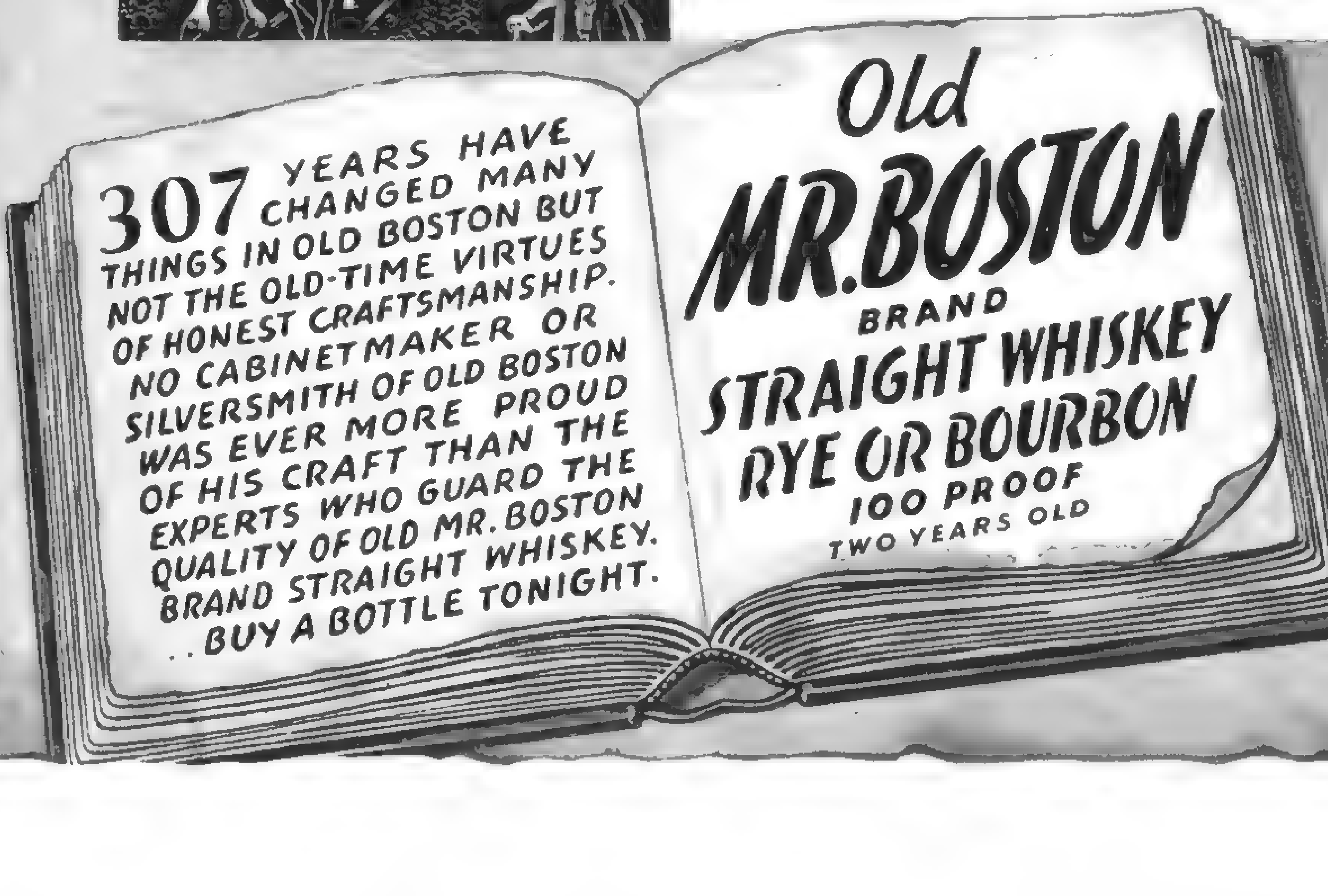
THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR MILLIKEN'S RESTAURANT IN 1837, CHARACTERISTICALLY STRAIGHTFORWARD, WASTES NO SPACE ON TALK ABOUT "CUISINE" BUT FEATURES THE NET RESULT OF EATING AT MILLIKEN'S . . . A WELL FILLED-OUT FIGURE.



JUST 100 YEARS AGO

RIVAL HORSE-CAR LINES USED THE SAME TRACKS. IN THE LIVELY COMPETITION TO GET THEIR CARS ON THE TRACKS FIRST AND SO CARRY THE LION'S SHARE OF THE TRAFFIC, EACH HORSE-CAR LINE CHANGED TIME TABLES ALMOST DAILY TO EVERYBODY'S COMPLETE CONFUSION.

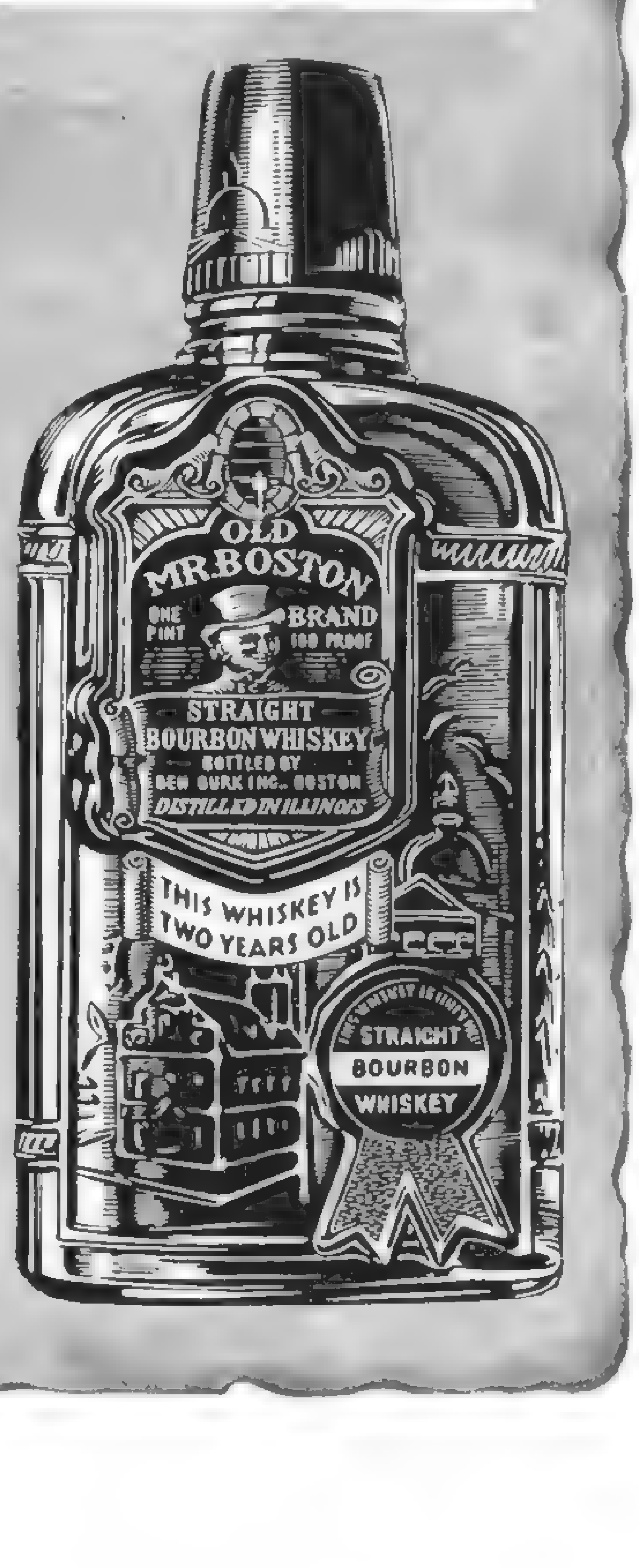
COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.



307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY. . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old
MR. BOSTON
BRAND
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON
100 PROOF
TWO YEARS OLD

Ben Burk, Inc.,
DISTILLERS
BOSTON
MASS.


OLD MR. BOSTON
ONE PINT
BRAND
100 PROOF
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON
DISTILLED IN ILLINOIS
THIS WHISKEY IS TWO YEARS OLD
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Down with Mirth Control!

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS

AND ALIENATE PEOPLE

By Irving D. Tressler

Gets you out of that mental rut. This isn't the rutting season anyway. *What are you and Mr. Dale Carnegie doing in it?* The season's biggest abdominal (belly) laugh, garnished with chuckles.

At your bookstore $1.49

Or send your check or money order for $1.49 to us, and we'll ship you the carload of entertainment.

STACKPOLE SONS, 250 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

CAFE LOUIS XIV

NEW YORK'S

DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANT

15 W. 49 ST. ROCKEFELLER CENTER

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA RESTAURANT 32 W. 50th ST.

LUNCHEON from .90

DINNER from 1.25

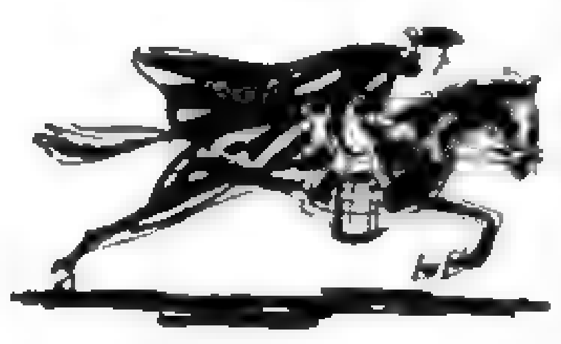
O AT THEIR BEST

Grand Central Terminal Restaurant & Oyster Bar

Lower Level ← Grand Central Terminal

OCEAN FRESH DAILY

OYSTERS



The Lexington Hotel, at Forty Eighth St., has had such success with its Hawaiian Room that it has broken out with a horse of another color—the Revere Room. This is to take care of the overflow and is conveniently located on the street level. The decor will be a satire on Paul's famous ride.

Joe Chevalier's Mon Paris, 53rd Street just east of Lexington Avenue, has reopened with Charles Murray and his orchestra heading this year's entertainment. Mr. Murray has long been a featured singer at the better places around town and has finally decided to form his own orchestra to complement his fine Irish tenor.

The cocktail of the past season we found at the Madison. Not content with serving some of the best food in the city, the Madison adds this gem. It seems to be white rum shaken with lemon sherbet. Try it once and become an addict.

Theodore Titze has had a busy summer, what with the exclusive Sands Point Bath Club and the beautiful Monument Inn, at Old Bennington, Vt. At the former place, unfortunately, only members could partake of the food prepared by one of the best cooks left in this country. But Theodore is bringing the chef in with him to his excellent place at Four East Fifty Sixth St.

The Louis XIV Restaurant in the French building of Rockefeller Center opens with Paul Gottchi, once of the Madison. This is a place for epicures so keep out if your mind is on a quick lunch. During the summer Mr. Gottchi kept the customers contented under the Prometheus Fountain and he will cast a weather eye on the tots from school when the ice rink is put down again in the sunken plaza. And when you are in the neighborhood, try the justly famous *arroz con pollo* as served at the Mayan Room of the N.B.C. building.

Hotels are born suddenly these days. Witness the case of the Montclair which overnight blossoms out as the Belmont-Plaza. Under the new name, and management, the attention for visiting firemen has been shifted to a shiny new bar, easily reached from either Lexington or Forty Ninth Street. Time may come when the home-going commuter may never reach Grand Central Station, let alone the cold supper and colder kiss of the little woman at the other end of the 5:15.

The Claremont Inn at the Drive and One Hundred and Twenty Fourth St., is still the city's show spot for cocktails or casual dining. With your back to Grant's Tomb you can watch the boats idling on one of the most beautiful rivers of the world and eat whatever food a tolerant democracy can afford. It is worth a trip any time, whether you sit next to the Mayor, as we did, or just with the other citizens.

The Biltmore Moonlit Terrace lingers on under the moon, catering to house guests and their visiting relatives. When the popular Horace Heidt and his versatile band is officiating you can always be sure to be spotlighted with the wedding march or "Happy Birthday To You" according to the occasion. The Terrace does not have the view enjoyed by some of the roofs but as a pioneer in the field has kept a steady clientele.

Howards, on the Bronx River Parkway Extension, at Millwood, is another of those highway places that stay open the year round. The place is new, that is, to the tavern role, the house having been built in 1790. The food is pretty good, on the ample side.

In the heart of New York's smartest residential district.

Around the corner from world famous shops, theatres and galleries.

A superb first class hotel, famous for its cuisine, featuring the final word in luxury, comfort and service.

●

single rooms . $5, 6, 7

double rooms . $7, 8, 9

suites . . $10, 12, 14

●

The

MADISON

58th Street and Madison Avenue

RESTAURANT

MAYAN

IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Prix Fixe DINNER from 1.50

SERVED IN SIZZLING SKILLET

16 WEST 51 STREET

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please report any change of address *direct to Esquire* at least three weeks before it is to take effect. . . . The post-office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided for by you. . . . Please also mention your old address as well as your new one. It facilitates the making of the change and assures the delivery of future copies to the proper address.

FOR DINNER AND AFTER-THEATRE

French Casino

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE-RESTAURANT

7TH AVENUE AT 50TH STREET · COlumbus 5-7070

See how little IT COSTS TO HAVE A PRIVATE ROOM WHEN YOU GO BY Pullman

THE FINEST OVERNIGHT PULLMAN ACCOMMODATIONS—SECTIONS, BEDROOMS, COMPARTMENTS, DRAWING ROOMS—CAN NOW BE HAD FOR ONLY A LITTLE MORE THAN THE BERTH RATE

Two men traveling overnight from New York to Washington—*have each paid $2.50 for a lower berth*

—but for the *same* price they can share a private bedroom

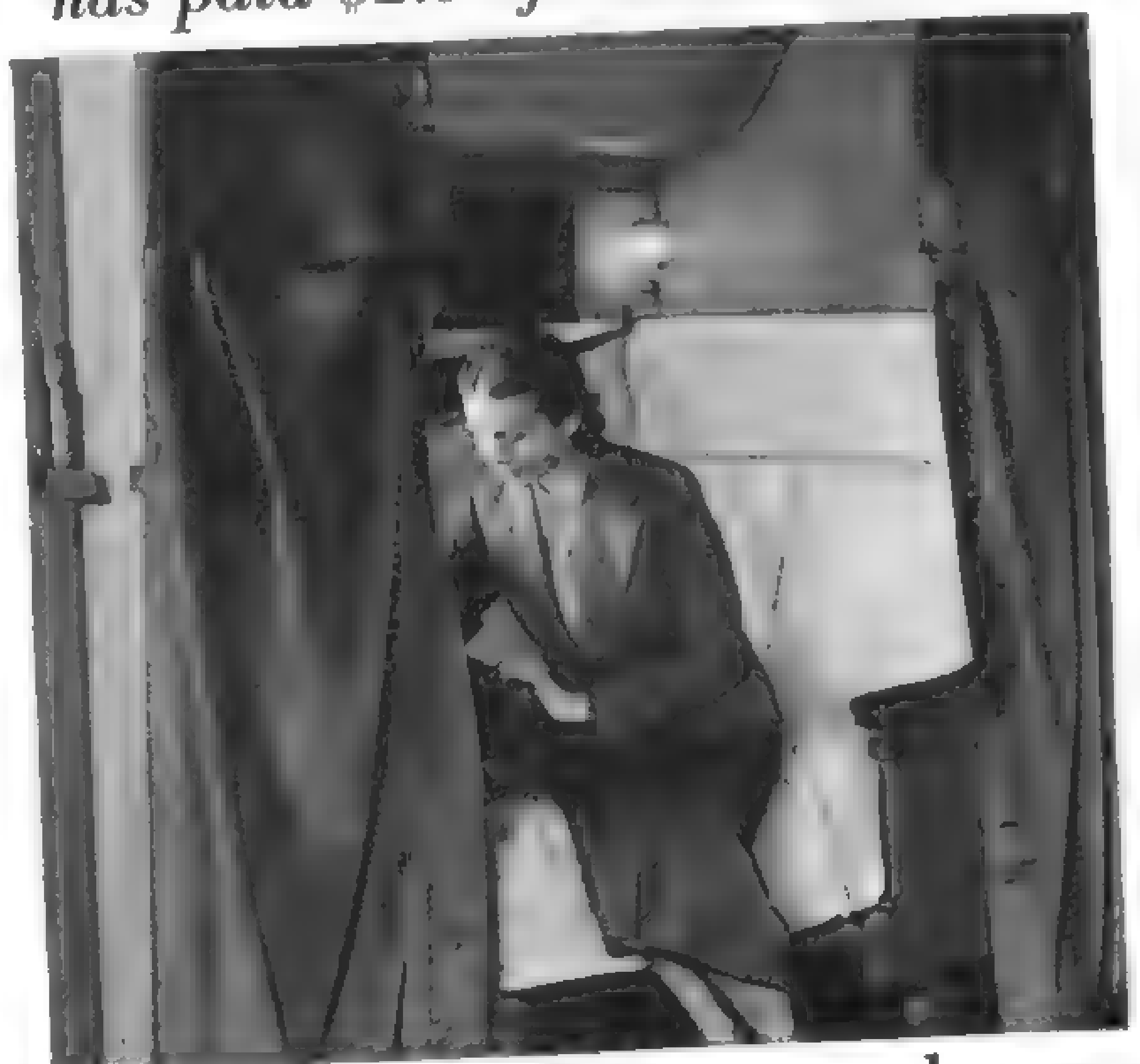
—and for only $1.00 more each they can enjoy the spacious compartment

THE finest of Pullman accommodations are not expensive. Yet they give you the utmost in ease and comfort. In addition to the upper and lower berths, and the combination of these into the more spacious section accommodation, there are now widely furnished in the Pullman system three types of enclosed rooms—bedroom, compartment, drawing room—in which you enjoy absolute privacy day and night. In these comfortable rooms parties of one to three persons can be furnished with comfortable, individual beds, and in daytime they and their guests can play cards, visit and lounge at ease.

Read the captions under the pictures. They show how reasonable Pullman rates are. The amounts shown are actual costs between the places named. Fully one-half of all trips taken by the millions of Pullman patrons are overnight journeys of about 300 miles. For longer distances, of course, costs are correspondingly higher. Rates shown are for Pullman accommodations only and do not include the rail fare. And remember: Pullman is the safest travel in the world! Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in nearly three years!

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

A single traveler going overnight from Buffalo to New York—*has paid $2.50 for a lower berth*



—but for only $1.00 more she can occupy a whole section

—or for only $2.00 more she can enjoy a private bedroom

A party of three going overnight from Chicago to St. Paul—*has paid $2.50 each for a lower berth*

—but for only 50c more each they can share a drawing room

—or for about 67c more each they can enjoy two adjoining bedrooms

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Allan P. Cross.

Allan P. Cross (*The Forgotten Man*, page 54) sends us these amazing facts about himself: "Born on a warm August evening about thirty years ago in Southern Ohio, my first ten years were spent Huck Finn fashion by the end of which time I finished McGuffey's IV Reader, Peabody's speller and Milne's Arithmetic, Book I, which ended my formal education. With this cultural background I entered upon the next ten years and first became conscious of an outer world when it started a war; by the end of this period I had visited a large portion of the known world, had been a factory worker, sailor, pick and shovel artist, and had learned about women. During the next ten years I brushed up on the traditional knowledge of man, viewed a few of his more recent notions, traveled, worked as reporter, laborer, soldier, and became interested in the sublime-to-ridiculous aspects of myself and other people. I look forward to my next ten years as eagerly as I did the first, for interesting things are sure to happen."

•

Weston Martyr ran away to sea when he was fifteen, and then ran away from his ship to see the Boer War. He later became a gold miner and prospector in South Africa, a labor recruiter in China and a business man in Japan. He bought a schooner and traded in the South Seas. During the World War he fought in the infantry and a Tunnelling Company R. E. He continued his search for writing material in various parts of the world, notably among head hunters, in Formosa and bootleggers in New York. He has written several books, including *The Southseaman* (published in America as *The Perfect Ship*) *Not Without Dust and Heat, General Cargo* and *Paradise Enow.*

Weston Martyr

•

John K. Hutchens, who crashed the sports section with *There Were Giants*, works on the New York *Times'* Dramatic page. He says: "I was born in 1905 in Chicago where my father, the late Martin J. Hutchens, was then the managing editor of the old Chicago *Journal.* (He had worked for Dana, Hearst and Pulitzer, and he was a swell newspaperman.) We moved to Montana, where I went to school until it was time to go to Hamilton College. I graduated from the latter in 1926, went back to Montana for a year of newspaper work, and came to New York in 1927. At one time or another between 1927 and 1932 I was motion picture critic for the New York *Evening Post*, assistant editor and drama reviewer for *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and a member of The New York *Times'* Dramatic Department. From 1932 to 1934 I traveled in Spain and I returned last fall to the *Times.*"

•

Morley Callaghan's picture has been knocking around the office so long that it's a little the worse for paper clips. His current story, *The Cheat's Remorse*, is on page 75. Random House published his most recent collections of short stories—*They Shall Inherit the Earth* and *Now That April Is Here.* And some of his novels, as you probably remember, are *Such Is My Beloved, Broken Journey. A Native Argosy* and *Strange Fugitive.*

Morley Callaghan

•

Guy Pène du Bois is one of those rare birds, an articulate artist. His article *Sitting for a Portrait* is on page 72. He was born in Brooklyn in 1884, of (he hastens to add) a New Orleans family. He began studying art under William Chase, Robert Henri and Kenneth Hayes Miller. Then he spent a year of study in Paris, and after his return to this country, served as police reporter, art and music critic, and general handyman on the late New York *American.* For seven years he was editor of *Arts and Decoration*, and for two years, art critic of the New York *Evening Post.* His paintings hang in numerous American museums, including the Metropolitan.

•

It was in the Philippines fifteen years ago that Kent Sagendorph first got ants. He accompanied Major A. J. Gilkeson, whom he considers tops as a commander, on the first flying expedition into the southernmost islands. Then he began a leisurely jaunt through China and Japan, returning to the States during the "Coolidge Boom era." His flying photographic jobs took him up and down the West Coast and across Mexico. Then he hit upon the idea of writing about the expeditions for aviation trade journals. While he was sub-editor of *Aero Digest* he started writing pulp adventure fiction and discovered he had to keep traveling constantly to meet the demands of pulp editors for authentic atmosphere. And so it goes. He is 35 years old and married. You'll be seeing his article, *Gentleman Adventurer*, on page 122.

•

Clarence Woodbury hastens to assure us that *The Cement Arm* (page 112) is purely fiction. But the background for the story came "straight from the feed box—the New York cops." Mr. Woodbury works for the New York *Daily News.* He was born in Kansas City thirty-eight years ago. He "quit school to be a soldier; quit soldiering to be an engineer; quit engineering to be a reporter and has been trying ever since (not very hard) to get out of newspaper business." He's written lots of short stories—mostly, he admits, for the not very glossy magazines.

•

The editor of *The Model Railroader* rises to say a few words:

The article on model railroading in your August issue was well done but had one noticeable omission. As editors you will realize the power of print, so you will agree with me that the largest single factor in the growth of the hobby has been *The Model Railroader.* At first it was almost a one-man proposition as a publication on model railroading sounded so silly that I could get no financial backing. I set the type, made up the pages, did the press work and mailing. My wife read copy, helped with the mailing and correspondence. Now we have 6,250 net paid circulation and carry a good run of advertising. We have lost advertising accounts by criticizing where it was due, but have earned the respect of our readers. Yours sincerely,

A. C. Kalmbach,
Editor *The Model Railroader*

•

While Maxwell Bodenheim was in Chicago last winter he wrote a play for The Methodist Book Concern. Honest. Now he's at work on a novel, *On Smaller Canvas*, which will deal with the working class, he says, and possible economic solutions. He is also whipping up material for a ninth book of poetry. Some of his books of poetry are *Minna and Myself, The King Of Spain, Replenishing Jessica* and *Against This Age.* And he's also written several novels—*The Sardonic Arm, Blackguard* and *Virtuous Girl*, among them.

•

Social Note: Eric Lundgren almost passed on from eating some vegetables over-zealously sprayed with insect poison, (we wouldn't dare tell what state they came from) but he's okeh again, and he's somewhere out in the Rockies on a postman's holiday.

Tom Mahoney

Tom Mahoney is one of the editors of *Look* and is also versed in reading and writing. (See *Patriots in Exile*, page 48.) He says that he became interested in Mexican revolutionists while a newspaper man in El Paso, Texas, one of their chief plotting centers, and was a correspondent with Escobar's rebel army in 1929. Before that, he attended the University of Missouri and worked for the Dallas *News.*

Later, he was a United Press bureau manager at Dallas and Kansas City, Sunday editor of the Buffalo *Times* and editor of *Modern Mechanix.* He's written several articles on Mexican subjects, published here (*The End of Ambrose Bierce*) and there.

•

We never cease to marvel at the versatility of our contributors. Daniel Lundberg, who wrote *Are You a Phony?*, says: "At successive stages in my career I have been: an orchestra leader, a paperhanger's assistant, a canoe marathoner, a restaurant owner, an actor, a camper, and a six weeks old butler. At first things went well. Then at a place called Fillmore during the camping stage, I earned the reputation (God knows why) of being a kleptomaniac and a sexomaniac. Then I fled to San Diego, where, during the butler siege, I became known as a hypochondriac. I am now living in Hollywood where it is difficult to acquire any further references."

Continued on page 38

Daniel Lundberg

THE "New Yorker" TAILORED BY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MICHAELS-STERN

ROCHESTER

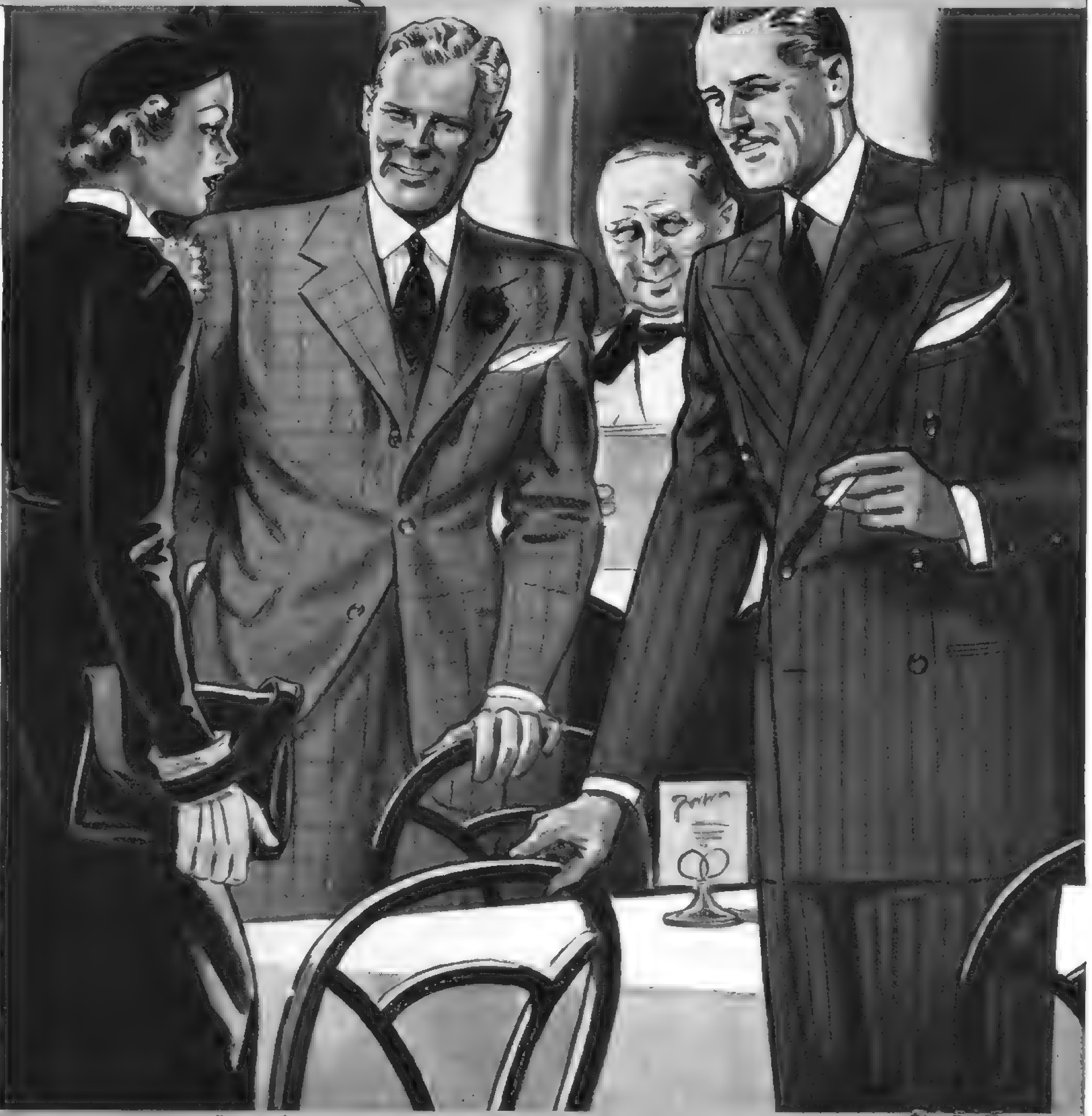
DEDICATED TO NATIONAL SMARTNESS

It is said that there is nothing so hard to find as a native New Yorker. That fellow on his way to an office in the Wall Street section is an Iowa boy who made good in the big city. That chap lunching with the ravishing blonde in a mid-town restaurant comes from far-off California. That middle-aged gentleman with the far-away look in his eyes is a popular novelist...born in Texas...now on the way to his publishers. The Nation belongs to New York...and New York belongs to the Nation.

Thus, The "New Yorker" is an apt name for the collection of suits, topcoats and overcoats Michaels-Stern have designed and tailored to express the trans-continental spirit of the times...the spirit which is most manifested in New York...probably because, in New York, we find more smart men from every state.

Dedicated to America, then, is The "New Yorker"...an interpretation of the "New Yorkers" who hail from everywhere.

$40
AND MORE



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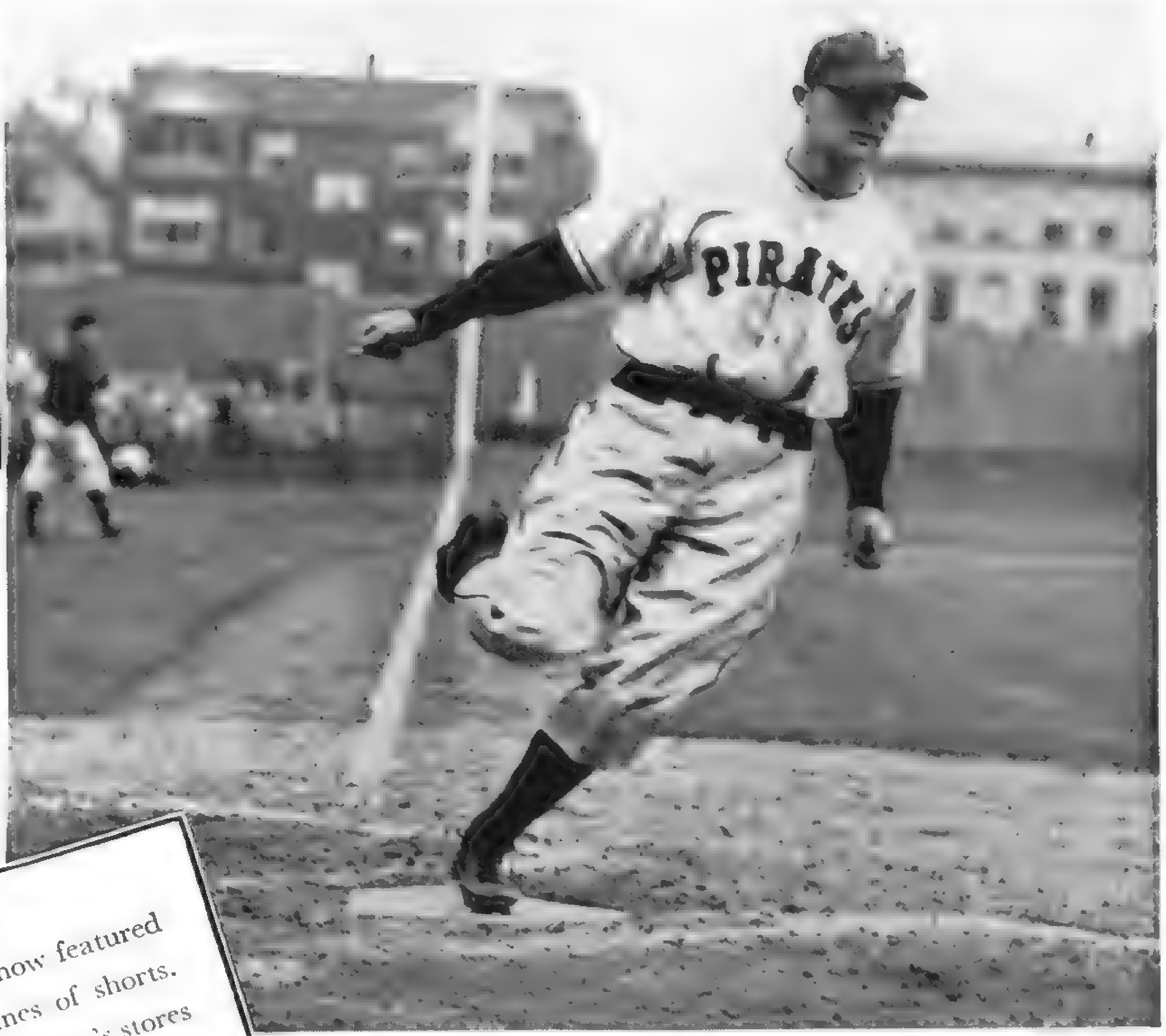
Every detail for the making of every garment, from the weaving of the cloth to the last stitch, has been laboratory tested for excellence.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BIG LEAGUE STARS go for shorts with Grippers



General Bill Lee big right-handed pitcher for the Chicago Cubs, demonstrates Grippers in the Club House at Wrigley Field. "It's no fun when shorts shed their buttons when you're dressing in a hurry," Bill says. "That's why I'm buying shorts equipped with Grippers. These Grippers can take it. I haven't lost one yet!"

Paul Waner, heavy-hitting star of the Pittsburgh Pirates. "I take my hat off to the new Gripper fasteners," Paul says. "They're handier than buttons on shorts and always stay on the job."

Gripper-Fasteners are now featured on nationally-known lines of shorts. Leading department and men's stores can supply you . . .

WILSON
NOBELT
SUPER SHORTS
Wilson Brothers, Chicago

ARROW
SANFORIZED
AROSNAP
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Allen-A
The Allen-A Company
Kenosha, Wisc.

(Below) Club House at Wrigley Field just before a game. Gripper-equipped shorts are in evidence, of course. The team is strong for these new fasteners that never tear off or break.

Grippers Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

are the new type of fastener that ends all button troubles

won't rip off . . . won't break . . . won't flatten down.

Be Sure to Insist on Genuine Grippers

Grippers are indestructible, trouble-proof . . . because they're radically different in design. Don't confuse them with any other type of fastener. The Gripper stud is almost solid metal. It can't flatten down. The Gripper spring catch has a heavy guard that protects the flexible inner catch permanently. These features are patented. So be *sure* you insist on genuine Grippers. The name is stamped plainly on each fastener.

Approved by American Institute of Laundering • Grippers can take it week after week in the laundry. Washing machines, flat irons or ironers won't break them or smash them down. Grippers are approved whole-heartedly by the American Institute of Laundering. Quoting from their report, "After severe tests we find that Grippers operate perfectly after repeated washing and pressing—that they do not rust—that they place no undue stress on the garment that might tear fabric."

Approved by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division, Waterbury, Connecticut

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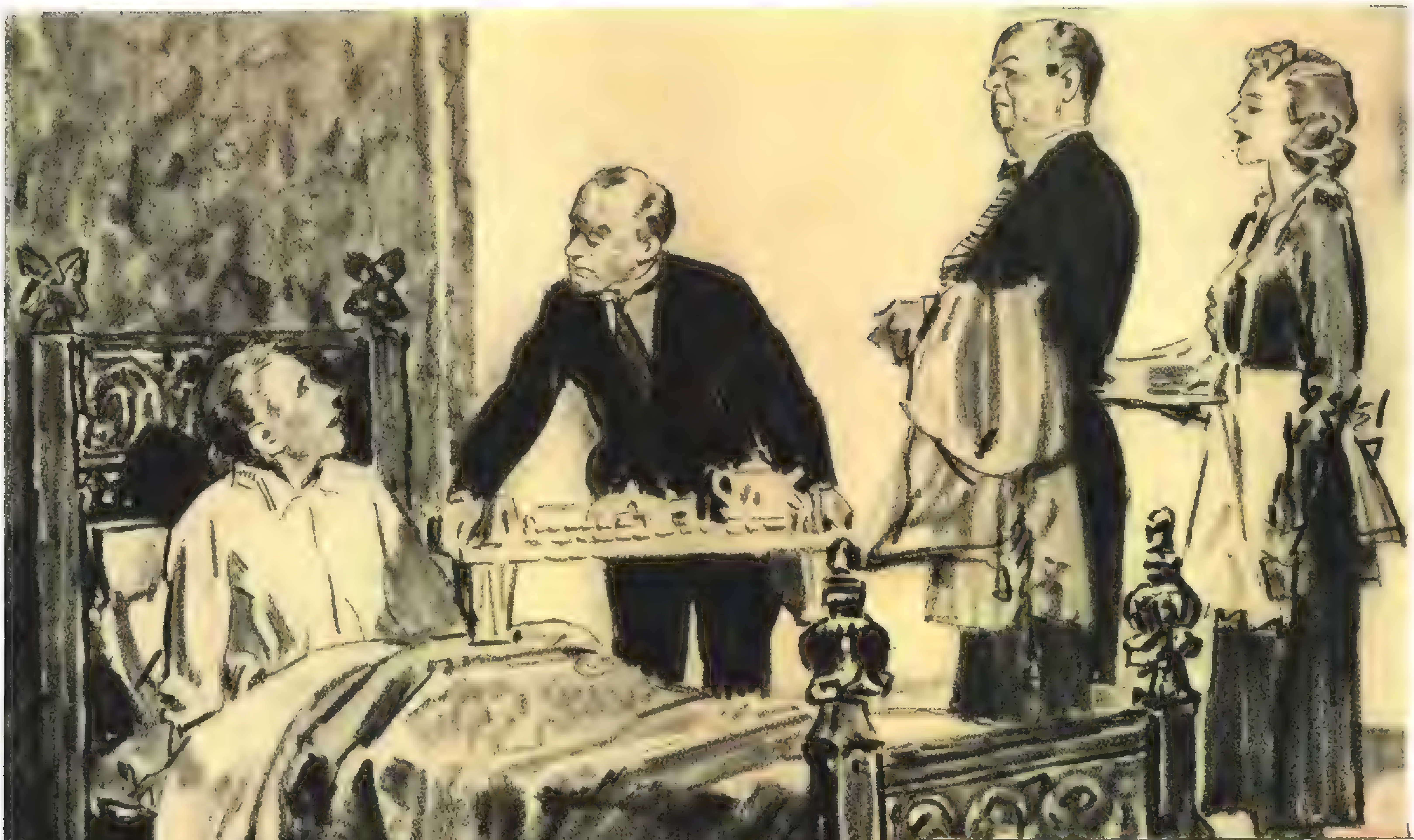
Sleeps 4 Years . . . Wakes Up Rich!



BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Drowsing 4 winters and summers in oaken casks . . . BRIGGS waxes wealthy in mellow pipe charm

A FOUR-YEAR NAP, with wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a fortune for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer siesta of seasoning than is given to many blends selling at $5 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Blended from only the choicest pipe tobaccos that Nature grows. And of those tobaccos, only the mildest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!

BRIGGS

THE BITELESS BLEND

When a feller needs a friend . . . page Briggs

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Irving Spiegel

Irving Spiegel, who did the swell piece about Alfredo Salmaggi (page 59) started his newspaper career at the age of sixteen, when he became an office boy for the New York *Times*. His idea at the time was to earn enough money to study the piano. But the glamor of the press got him, and his music career went by the wayside. He became a district reporter, or leg man.

Then he did general assignment work, and finally reverted to music, becoming an assistant music critic. But he missed the fresh air and things on the reportorial end, so he returned to general assignments. During that time he managed to practice the piano two hours daily, just for the Hell of it, to finish high school, and to study three years at Columbia University. He says: "I have covered oh! so many murders, suicides, riots, conventions, concerts, operas, recitals, political campaigns, etc. I love the Beethoven Sonatas and the movies about reporters. The latter are very lousy but funny because I, and I believe the others in my business, would like to have such happy endings."

•

Hannibal Towle, who was managing a summer theatre group the last time we heard from him, is out in Hollywood now, in the writers' cell block. He says sometimes he writes but mostly he just sits. You may be seeing *The Black Phanny* (page 85) in the movies.

Hannibal Towle

Bruce Henry writes that in order that *Notes on a Hurricane* would be timely, he placed an order with the U. S. weather bureau for a major storm about September 15. So if we're blown down, remember, we died with his name on our lips.

•

Ira Wolfert, our Discovery of the Month, says: "I was born in New York and had a tough time keeping alive while going to college mornings and being a Broadway trolley car motorman or taxi-driver afternoons, evenings and nights. When I was a taxi-driver, I used to take the car out at four a.m. (lovely and quiet) and work till nine, park the car off 116th Street, go to classes and then work until sleeping time. I had to pick my classes so that they followed one after another with no rests in between and that produced a strange academic cocktail. I'm only a New York newspaperman now and it seems something like a rest cure. I married when I was nineteen a girl named Helen. She writes poetry and when her book of verse is published you will be knocked right off your feet. It's powerful stuff and don't forget I told you. This is my first published short story. I have a little daughter and not as much money as I need." His first published story, *Off the Highway*, is on page 65.

Ira Wolfert

•

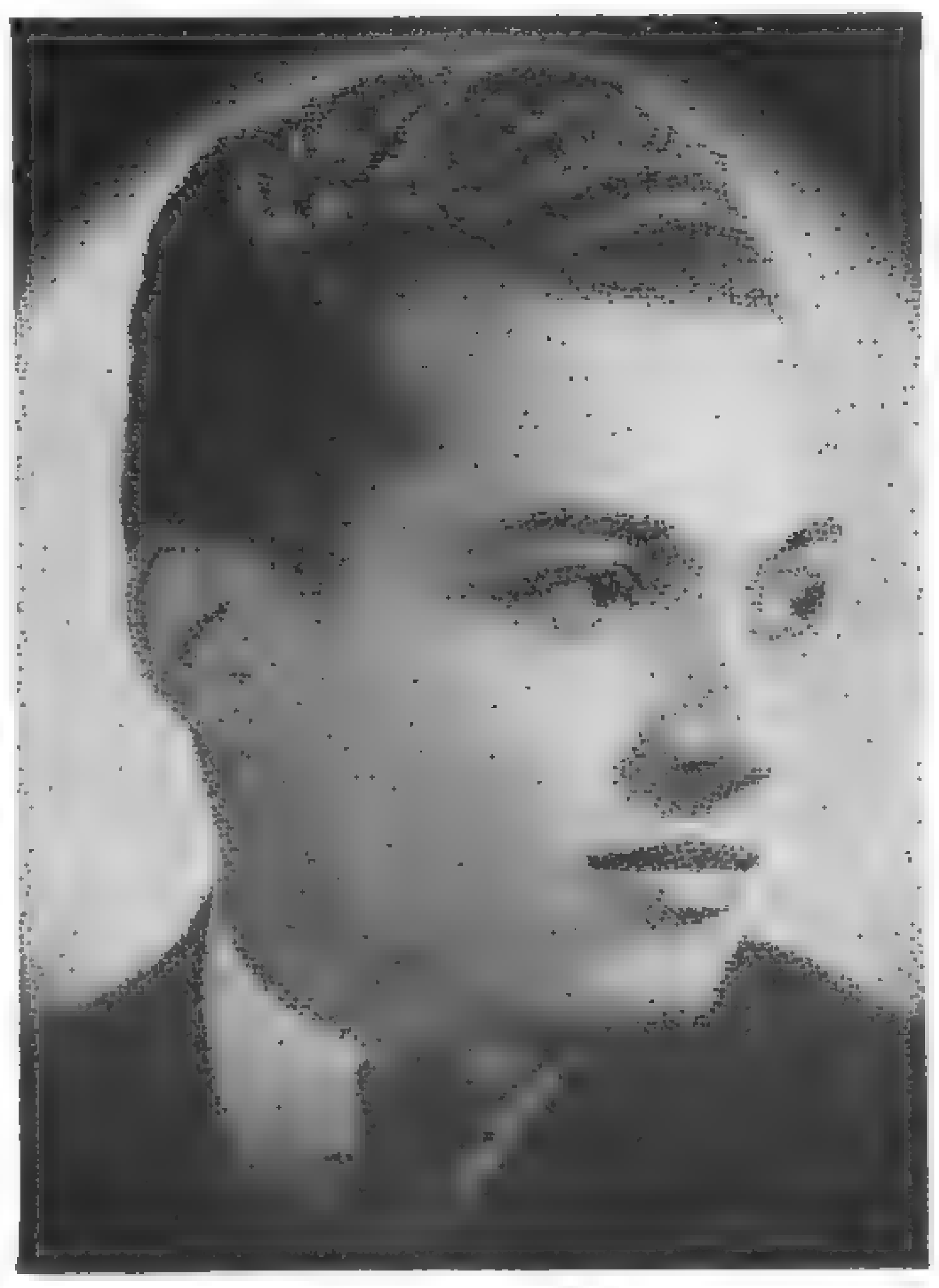
Roberto Félix Salazar is another Discovery of the Month, making his debut with *She Had Good Legs*, which you'll find on page 106. He is a young American of Mexican descent. And he lives in Laredo, Texas.

•

Bob Brown, born Robert Carlton Brown in Chicago, in 1886, has lived everywhere from Santiago de Chile to Shanghai, China. He shot his first squirrels in River Forest and caught his first suckers in the Des Plaines; now he owns a hunting shack in Brazil where he has learned to roast monkeys and parrots and once essayed a haunch of black *onca* (mountain lion), hunter's style. For a decade he owned weekly magazines in Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City and London. He's the author of fourteen books, among them *You Gotta Live! Nomadness* and *Let There Be Beer!* He invented the reading machine, took part in the Paris Revolution of the Word and sired another Esquire writer, Carlton Brown. The whole Brown family write, as a matter of fact. With his wife, Rose, and his mother, Cora, he collaborated on the *Wine Cook Book* and *European Cook Book*. He spends his winters in New York and his summers in Moscow and gets a big kick out of both cooking and Communism. His article in this issue is *Stimulating Snacks* and appears on page 103.

•

One Hot July Night, by **Sándor Hunyady**, Hungarian playwright and novelist, was translated by Leslie C. Tihany, who lives in Chicago. The translator says of the author: "He arrived about four years ago by crashing the Budapest Comedy Theatre with his play *Black-Stemmed Cherries*. It ran for a whole season, was bought by Hollywood and screened under the title of *Storm at Daybreak*, Kay Francis doing the storming. Mr. Hunyady is the son of very distinguished parents. His father, Sándor Bródy, was the greatest Hungarian playwright of the pre-Molnár generation; his mother, Margit Hunyady, was the greatest tragedienne of the closing years of the nineteenth century and was known as the Hungarian Sarah Bernhardt. Mr. Hunyady is about forty years old, has written several plays and published several books, among them, *The Five-Pengő Girl, House With the Red Light* and *Géza and Dusán*."



Roberto Félix Salazar

•

Edward Horton says he is a member of a family of artists. At the age of four, he exhibited prococity with crayon. During high school he devoted his evenings to drawing and at length concluded that he had attained his plateau at four. When he was seventeen he'd had enough with academic education, and got a job on the New York *Clipper*, a theatrical weekly. At twenty he sold a bunch of stories for motion picture shorts, but the company blew up while the first one was in production. He'd cashed his check though. Then he took a shot at advertising, and three years ago he started writing a novel which is almost finished. All of his stories are about business people. He is thirty-five years old and lives with his wife in Rowayton, Connecticut. He prefers pavements to trees and flowers, and when he's not working or sleeping you'll find him in New York.

T. R. Carskadon

T. R. Carskadon, author of *Plant of Heaven*, wants the world to know that his praise for tea is by no means a smoked-up enthusiasm to enable him to break into Esquire. He really likes the damned stuff! He was born in West Virginia, educated at Stanford University in California and now makes his home in New York. After five years as a reporter and rewrite man on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle* he resigned to write a play and took it to New York. He says the time was not exactly propitious, and neither was the play.

Next he wrote radio continuity for a commercial program, occasionally filling in as an actor. For a year or so he directed various programs at Radio City, and in 1934 he reversed the usual Alger formula by resigning his job and then getting married. A year later he was made an assistant editor of the *New Republic*, which he still is. He has written short stories for lots of magazines and one of them *Nigger Schoolhouse*, was reprinted in *Story in America, 1933-34*.

•

Louis Zara is expecting a book sometime this fall.

Lawrence Martin is also expecting a book, but he isn't sure when.

Parke Cummings threatens to sue **Thedore Dreiser** for saying he looks like a pall bearer, and also for insinuating that he is a humorist.

Edward Horton

Fishermen will Understand

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
"V.O."
Rare Old
Canadian
Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
Time Works Wonders
IT'S SMART
TO SAY SEAGRAM'S V.O.

THE gentleness with which a cast trout fly alights on the surface of a stream... will give you an idea of the way Seagram's "V.O." blends with soda.

There is no sudden consciousness of flavor. Instead, a light, clean, airy taste . . . a delicate, warm bouquet. Seagram's "V.O." has a character distinctly its own. It is like no other whisky you have ever tasted. And only Seagram craftsmen, with Seagram's 80 years of experience behind them, have been able to produce it.

Seagram's "V.O." has become one of America's truly great whiskeys—solely because appreciative men prefer it. It is a masterpiece of Seagram's skill—the highest expression of the distiller's art...a whisky "designed for better living."

Seagram's "V.O."

a Fine Imported Whisky

Rare Old Canadian Whisky Aged in Charred Oak Casks. 6 years old—90 Proof. Distilled, aged and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. Copr., 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices, New York.

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

SEPTEMBER, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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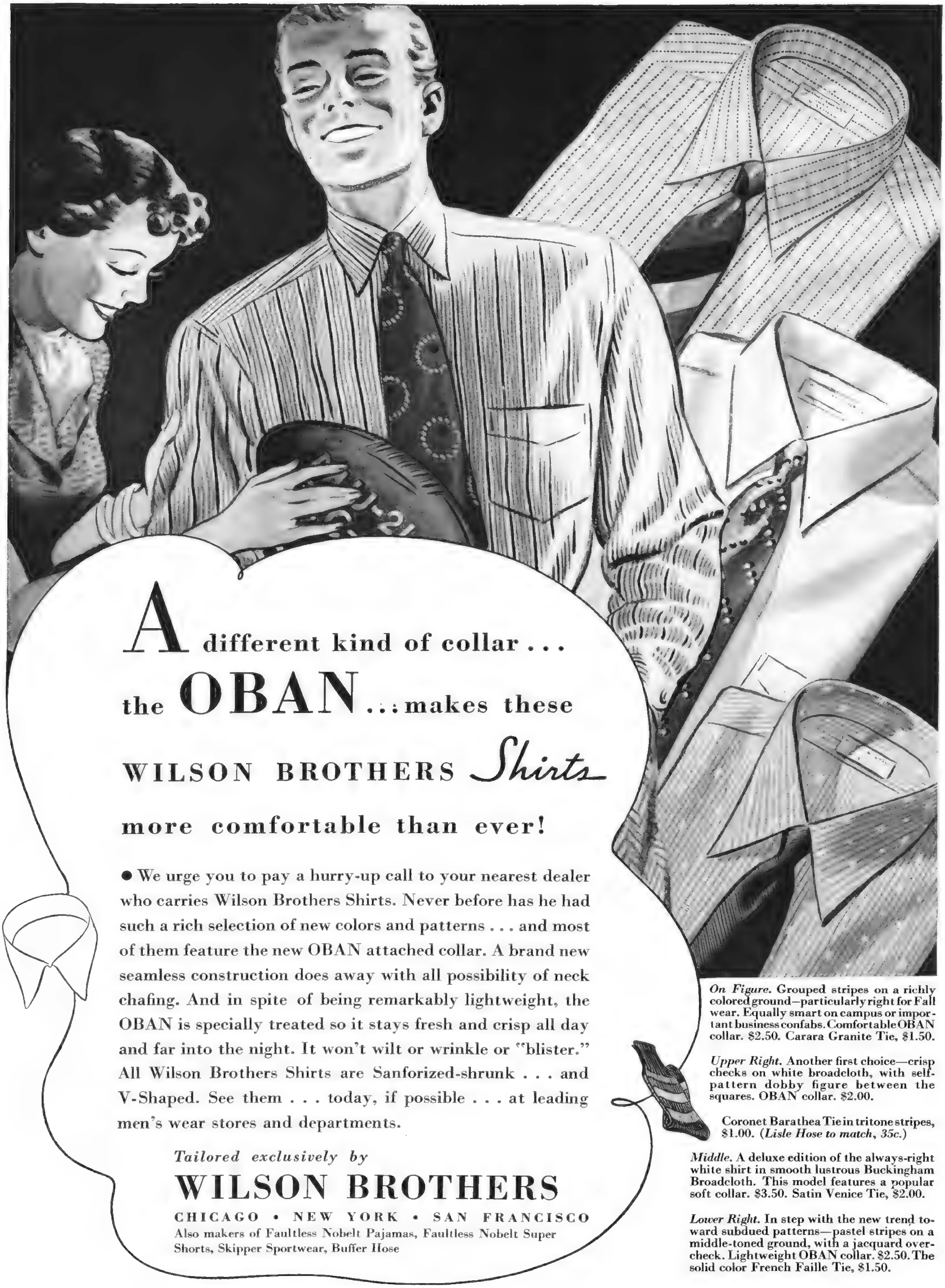
COVER: Portrait of a Gentlewoman, by HANS HOLBEIN, the younger (1497?-1543). Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

Although the newsstands are covered with a rash of rehash magazines of pocket size, digesting everything digestible (and that's giving some of them the benefit of the doubt) there is still only one pocket-size magazine de luxe . . . only one monthly galaxy of "infinite riches in a little room" . . . only one Coronet.



A different kind of collar . . . the OBAN . . . makes these WILSON BROTHERS *Shirts* more comfortable than ever!

● We urge you to pay a hurry-up call to your nearest dealer who carries Wilson Brothers Shirts. Never before has he had such a rich selection of new colors and patterns . . . and most of them feature the new OBAN attached collar. A brand new seamless construction does away with all possibility of neck chafing. And in spite of being remarkably lightweight, the OBAN is specially treated so it stays fresh and crisp all day and far into the night. It won't wilt or wrinkle or "blister." All Wilson Brothers Shirts are Sanforized-shrunk . . . and V-Shaped. See them . . . today, if possible . . . at leading men's wear stores and departments.

Tailored exclusively by

WILSON BROTHERS

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, Skipper Sportwear, Buffer Hose

On Figure. Grouped stripes on a richly colored ground—particularly right for Fall wear. Equally smart on campus or important business confabs. Comfortable OBAN collar. $2.50. Carara Granite Tie, $1.50.

Upper Right. Another first choice—crisp checks on white broadcloth, with self-pattern dobby figure between the squares. OBAN collar. $2.00.

Coronet Barathea Tie in tritone stripes, $1.00. (*Lisle Hose to match, 35c.*)

Middle. A deluxe edition of the always-right white shirt in smooth lustrous Buckingham Broadcloth. This model features a popular soft collar. $3.50. Satin Venice Tie, $2.00.

Lower Right. In step with the new trend toward subdued patterns—pastel stripes on a middle-toned ground, with a jacquard over-check. Lightweight OBAN collar. $2.50. The solid color French Faille Tie, $1.50.

A 50TH ANNIVERSARY
1887 1937
VALUE

DOUBLE FEATURE!

Say, what's the idea—you damnear ruined my Hart Schaffner & Marx suit!

HENRY FONDA

—starring in the new Walter Wanger production—"I Met My Love Again"; and

THE SAVILE LOUNGE MODEL

featured in the new Hart Schaffner & Marx production—

Triple Test Worsted

Don't miss "I Met My Love Again" when it comes to your town. And don't miss the clothes Henry Fonda wears!

For plenty of well-dressed men today are watching the style preferences of Hollywood's smart-looking stars because they realize no other group places so much emphasis on correct dress as do these men who are seen by millions.

Now, Hart Schaffner & Marx announces clothes—"styled for the stars"—and the good-looking Savile Lounge model that Henry Fonda wears in his new smash hit was designed and tailored for him of smart, sturdy Triple Test Worsted by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

While clothes like these are styled for the stars *they're priced for you*—cost no more than ordinary clothes. Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has the identical style worn by Henry Fonda, in stock *now*—as well as scores of other new ideas that all carry the famous Trumpeter Label. Why not solve your fall clothing problem tomorrow?

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
. . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Their Daytime Manners

Attempt to analyze the behavior of the ladies as they go busily about their doubtless important affairs

by GEORGE A. McNAMARA

• ARTICLE •

THE social graces of American ladies make up an intricate, demanding ritual. They demand much spot knowledge of materials and customs, a large repertoire of bodily adornments and facial expressions and, much more difficult for the ladies, some measure of emotional restraint. It is difficult behavior, complex and tiring. But, in the company of those whose good opinion they value, the ladies unfailingly display their social graces. Nothing is too difficult, no restraint too harsh, if it will add anything to the attractive picture they are presenting. And as women are busy creatures, desirous of many things, there are always many people whose good opinion they value, who can do them favors of one kind or another. Consequently they are often called upon to display some portion of their social accomplishments. And these, as we have seen, are a great strain. The ladies, very wisely, conserve their energy for those moments when they must be at their best. So, in between times, they rest. With people whose good opinion they do not value either for financial or social reasons, they save themselves the fatigue of their good manners. They, Lawk-a-mercy on us, are just themselves.

The ladies, during the time they spend outside their social sphere, when they are not trying to present an attractive picture, ignore the exacting ritual of their company manners. Their behavior is freed from restraint and they can give expression to all their small but important emotional reactions. A lady in a restaurant will point out an item on the menu and say to the waitress, "I'll have some of this. You haven't got anything else I like." A lady in need of information will seek it of any likely looking passer-by. If he turns out to be as ignorant as she is, she may thank him in a voice which clearly shows her annoyance at his stupidity or she may merely turn hastily away as though anxious to avoid further converse with a cretin. If it is a clerk on duty who is unable to answer her question, she'll ask him another, "Don't they have anybody around here who knows anything?" Passing through a department store, she may say to the salesgirl, "This store has the shoddiest materials I have ever seen." And she'll smile pleasantly and wait for a courteous, agreeable answer.

None of these ladies realizes she is creating an unpleasant situation, putting a strain on another's behavior. She means no harm at all. She acts that way because she sees no reason for putting on her good manners and expending all that effort for nothing. She is merely resting, being herself.

There is another type of distinctly female behavior which is prominent in a lady's conduct outside her social sphere. As distinct from that illustrated above, she does not indulge in it because she is resting. Indeed, there is nothing restful about it. If you go into a bank to get a check cashed and there are three men waiting in front of one paying teller's window and one matron waiting in front of the other, you naturally wait in line behind the three men. You get your money quicker that way. The matron will have to have all the rules of the bank explained to her just as she did the last time she was there. She will also stop in a doorway to think or to chat. And any time she is in front of a line of people waiting to pay bills or checks, the rooting in her pocketbook will run its accustomed lengthy course no matter how desperately she scrapes, grabs and examines its contents. If she buys and pays for three pairs of stockings and when she gets home, finds she has been given four pairs, she will perform a virtuous rigamarole. She will explain the transaction to her husband, carefully arranging her premises so that she can conclude that the salesgirl will not have to make good the value of the stockings. Then, in a glow of good feeling because she has been so generous as to consider the welfare of a poor, working-girl, she will decide that it is perfectly all right to keep the extra pair of stockings because the money that store makes is simply outrageous.

All this behavior causes inconvenience to others and is, consequently, bad manners. But let us not accuse the ladies of evil intention. They are simply ignorant of the behavior proper to each situation or they are thinking of something else. Every woman has millions of things to think about, to weigh and anxiously consider. Each has a myriad of feminine concerns, all the demands of clothing, feeding, housing, children's needs and husband's idiosyncrasies, which require elaborate detailing and exact dove-tailing one with another. Their minds are continually, tirelessly occupied with these matters. And naturally, any human mind can give only a limited amount of attention, there are many things, even quite ordinary things, they never learn anything about. They are too busy. There are too many claims upon their time and thought. And this being a complex world, they are continually being confronted by situations they have not anticipated and do not understand.

Be it said for the ladies, they meet these situations with nice courage. No lady ever hesitates, fumbles mutely and humbly as a man will. She charges into the situation. Sometimes, being infuriated because nobody told her what she was getting into, she screeches. At other times, being blissfully unaware, she proceeds with the same calm confidence she feels when she plugs a direct current curling iron into an alternating current house circuit. But never, not being a slothful creature like the male, does she fumble foolishly around or waste time trying to find out what she is doing. Often she will win through more of these small but excoriating encounters in one short half-hour than her husband will meet within a year. And never is she diverted from her objective by consideration for the feelings of others, never does she change a tactic merely because its success seems impossible. Pressed on by the knowledge that the difficulty that confronts her is but one of many, that many things remain to be done, she puts her trust in her own high, unfaltering courage. And she comes through the ordeal, tired and with no clear idea of how she did it, having left a trail of irritation and confusion in her wake, but with a feeling

Continued on page 224

One Hot July Night

The old countess, who remembered her youth, wisely resolved to let things follow their natural course

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •

Cigar smoke and the splendid scent of black coffee were wafted through the starry July night.

The count—a member of parliament—gazed into the dark garden from the terrace. He was enchanted by the bucolic atmosphere.

"What a divine night! How the little crickets sing!

The white Hungarian moon was shining placidly through the hedge of tall, gaunt poplars. An aristocratic looking lady arose from her cushioned veranda chair.

"I am going for a walk. Look! A falling star! Did you see it?"

"I saw it!" said the master of the house, the sybarite count. "This was the third since ten o'clock, and August is still far away."

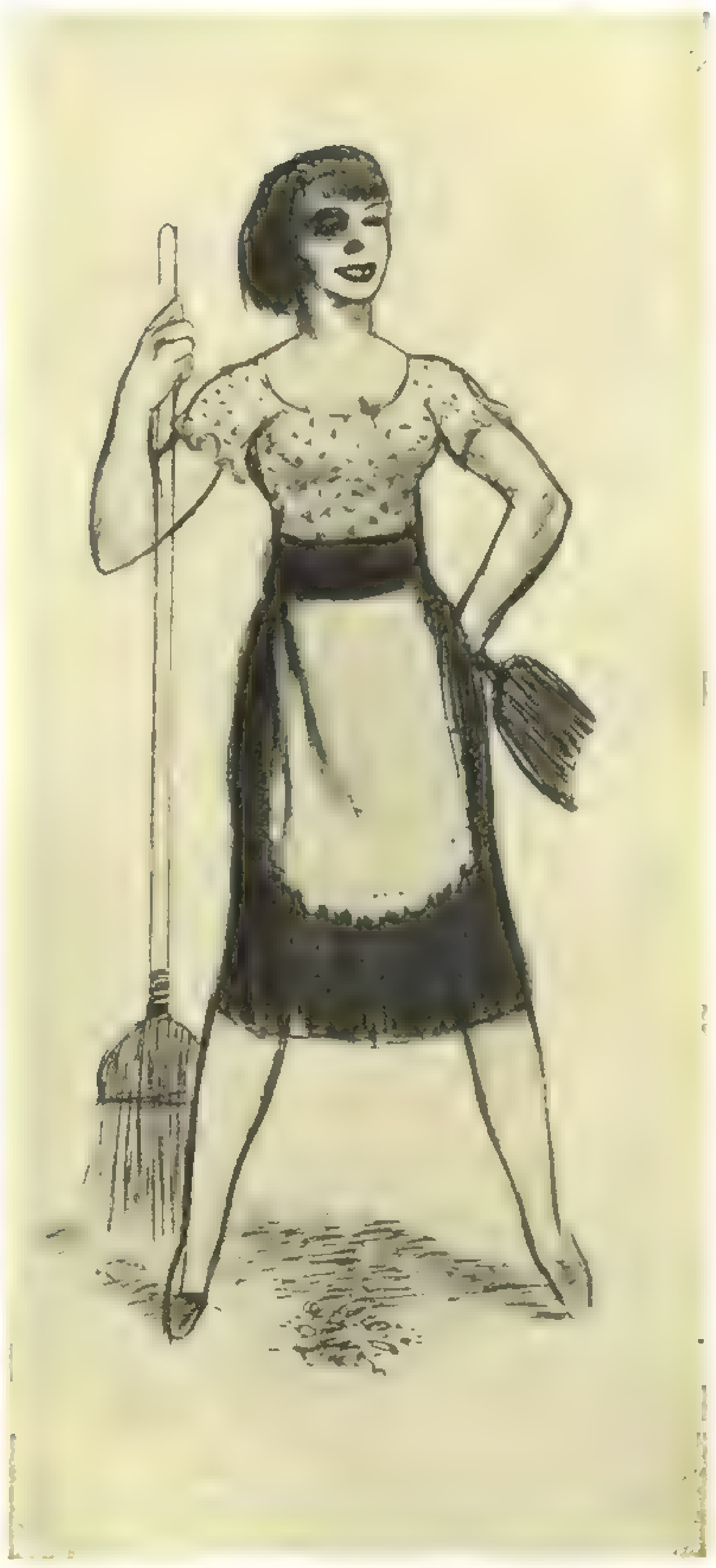
The lady went out, tall and slim, weaving the thread of her perfume into the night fragrant with grass, flowers, cigar smoke, and black coffee.

From among the guests three young men at once followed her, like three airedale terrier puppies which had picked up some scent.

The lady of the house sniffed resentfully. Berenice is fifty years old. Practically her age. And she goes out for a walk under the stars with three boys at once. Of course, she is childless; all she has to worry about is her figure and her pleasures.

The M. P., the parson, and the royalist squire (whose sole ambition was to be numbered among the aristocracy) were discussing the approaching elections. The sybarite count listened to them drowsily. Politics! He yawned and thought lovingly of the Archduke who was showing such tact in his exile. How comforting it is that he is not at all impatient! It would be terrible if he just appeared some day and one would have to show one's colors, risking everything: wealth, quiet, and the silent protection of a government of a different political hue.

At eleven o'clock the chambermaid appeared on the terrace with glass-cylindered candles. Shortly after that the electric lights went out. Electricity was supplied by the estate's little plant. The current was expensive, one had to be economical. Under such circumstances, about midnight the house returned to ancestral candlelight. Beautiful old candelabra were standing in all the rooms, and the servants replenished them at every twilight with fresh, tall candles.



The night was warm; not a tremor of air. If a plane had been flying above the gentle Transdanubian hills, the pilot would have thought the baroque castle, hidden among poplars and wild chestnut trees, the happiest retreat in the world.

The fourth airedale terrier, "Count Lutzi," as the servants called him among themselves, was smoking his cigarette in the garden, alone. He was a handsome, angular chap; twenty-five years old. He was so slender that no matter how trim the tailor had made his coats, the fabric always seemed empty around his waist. The boy was worried over two things at once. His fiancée, Countess Emma, was sitting with another man under the arbor. It was clear that they did not want to be disturbed. The man was no longer young, but old men are always more interesting than young chaps. He was rich, and a very "good" count. He might be suspected of all sorts of evil intentions. Since he was well along in years, he might even be thinking of marriage. The lady of the house, whose daughter Countess Emma was, glanced periodically in the direction of the arbor from her game of solitaire. She was thinking: what would happen if this George Mosonyi wrecked her daughter's engagement in its last weeks? There would be no scandal; Lutzi is a perfect gentleman: he would slink away tactfully. And George is so rich that he is regarded as class even among the aristocracy. It worried her a little that the count seemed to be the type of man who is tough like a crocodile. "He is still not old enough, not sufficiently dissipated; a woman might still have reason to worry beside him," she pondered. But finally she became so much intrigued with the possibilities of this affair with Mosonyi that she decided to leave everything to fate. "If Lutzi does not join them, I certainly will not."

But the boy did not move. He felt very empty, lonesome, orphaned. He looked under the arbor, where two cigarettes were glowing, very close to each other. "I have lost," he muttered inaudibly. It did not occur to him even for a moment that he should join them. He was afraid of the old lionhunter who had always treated him so superciliously. And, in addition, he was being tormented by another affliction.

He was spending the third week at Mogyorószeg with the family of his fiancée. Dancing, playing, flirting. After long periods of sleep he began the day with sliced ham, three soft boiled eggs, and cold chocolate. He felt as if his insides were saturated with albumin. He was horribly in need of some practical solution to ease the tension. He had come to the point where the blood would rush to his head when he saw the huge, rotund watermelons ripening in their beds.

He went into the dining room where the butler was just clearing off the table. The muscular peasant was wearing white cotton gloves, a summer linen-livery; on his trousers vertical green braids, on his collar silver acorns. For a while Lutzi just eyed the butler; then he spoke to him:

"Can you be discreet, Charles?"

Charles interrupted his work and turned toward him respectfully.

"Yes, Your Excellency!" he answered simply.

"Well, if you can, then tell me what sort of a girl is the countess's maid. That blonde. I think her name is Litzi. Could one get anywhere with her?"

The butler answered him phlegmatically:

"I don't know, Your Excellency. But I hope not. Because she is my fiancée. We will be married in the autumn."

The elegant young aristocrat heard him, thoroughly ashamed. He burst out:

"The hell with all of you!" Then, while the butler quietly folded the napkins, he embarrassedly scraped a drop of wax from the silver candlestick, and continued:

"They are always cooking, baking, washing, ironing in this house. It is full of women. The village is hardly half a kilometer away. Couldn't some good-looking female be found? She could earn twenty *pengos*. Perhaps even thirty."

The butler watched him respectfully.

"When would you want it?" he asked quietly.

"Now. At once. Tonight."

Charles shook his head.

"That's impossible, Your Excellency. It's too sudden. The people have been spoiled, Your Excellency. It would take a lot of searching, possibly without success."

The boy was irked by the conversation.

"The hell with it all!" he said loudly. He thought of Berenice. He had had her last year, but the escapade left an unpleasant taste in his mouth. Still, Berenice would have done this time, *faute de mieux*, but she had three on her train tonight. The hell with the whole bunch of them!

In the meantime the butler must have been thinking, because he had a new idea.

"There might be such a woman around here, Your Excellency. You could send word to her, if you wish."

"What kind of woman?"

"The kind that makes her living that way. She lives beyond the post office; you will be able to recognize the house because the kids have written all sorts of obscenities on the walls."

"Is she pretty? Young?"

"She isn't old. About forty. A little pockmarked."

"Very pockmarked?"

"Tolerably. Otherwise she is a very clean woman. Has a beautiful little garden, full of flowers."

Count Lutzi remembered the woman. Once, when he was driving past her house, she was watering her flowers, and winked at him across the fence. She was not exactly ugly; a muscular, tall peasant woman. She must have weighed about seventy kilos. It was quite shameful, but the boy felt tempted. His face turned red.

"All right, Charles. Here's five *pengos* for your trouble. Run down to the village. Tell that woman I'm coming to see her tonight."

The butler nodded; then he snapped his fingers as if something had just occurred to him.

"Excuse me, Your Excllency, but I had almost forgotten. It's all off. The woman stole her neighbor's blankets as they were drying on the rope behind the house, and the gendarmes took her to the city . . ."

The boy was so mad he could not even swear.

The butler was guffawing inside, but he looked at the young count with pretended sympathy.

"I'll fill the tub with cold water, Your Excellency. Perhaps you might want to take a bath . . ."

The young man was taken aback: what was this? Impudence or sympathy? But before he could have spoken, his fiancée's maid, the blonde girl whom they had mentioned, came into the room. Litzi was a peasant girl from the village. Tight little breasts under her black and white maid's uniform. On her feet the countess's gifts: her shoes, her stockings. The firm flesh of her shapely legs seemed to mock the boy through the transparent silk hose. He drank in the sight; then sighed deeply and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

The butler made a mocking face after him.

"Do you know, Litzi, what this kid has just asked me? He wanted to know if you'd listen to reason! Well, you can imagine where I told him to stick his nose!"

The girl pursed her lips and said insolently, as if she were trying to tease her man:

"There you go and ruin my business! Maybe I would have liked to be playful with the young count! I do like his looks . . ."

"Her voice sounded a little too convincing. If there had been no work to do, the engaged couple would have fallen quarreling. But the service bell started ringing, and Charles had to set up the bridge tables. Litzi left to make the beds in the guest rooms.

The parson drove home in his gig. The others sat down to play. The lady of the house, the M. P., the sybarite count, and the royalist squire were at the same table. Berenice and the terriers were looking over the gramophone records. Countess Emma and her beau remained under the dark arbor.

Lutzi was feeling horribly blue and lonely. He played kibitzer to the squire for about five minutes, and then disappeared. He went up to his room, took a bath, and got into bed. By the light of the candle standing on his night table he started to read an old racing form.

After a while the door was opened very cautiously. Only about an inch. In the gap appeared Litzi's blonde forehead.

"I beg pardon, Your Excellency! I came to see only if you have matches and a glass of water for the night . . ."

Lutzi got out of the bed in his gaudy pajamas. With his long stork's legs he ambled up to the door, and drew the girl into the room by her arm.

"Come in, Litzi! You've come just at the right time. I'd like to speak to you . . ."

They began teasing. The girl whined:

"What do you want from me, Your Excellency? How could anybody who has such a beautiful fiancée as the countess like me?"

With tender violence the boy made the girl sit on the bed. "Sit down, Litzi! And don't be foolish! That I don't like you! Would I be struggling here with you if I didn't like you?"

The moment was very thick. Before the boy was the goal with its youthful rotundities. The girl, on her part, could see that her half-opportunity had developed into a very promising situation. She became warm, too. The little count was very handsome, about her age. In addition to that, the boy's money was lying on the night table. A pile of silver coins on top of green-bellied bills. Litzi had had "castle-experience." Only one minute: nothing can happen—she thought, and had already made up her mind concerning the financial angle when her sensitive peasant-ear heard some scratching noise outside the door. She pushed away the boy's hand, frightened:

"There's somebody out there!"

The young count was irritated.

"There isn't a damn soul there! Who'd dare? All right, wait! I'll take a look. Then we'll lock the door . . ."

He leaped from the bed and jerked the door open. Across the high stone threshold Charles stumbled into the room.

It was apparent that, tormented by jealousy, he had been eavesdropping at the keyhole. The broom and the dustpan clattered on the floor as he feel prone on his belly. His shameful fall contributed to his rage.

He stood up and started for the woman.

"I caught you, you slut!"

Litzi hid behind the boy.

"Don't let him, Your Excellency! He wants to hit me!"

The count blocked the butler's way with chivalrous wrath:

"Don't make a scene, Charles! Get the hell out of here!"

The butler brushed the boy aside with an iron arm.

"Leave me alone, Your Excellency! I'm going to fix this whore!"

The cup was full. The boy had been mistreated by everybody, and now this peasant dared manhandle him! His aristocratic pride roused, he hit the butler in the face with a nasty, resounding slap.

"Here, you bastard! Dare you touch me?"

For a moment all rules of social order vanished. The insulted peasant groaned:

"Damn you!"

He threw himself on the young gallant. But almost in the same moment his butler's soul restrained him: what sacrilege! To stand up against the young count! But the momentum of his body could not be arrested, only modified. Charles did not hit the count back, he just embraced him around the waist, and with the full force of his forty-year-old manhood he threw him to the bed. Then, once there, he let the boy kick and scratch him. He just lay on top of him with his heavy body, imploring:

"Please, Your Excellency, don't hurt me! Don't you see, Your Excellency, I can't let you go, honestly, I can't; you will hurt me if I do!"

The boy was struggling and panting:

"You just wait, you stinking peasant! The gendarmes will take care of you! I'll kill you! Take your hands off me, peasant!"

His threshing hand hit the top of the night table. That was where he had placed his

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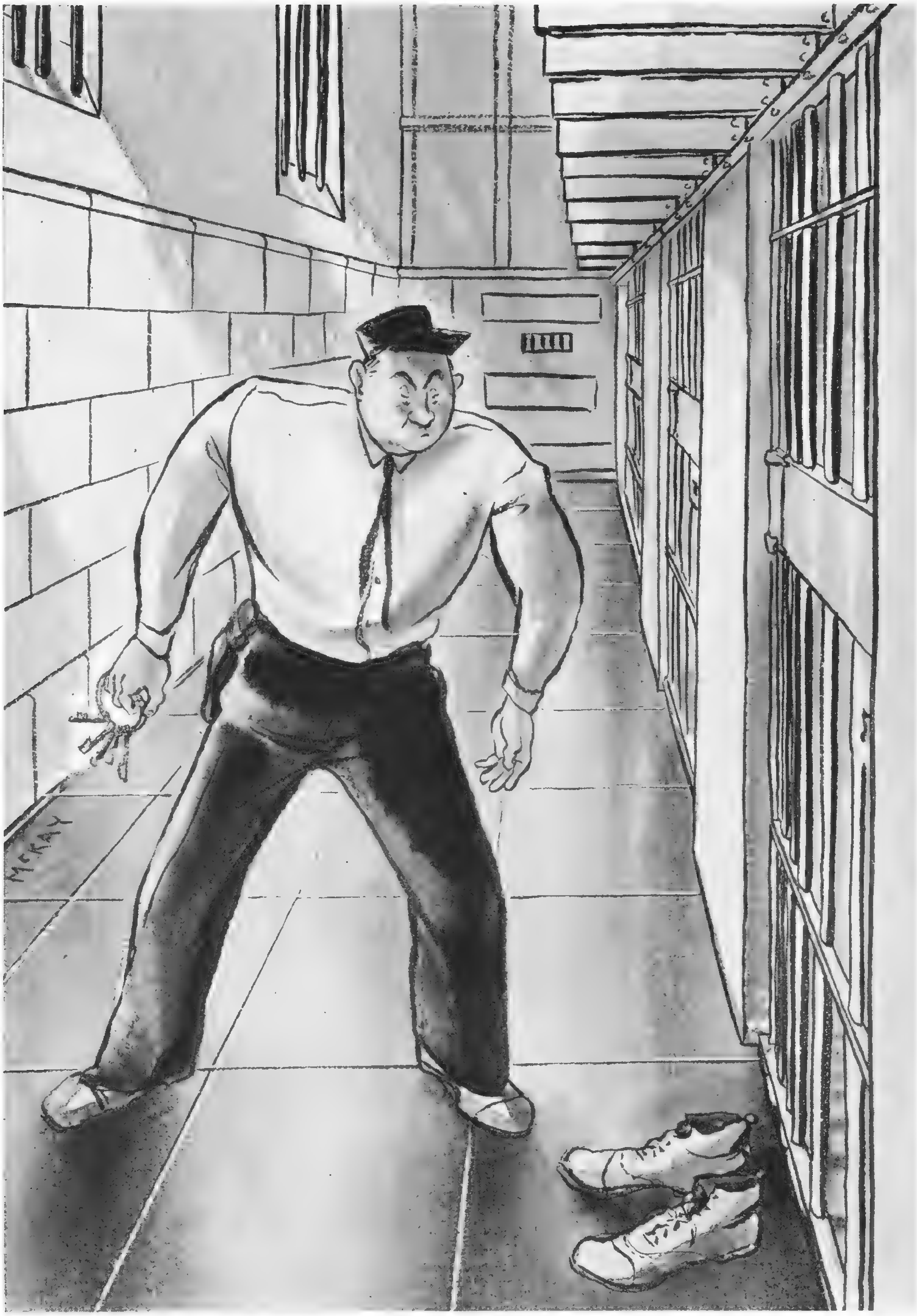

McKAY

Sunday in the County

Hunk had helped in so many County projects he figgered he was one of the best citizens of the land

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

Two long squares of cells encircle bull pens. The bull pen is a sort of club room. It contains a couple of rickety tables, three sets of checkers, a spittoon, and a diseased mop. Perhaps a copy of *Gruesome Stories*, a couple of pencil stubs, and a picture of a movie star stuck on the wall. A kid with a sharp horsy nose will be sitting over in a corner concentrated on a white belt he's been weaving from fish line. It is something of an art, and if Big Red Murphy is still in the County when the belt's done he'll bully it out of the kid for a sack of Durham. There'll be Lousy Charlie. The boys'll have to give Lousy Charlie a bath with lye soap and a scrubbing brush ever so often. Lousy Charlie's never been known to wash voluntarily. Nobody holds it against Charlie: it's constitutional. He's all right otherwise, is always good for the makin's if he's got 'em. Little Georgie Gimbel has got a very peculiar disease, something you can't write about politely. The fellows try to tell him he'll go crazy if he don't look out, but it's no use. Little Georgie can't help it either.

They fill up the bull pens on Sunday. Joe Marshall and Kansas Eddie and a big Negro known as Smoke play a noisy three-handed game of casino on the floor. Smoke scoops up the last of the cards off the dirty blanket. "Dawg mah hide! Cahds, Big Casinah, Li'l Casinah, an' Spades, gent'man—that gimme Game." Slim Andy is humped over a table, chewing a pencil stub, cerebrating. "Dear Mom," he writes painfully. "I am doing fine out here. How is Pop? I am working. As soon as I am working steddy a while longer I will send home some money as I know you need it. Everything is fine with me. I am fine. I have a good steddy job. Hoping you are the same, I remained your loving son Andrew. P.S. How is Bessies colt coming a long. Sincerely, your loving son." A bewhiskered old fellow is washing a suit of long grey woollen underwear in a bucket. Somebody is singing, very badly, unmusically: "It was down in Lehigh Valley"—and so on. Happy, the self-styled barber, will be hacking away at somebody's hair with a dull pair of shears. "Holy Jeezus, Happy—if you're a barber I'm the king of Siam," as the victim looks at himself in the cracked mirror in the can. There'll be Hunk Haley. Hunk, who describes himself as a sort of a ex-pug.

Sunday in the County is pretty much of a madhouse, and they don't all like it. "Me," says Big Red Murphy, "I'll take seven days pavin' them roads. Sundays cooped up in this dump gives me a pain."

"A guy is got to get a layoff once in a while," Fat Smitty will protest. "They like to work a person's can off in this county. Now down in Anderson—"

"One thing," Chicago guffaws. "Whenever they work that there can offn you I like to see that."

"Counties is one like another," Hunk will shrug. "I guess I been in plenty of Counties, on and off. L. A. There's a County. And Cleveland. You ever been in the Cleveland, Red?"

"Not me. I stay away from high buildin's."

"Workin' on pavin'," says Fat Smitty, "is unconstitutional. That's what it is. If they ever bring it up to the Supreme Court I bet it's unconstitutional. I been readin' in an article. It says pavin' roads oughta be did by civilian contracters on account it's deprivin' people o' makin' a livin' on the outside. Workin' prisoners on roads in enforcible labor or somethin'."

"Well, I'll take outa here seven days a week," Red repeats. "Sundays give me the willies."

"I been in twice as better cans than this one here," Chicago says.

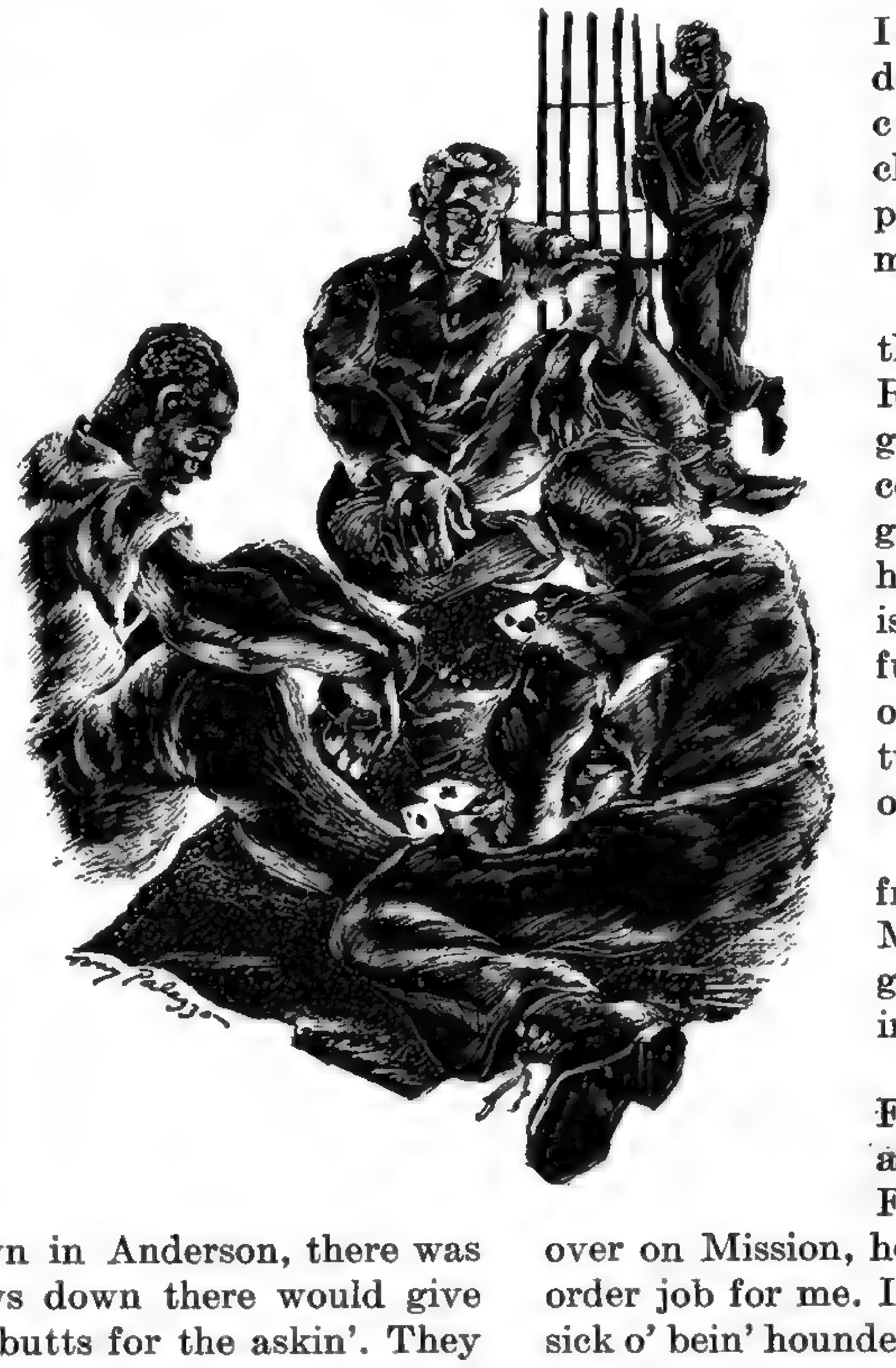
"Say," someone will call. "They oughta put boxin' gloves on that guy Little Georgie."

"I never see such a place for flies. They must get more to eat than we do in this joint."

"Hey, somebody. Gimme a match."

"I'd like to see a ballgame."

"Sure, they let this place fill up with all the crums," says Fat Smitty. "Now, when I was down in Anderson, there was a County! Screws down there would give you tailor-made butts for the askin'. They got a regler libary, too—good books in it to read. Saturday afternoons and Sunday off, bran-new showers, an' two sacks o' dust a week. They had a swell pool table in the bull pen—anyway, until some clunk hit a prisoner on the head with the cue ball. You guys ever been in Anderson? I rather be in that place than on the outside."



"Counties is one like another," says Hunk. "I been in 'em all. I'm takin' the rods in from Cheyenne one day. I knowed better than to beat the cattle country, but I'm tryin' to make the wheat up Oregon way. So they is one of them sheriffs, got a mustache about like a longhorn steer, he's layin' with a posse in one of them lonely prairie division towns. So they is engineerin' a fifty mile irrigation ditch from some lake. You shoulda seen the hunkies we had on that ditch. Every bum this side o' Chi got caught. I see stiffs swingin' shovels on that there irrigation ditch which ain't sweated since Teddy Roosevelt rode up Sanja Wan Hill. Counties is all alike. Any time they got a road to built or a ditch to dig or some forests to cut down the officials suddenly gits moral as hell. Clean up these here bums which is runnin' riff, boys, the orders goes out. Such scoundrels is livin' offn the fat o' the land and it is time something was done about it. It jist sort o' happens we got a nice county project comin' up, so round 'em up, gentlemen. Yes, sir—I been in 'em all, I guess. I figger I am responsible for more dam progress in this here country than all the chamberses of commerce put together. Gimme the makin's, Fat."

"Hey, pipe down over there, you clunks," Big Red Murphy yells. "A guy can't carry on no conversation without he goes crazy tryin' to hear himself think. Fat Smitty is right. This County is full up with crums. I'll be outa here in two weeks; two weeks and a rollover."

"Where are you going from here, Red?" asks Margolies, the Jew. Margolies wears a perpetual injured air.

"I figger on makin' Frisco this trip," Red answers. "I know a guy in Frisco he runs a hash joint over on Mission, he's gonna make a short-order job for me. I'm sick o' the road. I'm sick o' bein' hounded all over the country by these here hayseed constables."

"Frisco. Did I ever tell you the time I worked for this dame drivin' this Cadillac she wanted oysters three o'clock in the mornin'?" Haley will laugh.

"Yeah. You tole us that one."

"Anderson. I sure wish I woulda glaumed onto that there bicycle over in Anderson

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Patriots in Exile

Case histories of also-ran Mexican Revolutionists, who have hastened across the border for their health

by TOM MAHONEY

• ARTICLE •

MEXICAN revolutions pass quickly on the front page. If the government wins, as it has consistently in recent years, the matter appears to be soon forgotten. A few hundred ragged soldiers are killed in two or three battles. A few officers smoke a last cigarette and face firing squads. The victorious federal generals return to their mistresses, gambling tables and chess boards after receiving money presents for once more preserving the administration.

The matter is not so hastily forgotten by the revolutionary leaders who win neither success nor death. Some 10,000 of these, many of them men of education and ability, now live in exile. Most are concentrated in Los Angeles, El Paso and San Antonio along with fellow countrymen who find alien soil safer than their homeland. It was in these colonies that the February 9, 1937, Amnesty Proclamation of President Lazaro Cardenas was a matter of great discussion.

The proclamation covered all exiles except Cardenas' personal enemy, Plutarco Elias Calles. Among the first to take advantage of it were Luis N. Morones, the labor leader, and Luis L. Leon, both members of Calles' cabinet when he was president. Another to accept the proclamation was General Felix Diaz, nephew of the late President Porfirio Diaz who ruled Mexico so long. Felix led revolts in 1912 and 1920 in a vain effort to emulate his uncle. The first resulted in *la decena tragica*, a ten-day artillery battle in Mexico City, and the killing of President Madero. The second started seventeen years of exile for Felix.

A few others have returned but there has been nothing like a stampede for the Rio Grande. Some exiles distrust the proclamation. Some have been absent so long that they have no reason to return to Mexico. Many lack the means to do so. Still others have private enemies in Mexico more deadly than the government.

The decree is significant, however, in that it reaffirms the idea that revolution is a recognized game in Mexico. Unless they own estates or commit outrages odious enough to start private feuds, losers in the game suffer little opprobrium. Just a mild slap on the wrist in the form of enforced exile for a few years and they are welcomed back home and restored to all political rights.

One of the figures in the 1929 Escobar revolt was General Gustavo Salinas, a graduate of Manlius Academy in the United States, who commanded the rebel air corps. Rout of the rebels left him an exile in the United States. Yet, barely three years later, when the Mexican pistol team arrived in Los Angeles to compete in the 1932 Olympic Games, one of its members was the same Gustavo Salinas. He did very well in his events.

The case of Salinas is one of many. There are sometimes sentimental angles. Col. Ricardo Topete, a refugee in Los Angeles in 1935, received amnesty to attend the funeral of his daughter in Mexico City. Weary of exile in the United States, corpulent General Francisco Manzo, one of the top leaders of the 1929 revolt, expressed a desire to enjoy the baths of Tehuacan, Puebla. President Abelardo Rodriguez granted the request. General Roman Yocupicio, involved in the same rebellion, has not only returned but is now governor of the State of Sonora!

Worthy of a novel has been the career of Adolfo de la Huerta. He joined Calles and Alvaro Obregon to form the Sonora triumvirate which toppled the Carranza regime in 1920. De la Huerta became provisional president and then, as secretary of the treasury under Obregon, secured a refunding of the Mexican debt. Calles and de la Huerta were opposing candidates for president in 1924. When his former allies sought to discredit him with charges of embezzlement, de la Huerta led seventy-five generals and their troops in revolt.

His forces shattered and many of the generals shot, de la Huerta escaped three months later to Los Angeles. There for ten years he supported himself as a singing teacher, the vocation of his youth. His wife became his accompanist. His secretary, Roberto Guzman, became a motion picture actor and sent Ina Claire, Lloyd Hughes and others to his former chief for talking picture voice training. De la Huerta calmly awaited his day. When his foe, Obregon, was assassinated, the exile expressed the bitter regret that Obregon had not survived "to pay for the crimes which he had committed." With the deportation of Calles, his other foe, last year, de la Huerta returned to Mexico and again resumed his political career as inspector of consulates.

The careers of half a dozen representative exiles reveal all degrees of fortune. A few managed to bring away money. Nearly all of the leaders of the last three revolutionary movements, Escobar, Gomez-Serrano and de la Huerta, were lucky to reach foreign soil with their lives. All have had to share their funds with lawyers to prove that they are really refugees and not immigrants evading quota laws.

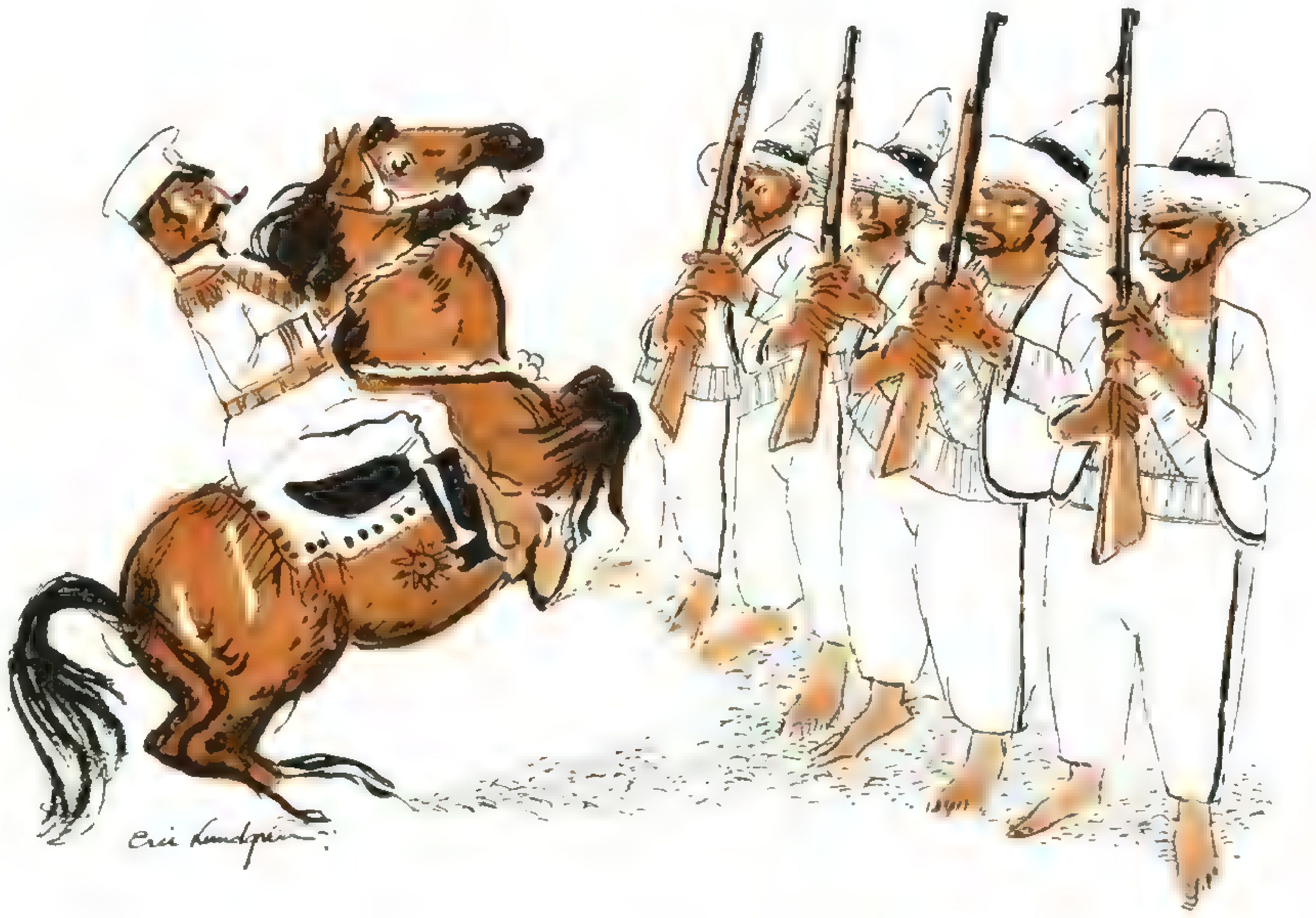
One who escaped with means was General José Gonzalo Escobar, leader of the 1929 uprising and famous on the border for the beautiful women who thought him charming. He denies appropriating the money taken from the Monterrey, Torreon and Chihuahua City banks by his army but arrived in Canada with enough drafts to buy an estate near Montreal. Moustaches shorn, Escobar now drives a streamlined automobile and speculates in commodities. Advised of the recent amnesty proclamation, he said that he would "study" it most carefully. He is not likely to return soon to the border. Too many desperate men blame him for their ruin.

Another exile who has dispensed with his moustaches is General Pablo Gonzalez of San Antonio, Texas. The wheel of fortune has turned many times for this *jefe* and not always badly. He is the only survivor of the three generals who in 1914 routed the armies of Victoriano Huerta to make Carranza president. The others, Obregon and Pancho Villa, far abler men, have long been dead. Unless fate has some coup for his remaining years, Gonzalez will go down in history principally as the man who planned the assassination of Emiliano Zapata, the great guerrilla of Morelos.

For years Zapata defied all efforts to kill or capture him. Colonel Jesus M. Guajardo was selected by Gonzalez for the task. A thorough rascal, Guajardo "deserted" from the federal army and joined Zapata's rebels. To prove his sincerity, Guajardo and his men massacred some government troops. Zapata's suspicions were dispelled. He invited Guajardo to dinner and was slain at the table by that worthy. It is pleasant to record that Guajardo died in almost the same manner a few years later.

Don Pablo ruled Mexico City to his own advantage for a time during the Carranza-Villa struggle in 1915. In 1919, Gonzalez was promised Carranza's support for president but at the last minute it was given to Ignacio Bonillas because of the scandal attached to the sudden wealth of Gonzalez and popular resentment over the assassination of Zapata. When Obregon toppled Carranza, Gonzalez occupied Mexico City for a day or so but did not attempt to retain it. A few months later he started a revolt at Monterrey. It failed and he fled to a comfortable exile. Don Pablo had been shrewd enough to invest part of his wealth in San Antonio and Laredo real estate.

General Jacinto Trevino, a member of two Mexican cabinets, lives quietly in San Antonio. Carranza made Trevino head of the war and navy departments. When Pershing's expedition into Mexico in pursuit of Villa was resented by the Carranza administration, troops acting at the orders of Trevino ambushed a detachment of Negro United States cavalry at Carrizal. After the death of Carranza, Trevino turned over the treasury and trains of the government to de la Huerta and became minister of industry, commerce and labor. In 1927, he ran for president and found the government against him. With Generals Francisco Serrano and Arnulfo Gomez, also candidates, Trevino began a quickly crushed revolt. Forty-six, including Gomez and Serrano, of the fifty-two leaders were slain. Trevino escaped by reversing the shoes on a horse and riding four hundred miles to the border.



Generals Guadalupe Sanchez, Francisco Coss and Antonio I. Villarreal, all San Antonio residents, have histories which might have come from the fiction pages of Richard Harding Davis or O. Henry.

When Carranza began his fatal flight toward Vera Cruz, Sanchez was *jefe de operaciones* at the latter place. Before departing, Carranza sent Sanchez a telegram asking his position in the crisis developing. Sanchez replied: "President and father, though everyone else betray you, I shall not. If but one man remain loyal to you, I am that man." With this assurance Carranza started. Instead of protecting his "President and father" Sanchez attacked the trains with 8,000 troops and drove Carranza into the mountains where he was assassinated.

Sanchez continued in command at Vera Cruz and when de la Huerta broke with Obregon it was Sanchez who declared a revolution in behalf of the singing teacher. Forced loans were extorted from Vera Cruz merchants with the promise to pay "when the cause triumphs." Those who refused to pay were tortured, slain and their bodies buried in the walls of the *jefatura.* Despite the cruelty, the rebellion failed. Sanchez fled first to Havana, then to Porto Rico and finally to San Antonio.

Coss was once governor of the State of Puebla. He is noted particularly for his *coup d'état* at Piedras Negras in 1920 in behalf of Obregon. He has suffered two periods of exile. Villarreal was secretary of agriculture in Obregon's cabinet and an unsuccessful candidate for president. He has been a revolutionist since the time of Madero and was a general in the de la Huerta and Escobar movements. The recent amnesty ended his third period of exile and he has returned to the seething maelstrom of Mexican politics.

Regaining power and position once lost in Mexico is not always easy. Augustin de Iturbide, the first emperor of Mexico, returned from exile only to be killed in Tamaulipas. Generals Victoriano Huerta and Pascual Orozco planned to invade Mexico from near El Paso only to be arrested and charged with violating neutrality laws. Orozco jumped his bond and was slain as a horse thief by a posse of ranchmen. Huerta died in El Paso after a mysterious operation.

Generals Enrique Estrada and Roman B. Arnaiz fell afoul of the United States authorities a few years ago when the two planned an expedition against Lower California. Estrada served a term on McNeil's Island. Escobar and a score of his commanders were indicted on similar charges at Tucson, Arizona, after the 1929 revolution, but the cases were dismissed. Many exiles however, have returned from banishment to assume large rôles. A century ago, reckless Nicolas Bravo, the first Vice-President, led an unsuccessful revolution and fled to Europe. He returned to become president during the war with the United States and led the heroic defense of Chapultepec Castle to win a place in Mexico's roster of national heroes.

Vicente Guerrero and Manuel Gomez Pedraza, two early day presidents, varied their terms with enforced periods of residence in the United States. Guerrero lingered too long in Mexico in his last crisis and was captured. Convicted on a charge of conspiring to sell Texas to the United States, he was condemned to death and shot.

Lorenzo de Zavala, framer and first signer of the Mexican constitution of 1824, was exiled after a revolution and fled to Texas. There he helped the colonists win their independence and became the first Vice-President of the Republic of Texas. Though earlier he had been secretary of the treasury, president of the Chamber of Deputies, governor of the State of Mexico and minister to France, De Zavala is regarded as the Benedict Arnold of Mexico by native historians.

Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the self-styled Napoleon of the West, returned not once but several times from obscurity to become a dictator. He left his refuge in Havana to make his last bid for power as United States troops invaded in 1847 and finally died in Venezuela.

Benito Juarez returned from exile to become Mexico's Abraham Lincoln by the crushing of the French-supported Emperor Maximilian. Porfirio Diaz who ruled Mexico for thirty years began his dictatorship from the safety of Brownsville, Texas. A few miles south of the Rio Grande, he announced the *Plan de Palo Blanco.* After five months of fighting, President Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada fled to New York City where he died.

Francisco I. Madero, the dreamer who replaced Diaz, had his period of exile. The *Plan de San Luis Potosi,* Madero's call to revolt, was written at that place but was made public from the security of San Antonio, Texas. Five months later Madero was master of Mexico and, with a band playing the mournful notes of *La Golondrina,* the aged Diaz sailed for Paris to die.

Clearest, however, in the minds of Mexico's hopeful exiles is the epic story of General Francisco "Pancho" Villa. In January, 1913, this worthy reached El Paso after escaping disguised as a priest from a Mexico City prison where he had been sent after receiving a death sentence for insubordination.

Embracing the then shadowy cause of Constitutionalism, Pancho and half a dozen companions crossed the Rio Grande in the night on stolen horses. The band grew to a force possessing more artillery than the United States army of that time. Exactly eighteen months after his escape from jail there, Villa entered Mexico City at the head of 30,000 men! In a whimsical mood, he dressed his former jailors in women's clothes and forced them to sweep the streets. ⋕

The Newspaper Hero

While other reporters did all the work, Don Fernando, the so-and-so, lapped up all the gravy

by HENRI GRIS

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

Often when I open the paper and see news from Spain I think of Don Fernando. Sometimes words in dispatches from Rebel headquarters at Salamanca sound familiar to me and I have the odd feeling that it was he who had directed the foreign correspondent's pen—he, the genius of Spanish newspaper scribbling.

Maybe he is dead and buried, the poor fellow, with bullets in his body, and it is only his ghost looking from the newspaper columns. Later when the war is over I shall make it my duty to inquire about him. Meanwhile I do not know whether I am writing his eulogy or a thrilling account of the adventures of Spain's most remarkable war correspondent.

Fernando, certainly, was only his first name. His abridged full name was Fernando de Urrutia with a few others like Gonzales, Antonio and Maria stuck in between. His darling weapon used to be a dagger with a double blade of noble Toledo steel. Fernando was a Fascist. He had small eyes, an oily round face, and his black hair was clipped close. His body was rather short and to some extent fat and when he sang or cursed he reminded us of Sancho Panza, transplanted by some miracle into the twentieth century.

I said "us," because we were the correspondents in a war, which, though recent, has been overshadowed by the war in Spain. Fernando belonged to our little international family down in Asmara, North Africa. He had been sent there by the Spanish press to cover the Ethiopian war for Madrid. If we only knew then how important his country was to become to us in a few months, we would have studied Fernando's background to the utmost. As a matter of fact we didn't even sense the coming events—but God helped us. Fernando's remarkable deeds pushed him into the foreground. There were Japs and Germans, quite a few British and thirteen Frenchmen, but Fernando overshadowed them—just like that. He exhibited skill and invented tricks which astounded experienced newspapermen. Webb Miller could not compete with him, nor could Herbert Matthews, Whitaker or Packard, ace correspondents of this country. Eventually he got under everyone's skin. Often in our Palazzino de la Stampa we were talking more about Spain than about Ethiopia as telegrams and letters poured in from different corners of the Iberian peninsula congratulating Fernando on his accomplishments—Fernando, the hero of Spain.

You see, Fernando was not a plain newspaper hero.

But wait a minute. I hate to disclose his secret too early.

When I first met him, our environment was quite peaceful. It was a lovely autumn in old Noble Rome, luckily deserted by noisy tourists. The war in Africa had just begun, sanctions were in the air, but Rome produced little of warlike excitement. Sitting at one of those simple benches on the Palatine Hill I was looking down at the ennobling sight of the Forum Romanum. The gravel crunched under somebody's feet and I turned around.

He was the strangest man I had ever met. He reminded me of the god Mars, clad in a uniform fit for the world of the 1930's. He was dressed in leather from shoulders to heels. A little revolver was attached to his belt and on the other hip hung a long dagger. On the wrist of his left hand he wore a peculiar leather bracelet with a zipper in front. His round head was crowned with a flat tropical helmet of strange foreign make. He was young, not older than twenty-five.

He approached the balustrade and looked down. But it was obviously too peaceful for him at the Forum Romanum. He shook his head as if expressing indignation at the absurdity of this quietude.

He swelled his chest, turned around and walked away. A few days later I received an urgent call from the palazzo of the Press Ministry at the Via Vittorio Veneto. I knew—that was the permit to proceed to the African front. I rushed to the Ministry.

"Count de Minerbi is waiting for you," said the old *portier* in the lobby of the Foreign Section.

Somebody sat at the other side of the Count's desk, somebody, whose back turned to me looked terribly familiar.

"That is fine," said the young secretary as he rose. "You come just in time to meet your Spanish colleague and future travel companion. You both leave on the *Lombardia* from Naples tomorrow."

The man jumped onto his feet, gave me the Fascist salute and barked: "Fernando de Urrutia, war correspondent of *Informaciones*, Madrid," but I recognized him one instant earlier. It was the god Mars from the Palatine.

That night after a day of exhausting search for suitable equipment for the African front I had a nightmare. I dreamt that I had arrived in Ethiopia and was approaching a trench filled with Italian soldiers. Machine guns sputtered. In front of a dugout stood a big crowd of Fernandos clad in leather. They pointed with gleaming revolvers at my civilian clothes and deplorably unwarlike appearance. And they were laughing—loud peals of contemptuous, humiliating laughter:

"And such a fellow pretends to be a war correspondent. . . . Look at him. . . . Look!"

Six days and six nights the *Lombardia* steamed through the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea toward Massawa. My cabin was Number 86 on the upper deck; Don Fernando's was three steps down the aisle.

The discovery of the first day was that Fernando's leather outfit was just one of his countless costumes. Dressed in a khaki uniform, a small black doughboy's cap with red trimming and a big silver death's-head on his chest, he appeared at our table in the big dining hall. Among the Italian uniformed officers he looked like a foreign military attaché. With a self-confident smile on his lips he sat down, shouted "caramba" and inspected the cartridges in his leather bracelet. Astounded Italians glanced toward him. He felt their looks and swelled his chest. At the table, opposite him, I felt inferior.

Eventually the magnificent Spaniard stole the whole show. Stories about him whirled through the big ship. It became more than natural to hear that he had erected a tent crowned with Spanish Fascist insignias on the upper deck and had lain down with the Toledo dagger on his chest for an afternoon nap. Or that he climbed into one of the lifeboats and remained there for an hour looking at the Mediterranean with the mien of a new Napoleon. He produced new uniforms daily. One night in the Suez Canal he appeared on deck in a wide heavy cloak of peasant make, and explained that this was how he slept in the mountains of Castille. He went up to the bridge, lay down, transformed the cloak into a sleeping bag and remained on deck the rest of the night.

Toward the end of the trip every soldier among the five thousand people aboard the *Lombardia* knew the magnificent Spaniard. I liked him less and less. He would never invite others to our table but would drink wine offered to him and never order a bottle himself. He boasted too much and the skull-and-crossbones on his chest gradually made

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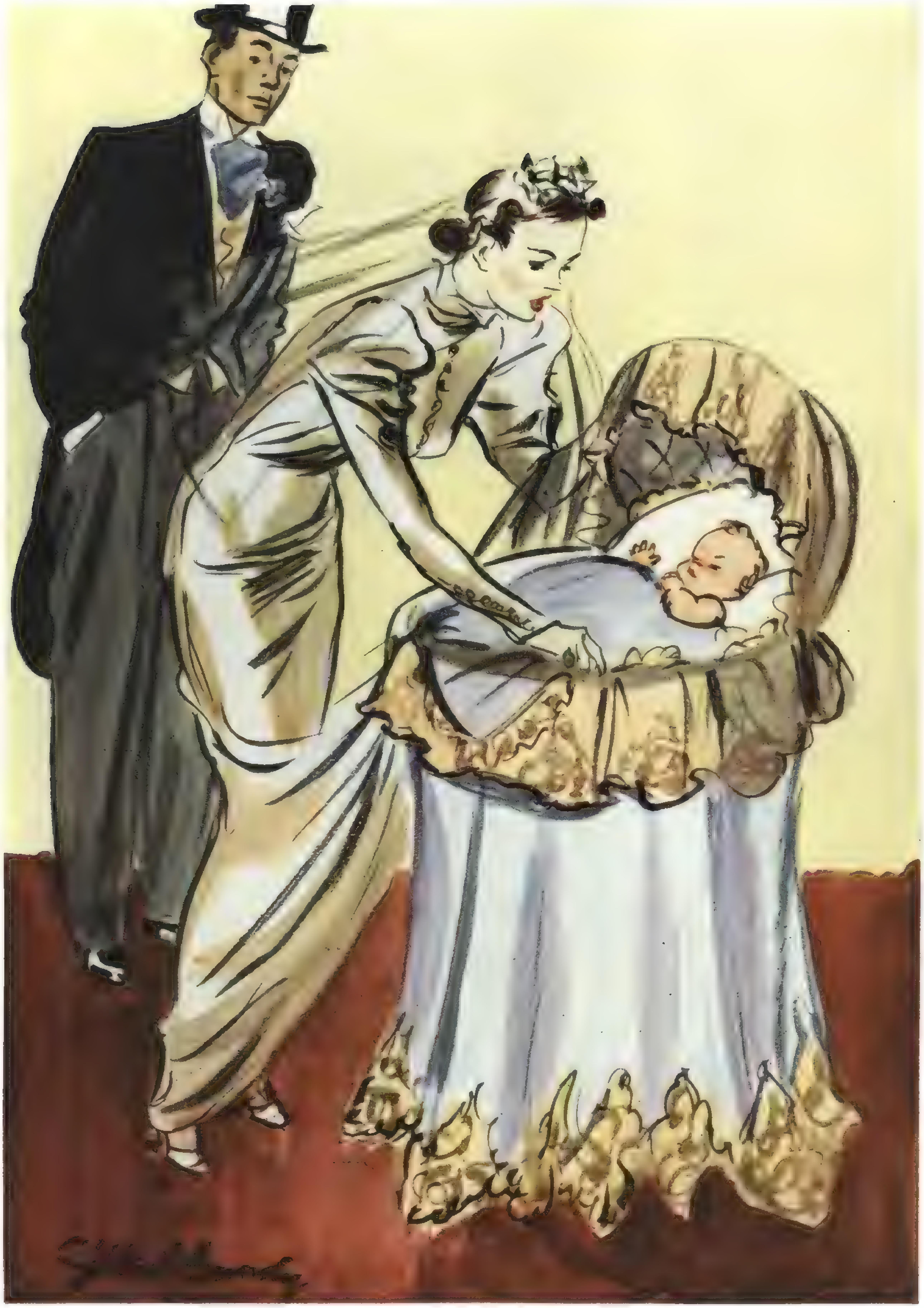
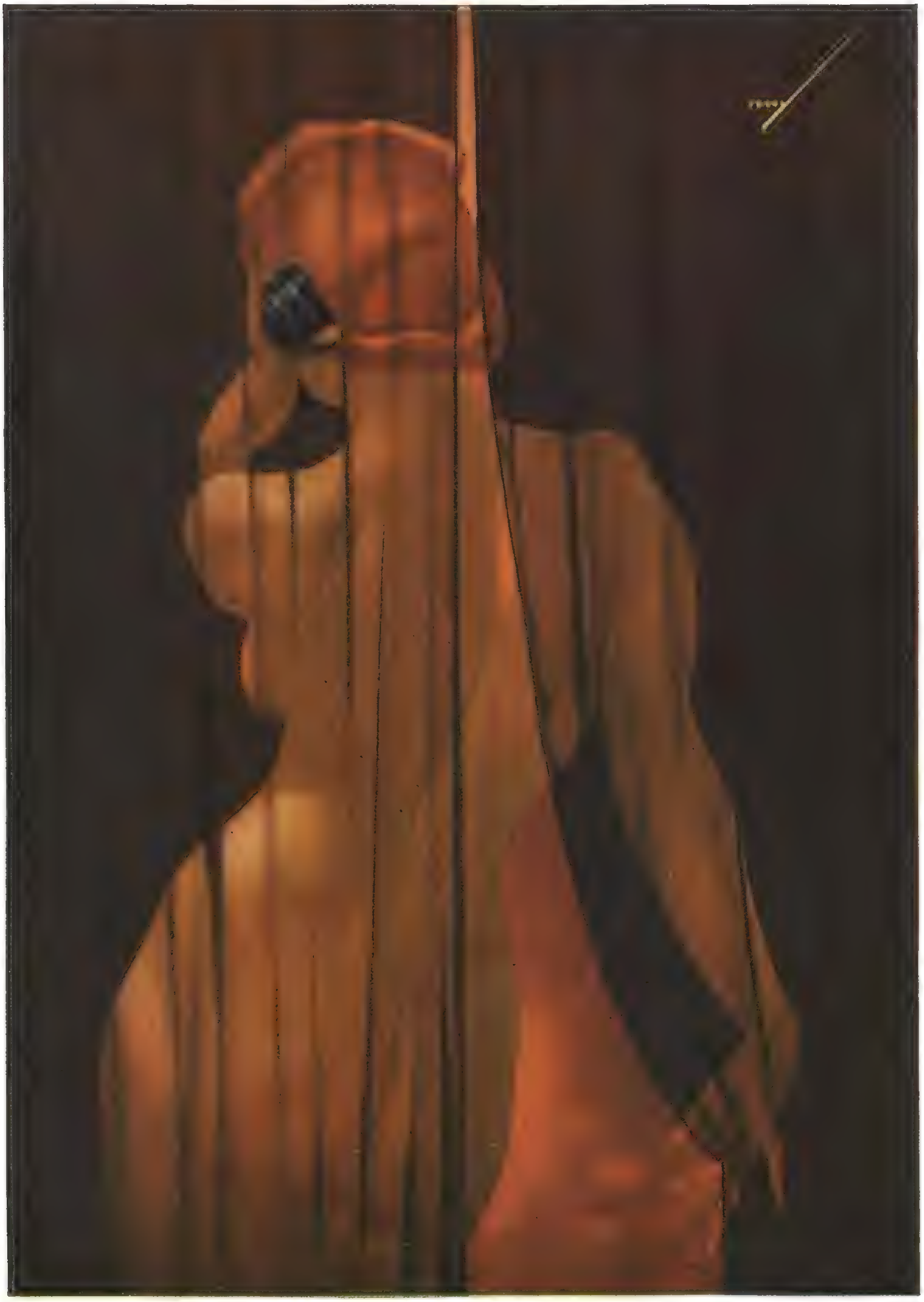


"Don't cry, darling—mama and daddy will be right back."



"A banker?—Well bring him up—I've always wanted a bank"

Introduction to Civil War

The French have an inborn feeling for freedom, their own and others', that would be pretty hard to kill

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

1. Riot

Running up the grimy steps of the metro at the Place de Clichy it was hard not to feel in my ears the different ring the name had had other times, ten years back, twenty years back, the longago Paris-on-leave ring of barroom chatter, funny stories, comic prostitutes, all the sidewalk cafe saturday-night jingle that went with the gone mythological sound of Montmartre. But twenty years from war to war have somewhat eroded the venereal mount of martyrs of bidet and makeupbox, taken the glitter out of the last lingering tinsel of nineteenth century whoopee. Those days the metro and the taxis stopped running early in the evening and after supper we used to walk up the steep cobbled streets and then the unlit stone stairs, past houses that reminded us of the stageset for the last act of *Louise*, to see the airraids from the top of the hill. Moonlight nights were the best, or worst. We would wait out of breath on the terrace in front of the lividlooking church, with its narrow domes that looked so naked in the moonlight, and wait for the Gothas to come over. Under the silvery haze the unlit city would stretch like an iceflow in tiers and ridges from under our feet into the long past (Lutetia, Julian the Apostate, Villon, St. Bartholomew, Henri Quatre's white plume at Ivry, the Bastille and the singing mobs, the wall of the Cummunards, the days of the grand dukes) and far away to the north an antiaircraft gun would start barking. Then the sirens would chill the spine and the whole ring of the barrage would go into action. Shrapnel would sparkle tinselly overhead, and gradually through the din the sound of airplane motors would fill your ears humming now soft now loud. Then very soon would come the shriek and the red flare and the shattering growl where the bombs had hit. One time something made a flame and fluttered down like a piece of burning paper far to the east. The barrage would slacken, everything would get still, and as we'd start the long walk home to the hotel, we'd hear the breloque, merry quacking little fireengine, hurrying up and down the black streets announcing that the raid was over. And next morning Monsieur Poincaré with his derby and his gloves and his cutaway coat buttoned high under his little beard would be photographed felicitating the survivors or beaming on the wounded.

This is March, 1937. I'm headed for a different Clichy, the industrial town outside the city limits of Paris. It's a long walk from the Place de Clichy, out a long crowded thoroughfare of little gimcrack stores, rundown movietheatres, jerrybuilt bars and cafés that blow a stale breath of pernod in your face as you pass, and haberdashers and noveltyshops shoddier than Fourteenth Street and not so much fun. It's a long walk out to Clichy. Where the Franco-Prussian war fortifications used to be there are weedy buildinglots. Now Paris's fortifications are the Maginot line along the north frontier. The street crosses a temporary bridge of unpainted wood. Big trucks slither through the coating of mud on the pavement. The glum darkgray buildings of a factory town close in on either side. The sidewalks fill up with soberlooking middleaged men coming home from work. In skimpy meatmarkets broad-beamed women are counting out the change to buy the family supper. People look sober and their clothes are drab, but they are not down yet. The young girls aren't pretty but their eyes are bright and sturdyseeming young men skim in and out among the trucks and the big green buses on their bicycles. The talk you hear has the throaty drawl of the workingclass suburbs.

The street opens up into a square set with young trees. Across it stands the gray townhall, looking like every other townhall in every other French small town. This is where the riot was and the shooting that gave this new resonance to the name of Clichy. Under the stunted barely budding trees the square is thick with knots of workingmen. In the middle of each knot a couple of men are arguing, soberly enough, or else an eyewitness is telling for the hundredth time his story. Not many women, a few families that have come, kids and all, from other parts of Paris to see for themselves. Hardly anybody is excited. People listen gravely to what others have to say. One tall man with a red hatchet face is making a speech, that doesn't go so well with the crowd, about how the working class must arm and answer bullets with bullets. The older men have all been through one war. They know about bullets. Now and then a man nudges another man and whispers, "Look out for provocateurs." There's a feeling of uneasiness in the crowd. People are trying to work out the story for themselves. They look at the broken windows and the bulletmarks on the townhall, and at the boardedup cornercafe and the butchershop wrecked by the crowd during the scrimmage. That was the window over the tobaccostore the shooting started from. No, the first shots were fired from the roof of the movingpicture theatre. No this is how it happened. They point out the broken windows and the scars where police bullets made little pits in the gray stone walls. People shake their heads. They don't talk much. They'd rather let the other fellow speak first. People feel insecure. It's only two nights ago at this time that nothing had happened yet; the wounded were still walking around feeling good, the young blood was pumping through the bodies of the dead.

That night Mr. Blum, the parliamentary medicineman whose spells had so far kept off civil war, had dressed himself in his best soup and fish and had gone to the opera to hear the London Philharmonic play a Haydn symphony. *Perfide Albion.* He is called out of the concert by the news that a first class riot is going on at Clichy. The crowd has tried to storm the Olympia movietheatre where the Fiery Crosses, under their new name of French Social Party, are giving each other the creeps with speeches about the Moscow menace. The police had fired into the crowd. While Mr. Blum is going home to his quiet literaryman's apartment on the Ile St. Louis to change into an outfit more suitable for the occasion, his secretary, Mr. Blumel, and his bearded Minister of the Interior, Mr. Marx Dormoy, are trying to quell the storm. The Fiery Crosses have given up their meeting at the first catcalls and have been shepherded by the police out of the movietheatre by the

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The Forgotten Man

Men who have known bayonet warfare do not care to discuss it for it is too real, too personal and terrible

by ALLAN P. CROSS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Today, in the news you read about war. A country is fighting a civil war, a strong nation is crushing a weaker one. You read about gunfire, shelling, bombing, see pictures of dead and wounded bodies. The great Air Forces of strong powers, big guns, tanks that go sixty miles an hour are in the news of the day. Emperors, dictators, prime ministers, presidents; gallant generals, dashing captains and gay young lieutenants are the aristocrats of war found in the news. Military leaders mass together great armies of men and fire their minds with the hysteria of war.

There is a forgotten man behind the scenes. He is neither romance nor adventure. He is not news except in great numbers. He is not an object to thrill the bosom of a maiden. Who is he? You are the man.

The private—the man with the rifle and bayonet.

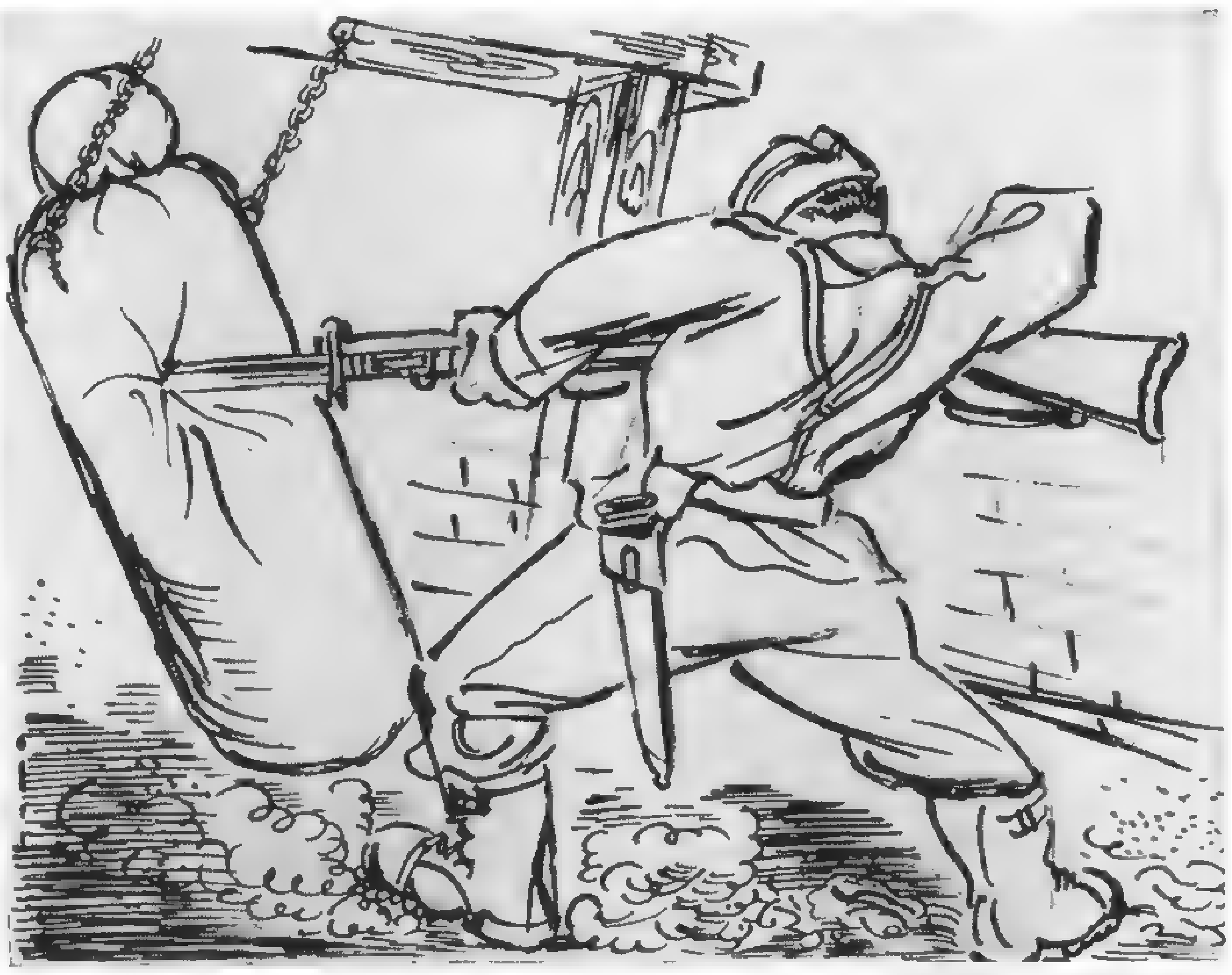
A rifle and a bayonet can go wherever a man can go. The foot soldier is basic, and he will be basic as long as war exists. Airplanes can be shot down and disabled; it requires time, much time to train men to man fighting aircraft. For each man in the air there must be twenty on the ground. It requires factories and many men to manufacture airplanes. The chevalier of the air may bring war to its highest glory, yet in a long war he would gradually decrease in importance and his flying machine would finally be no more. The same is true of the other highly mechanized instruments of war. When enough men are killed and the refined implements of war can no longer be maintained, war reverts to the basic. The foot soldier, the rifle and bayonet are singular in number.

The modern bayonet is a short blade about a foot and a half long. It is fixed by lugs and socket to the muzzle of the rifle in such a way that it does not interfere with firing. Detached from the rifle it is a short sword excellent for hand to hand killing. The bayonet is the most ruthless instrument used in war.

Modern warfare is impersonal. Toxic gas, artillery fire and shrapnel, the airplane and the tank do not seem to represent men. When you see an airplane you do not think of a man riding in a machine, you think of the machine and the bombs that will issue from it. You do not see and fear and hate the individual man. You fear the unknown.

The various forms of warfare down to the bayonet are abstract, impersonal, a sort of a mass hysteria. A bayonet thrust into your body is real, it is personal, and it is the most awful thing that comes from war that can happen to a man, a woman or a child.

The principle of the bayonet is one of the most ancient forms of fighting. Its ancestors include the stone spear of our savage parents, and the iron piked lance from the time of Alexander down to the early days of the musket. When the musket first made its appearance it was used only as an ally to the lance. In those days armies formed in double lines, one consisting of lance bearers and the other of musket bearers. The effective range of the musket was only a few paces, and by the time these crude guns could be fired, reloaded and fired a second time, the opposing lines of the armies were at close quarters. Therefore it was the practice to fire a single volley, then the musket bearers would retire and the lance bearers would step into their places.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

The fire action of the musket gradually improved and the lance slowly fell into disrepute. There is an interesting history of the decline of the lance and the rise of the musket as the principal arm of foot soldiers, first one playing the important rôle, then the other. From about 1700 on, all reason for retaining the pike vanished. This was for the simple reason of the invention of the socket type bayonet, which combined the lance bearer and the musket bearer into one man. Since that time the musket and the bayonet have been the invariable armament of infantry.

At this time the musket was a crude firearm, but the age old idea of the pike thrust remained, so that the early musket and bayonet was used more as a lance than as a fire weapon. As the musket improved and fire power became greater the bayonet became somewhat less favored, until the time of Napoleon who used it little. Artillery fire had made its bow upon the field of honor, and in his tactics Napoleon wisely took advantage of the fire effectiveness of artillery and fire power of musketry. He engaged armies of inferior musketry, whereas they were equal when it came to fighting hand to hand.

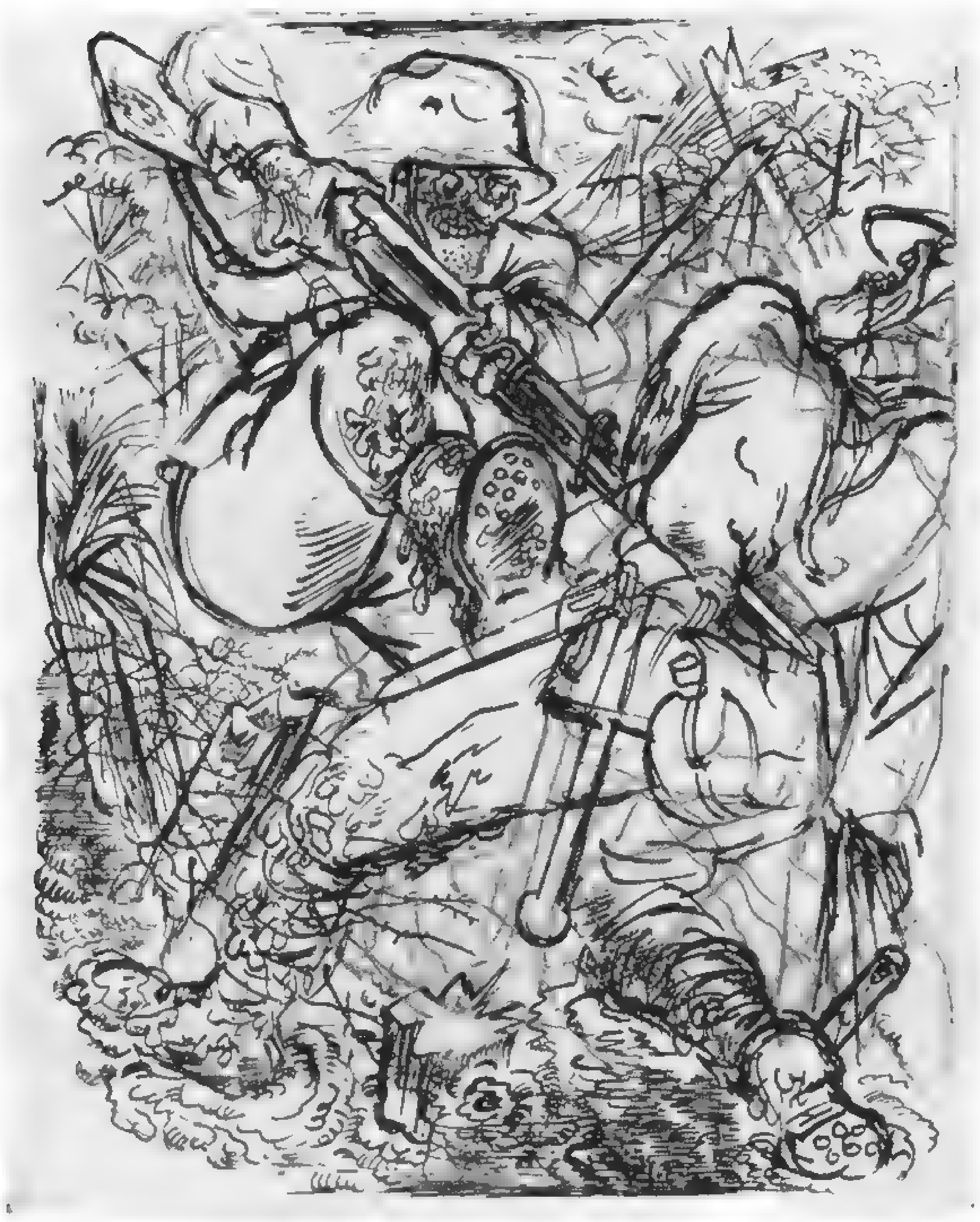
From time to time, up to the 20th century, the bayonet has been discarded only to be revived again. But on the whole it has never been fully obviated since the days of the stone spear head. It came down from the days of prehistoric man and it remains with us today in spite of all the refined and mechanized methods of warfare. The bayonet is a mark of racial heredity.

Veterans who have experienced bayonet combat are not inclined to talk about it. At some time or other they may speak of most any kind of personal war experience, but seldom do they speak of the bayonet. This is a taboo subject even among men who have had the experience in common.

The training of a soldier is a humdrum routine. He is taught automatic response to sharp commands, the proper respect for superiors, to stand, walk and talk in a certain way and to assume a benignant manner in the presence of his superior. The most courageous of all men his teaching is grounded in and grown out of fear—fear of his superior. He may be put into prison for displeasing his superior officer, or he may be given corporal punishment. In some armies a soldier may still be flogged to death for mild transgressions. This is discipline.

The aim of this kind of discipline is to stifle the natural instinct to kill without being killed and to produce a man ready to let himself be killed at word of command. Such a type of automata is necessary for success in war. The common run of soldiery is made up of men whose mentality ranges from the high grade imbecile to the fairly capable dullard, and in situations of great danger such men are slaves to the unconscious; their actions are guided by their strongest instincts, which are trained and intensified to definite ends.

It seems strange that a soldier should be disciplined to subjugate the instinct to kill without being killed. Necessity demands a



different type of man; dead cannon fodder is of no account. Wars throughout the ages have shown that at the end certain men become cunning and skillful individual fighters; there is a maxim which says "the last few men are always the hardest to kill." Commanders have found this to be true time after time. Therefore, after the instinct of self-preservation has been trained out of a man, he begins his schooling as a skillful individual fighter.

The psychology of the bayonet is a masterpiece of discipline. The soldier is taught to hold in check his instinct to save himself until the last stages of combat, the fire fight when individual advances upon individual until finally they close and ply the bayonet. It is like rewarding the circus horse with a lump of sugar, or a trained seal with a tasty fish after the show. When the bayonet comes he is permitted to loose the repressed instinct to its utmost.

Besides the bayonet, a soldier is taught to use other implements of war, such as shooting various kinds of guns from the pistol to big berthas, to throw hand grenades, dig trenches, how to care for and use complicated machinery, tractors, trucks, tanks, airplanes, artillery equipment and many other things.

In the war which is to come cities and the population will be laid waste, and the mechanized means of warfare disabled and abandoned. The raiding party, the man with the rifle and bayonet will then come into his own. Certainly he will have earned his lump of sugar. Near the end of this long war these raiding parties will be little more than mobs, handfuls of cunning fighters who have gladly killed off their aristocratic superiors. They will appoint their own leaders and prey upon the remaining aristocracy of the civil population, rape, plunder and murder. They will themselves become aristocrats and set up a new order of rule, lawless and as barbaric as our present system. Society will be disorganized and people will be timid and ready to submit to anything.

Perhaps a new civilization will spring from the waste. If the knowledge of science is not completely lost, perhaps the new generations to come may use the knowledge we so greatly abuse. Provided, of course, that war has destroyed itself.

The technique of the bayonet is rather simple for a purely mechanical point of view; it is not a matter of scientific fencing and fancy footwork. In the guard position the soldier grasps his rifle at the small of the stock with his right hand, and at a natural position in front of the rear sight with the left. He holds the butt of his gun close against his body and points his bayonet at his imaginary enemy's throat. The left arm is fully extended and the torso is held in a position of balance on the hips. The feet are planted firmly on the ground about as far apart as in taking a natural step, the left foot forward; the legs are spread apart slightly and bent at the knees. Mentally he is alert and anticipates the kill; this is evidenced in his physical posture.

There are slight variations in this position. It is the position from which one gets full power of the legs, body and arms in unison. In actual bayonet combat the soldier assumes no certain position, and he always closes with his foe on the run. The purpose of this position is to teach a man various thrusts with his bayonet and how to use the butt of his gun when he is out of position to thrust home with the blade.

From the guard position a man of average height can thrust forward four or five feet, and if necessary at the middle of the thrust change to a parry to the right or left to avoid his foe's counter thrust. This will bring him in close to his man, and he may bring the butt of his gun up into the man's crotch, belly or chin, or drop the butt toward the ground and grasp it with both hands a few inches below the muzzle and thrust into his opponent's throat.

The bayonet fighter can strike a death blow from any position. He runs forward thrusting his bayonet and swinging the butt of his gun from all angles, he can transfix a target no larger than half a dollar, his eye will see openings to vulnerable parts of the body, the throat, face, chest, lower abdomen, thighs, armpits, and when the back is turned, the kidneys; his eye will seek and his bayonet will find these places. He can lie prone and strike a death blow, rise up and charge forward again.

This training attempts to imitate the real bayonet fight. It teaches the man to do the right thing at the right time, it is simply a habit forming technique, the most scientific method of using his weapon. It follows that habit will respond when reason becomes void in the bayonet fight. Behind it all is a hypnotic suggestion—the spirit of the kill.

Although it may not come to the man in direct thought, it is nevertheless uppermost in his mind. The spirit of the kill is brought about by a process of suggestion that is in no way comparable to the pep talk of the athletic coach; it is a type of hypnotism, and when it is considered that the will of the soldier whose mentality range is low, is well subjugated to his superior, and the suggestion process is combined with mental and physical action, the result is easily understood.

The bayonet fight is finality. Two men, face to face with each other with sharpened blades on the ends of their guns, represent the ultimate in war. They are individuals. What use is there to pin a medal on such a man's coat; he can have but contempt for it. Medals are for the aristocrat and the hero of drama—not the trained killer. These men know what war is about. To the general it is a game; to the impassioned orator it is drama; to the politician it is power. To the man with the bayonet it is death.

None of the vast number of people from the combat zone back to GHQ, the civilians at home in factories and on the farm know the reality of war. The man who comes to grips with the bayonet knows. He has been all the way. He has come from a farm or factory, filling station, office, school or prison; he put on the uniform and was handed a gun and a bayonet. He saw training camps and great concentrations of troops, which confused his dull mind. The sergeant and lieutenant were his will; the officer was his god of fear. He got drunk, slept with the voluntary war-time whore, the flag waving patriot slapped him on the back, the clergyman solemnly shook his hand and blessed him, he heard the praises of the politician and the promises of the profiteer.

It was a long journey from the parade ground where he learned to keep step and use his bayonet, to the combat line. On the combat line he went without food and sleep. He waited.

The general far behind the lines played his game. He dangled his puppets on their strings, and the man with the rifle and bayonet waited until the order came. He was tired when the attack started, yet he rushed forward like a wild animal released from captivity. Running, throwing himself upon the

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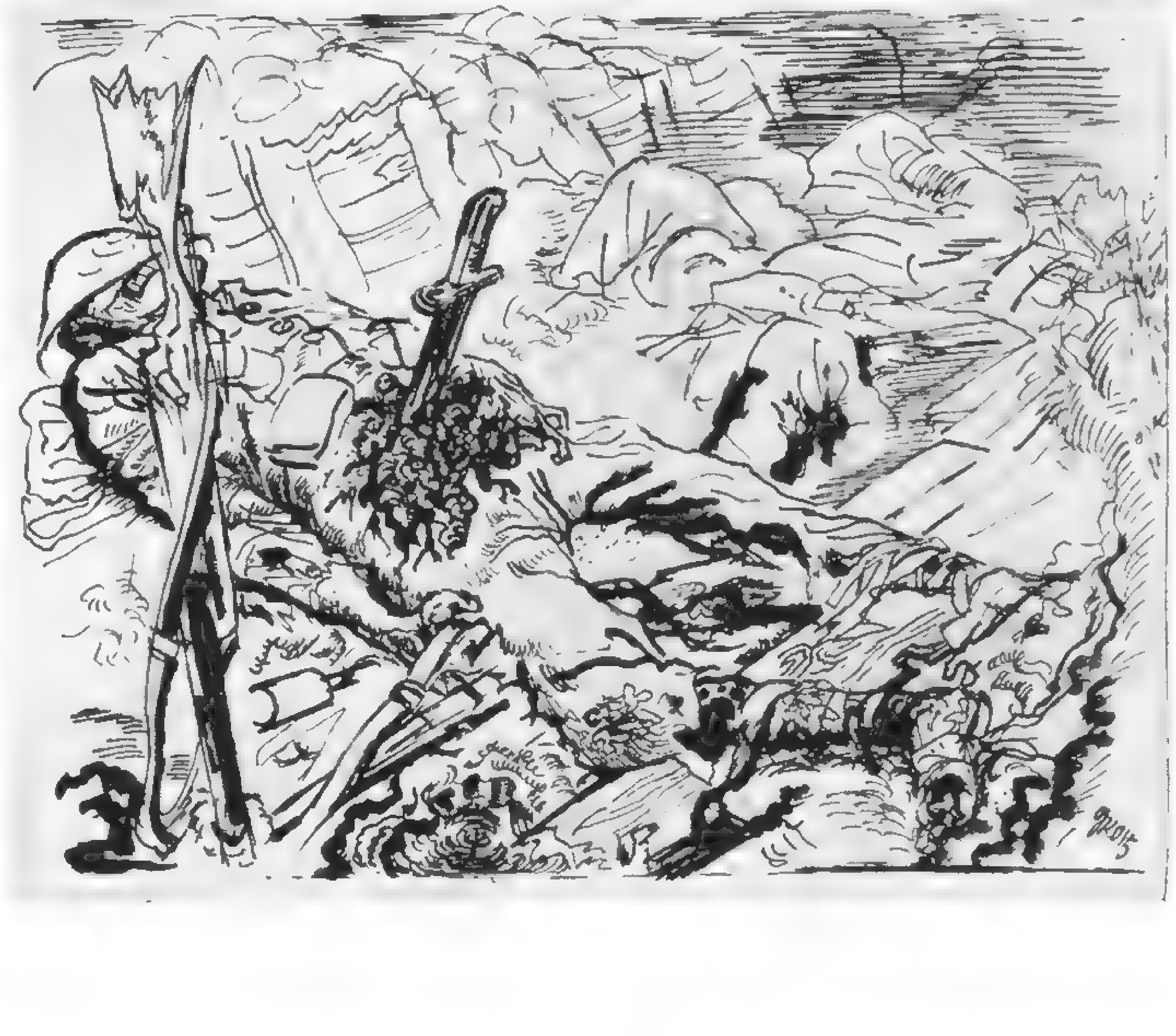


The Guest in Room Nineteen

Mr. Cass knew the watchman wasn't alone but he also knew old people must be careful of what they say

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

FICTION

Mr. Cass knew he couldn't go to sleep so he put his tie on again and went back to the lobby. The guests were all gone to bed but a little aura of activity seemed to linger about a half-finished picture puzzle, and the night watchman was putting a big log on the fire.

Mr. Cass limped slowly across the soft carpet, stopped behind him and grunted, "Heavy?"

The watchman, a wiry old mountaineer, looked around sharply.

"A hundred pound. It's wet—it'll be one o'clock before it's burning good."

Mr. Cass let himself into a chair. Last year he had been active, driving his own car—but he had suffered a stroke before coming South last month and now life was like waiting for an unwelcome train. He was very lonely.

The watchman built burning chunks about the wet log.

"Thought you was somebody else when you came in," he said.

"Who did you think I was?"

"I thought you was the fella who's always coming in late. First night I was on duty he came in at two without any noise and give me a start. Every night he comes in late."

After a pause Mr. Cass asked:

"What's his name?"

"I never did ask him his name."

Another pause. The fire leapt into a premature, short-lived glow.

"How do you know he's a guest here?"

"Oh, he's a guest here." But the watchman considered the matter for the first time. "I hear him go down the corridor and around the corner and then I hear his door shut."

"He may be a burglar," said Mr. Cass.

"Oh, he's no burglar. He said he'd been coming here a long time."

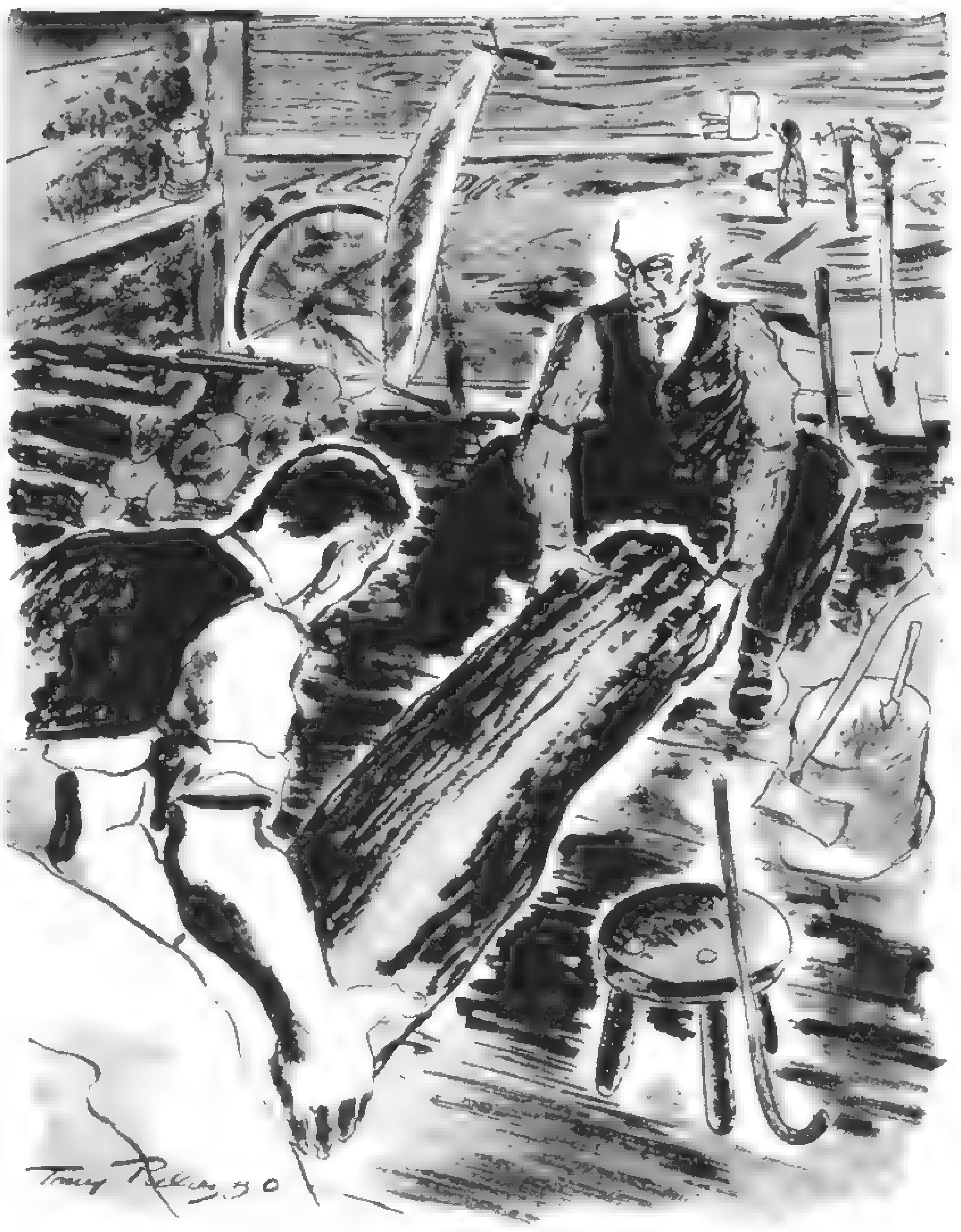
"Did he tell you he wasn't a burglar?"

The watchman laughed.

"I never asked him that."

The log slipped and the old man adjusted it; Mr. Cass envied his strength. It seemed to him that if he had strength he could run out of here, hurry along the roads of the world, the roads that led back, and not sit waiting.

Almost every evening he played bridge with the two clerks, and one night last week he simply passed away during a bridge hand, shrinking up through space, up through the ceilings like a wisp of smoke, looking back, looking down at his body hunched at the table, his white fist clutching the cards. He heard the bids and his own voice speaking—then the two clerks were helping him into his room and one of them sat with him till the doctor came . . . After awhile Mr. Cass had to go to the bathroom and he decided to go to the public one. It took him some time. When he came back to the lobby the watchman said:



"That fella came in late again. I found out he's in number nineteen."

"What's his name?"

"I didn't like to ask him that—I knew I could find out from his number."

Mr. Cass sat down.

"I'm number eighteen," he said. "I thought there were just some women next to me."

The watchman went behind the desk to the mail rack. After a moment he reported.

"Funny thing—his box ain't here. There's number eighteen, that's Mr. Cass—"

"That's me."

"—and the next one is twenty, on the second floor. I must of understood him wrong."

"I told you he was a burglar. What did he look like?"

"Well, now he wasn't an old man and he wasn't a young man. He seemed like he'd been sick and he had little holes all over his face."

Despite its inadequacy the description somehow conjured up a picture for Mr. Cass. His partner, John Canisius, had never looked old or young and he had little holes in his face.

Suddenly Mr. Cass felt the same sensation stealing over him that he had felt the other night. Dimly he was aware that the watchman had gone to the door and dimly he heard his own voice saying: "Leave it open"; then the cold air swept in and his spirit left him and romped around the room with it. He saw John Canisius come in the open door and look at him and advance toward him, and then realized it was the watchman, pouring a paper cup of water into his mouth and spilling it on his collar.

"Thanks."

"Feel all right now?"

"Did I faint?" he muttered.

"You fell over kind of funny. Reckon I better help you get back into your room."

At the door of number eighteen Mr. Cass halted and pointed his cane at the room next door.

"What's that number?"

"Seventeen. And that one without a number is the manager's rooms. There ain't any nineteen."

"Do you think I'd better go in?"

"Sure thing." The watchman lowered his voice. "If you're thinking about that fella, I must of heard him wrong. I can't go looking for him tonight."

"He's in here," said Mr. Cass.

"No, he ain't."

"Yes, he is. He's waiting for me."

"Shucks, I'll go in with you."

He opened the door, turned on the light and took a quick look around.

"See—ain't nobody here."

Mr. Cass slept well and the next day was full Spring, so he decided to go out. It took him a long time to walk down the hill from the hotel and his progress across the double tracks took a good three minutes and attracted solicitous attention, but it was practically a country stroll compared to his negotiation of the highway which was accompanied by a great caterwauling of horns and screech of brakes. A welcoming committee waited him on the curb and helped him into the drug store where, exhausted by his adventure, he called a taxi to go home.

Because of this he fell asleep while undressing and waking at twelve felt dismal and oppressed. Finding it difficult to rise he rang, and the night watchman answered the bell.

"Glad to help you, Mr. Cass, if you'll wait five minutes. It's turned cold again and I want to get in a big log of wood."

"Oh," said Mr. Cass, and then, "Has the guest come in yet?"

"He just got in now."

"Did you ask him if he's a burglar?"

"He's no burglar, Mr. Cass. He's a nice

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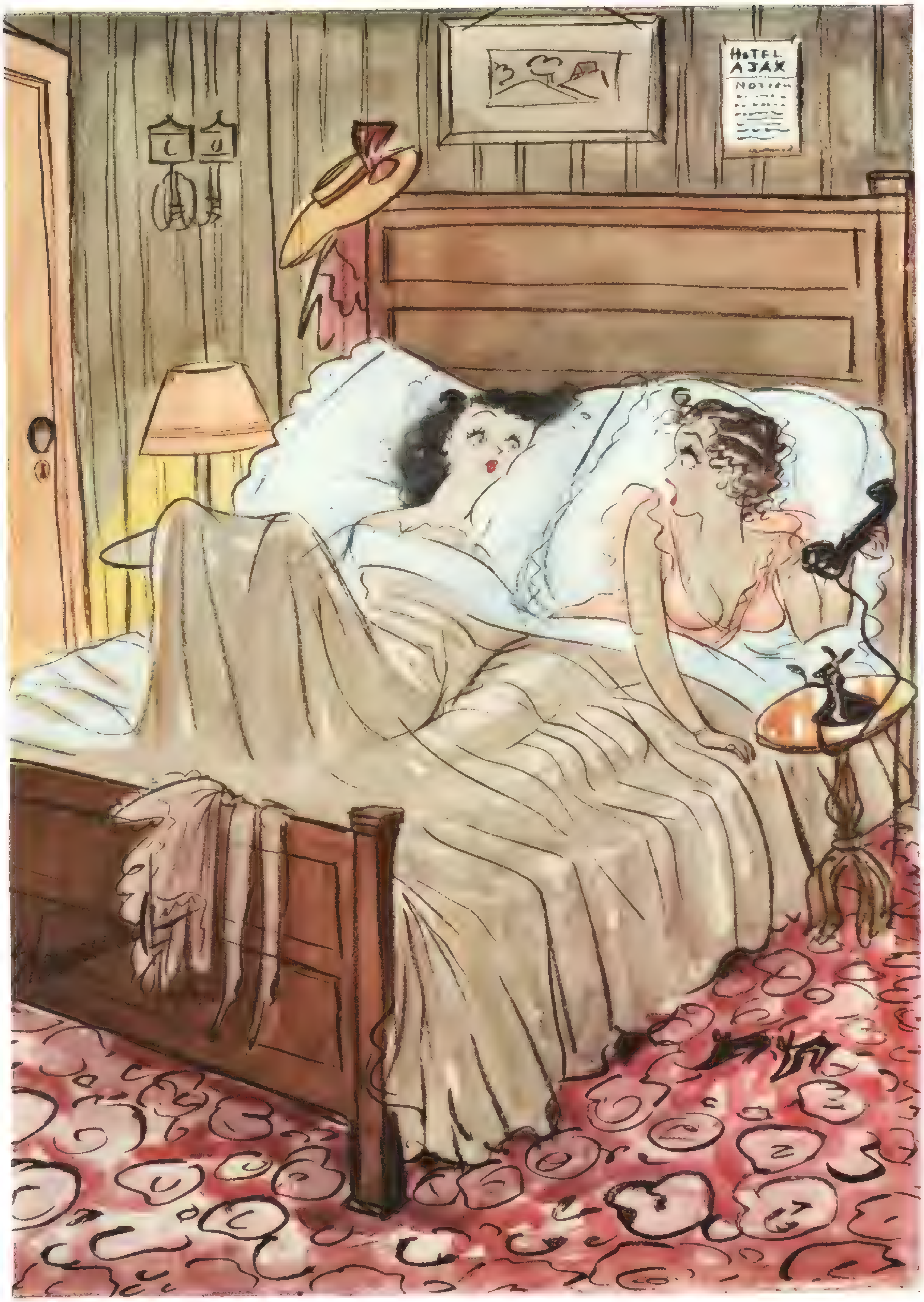
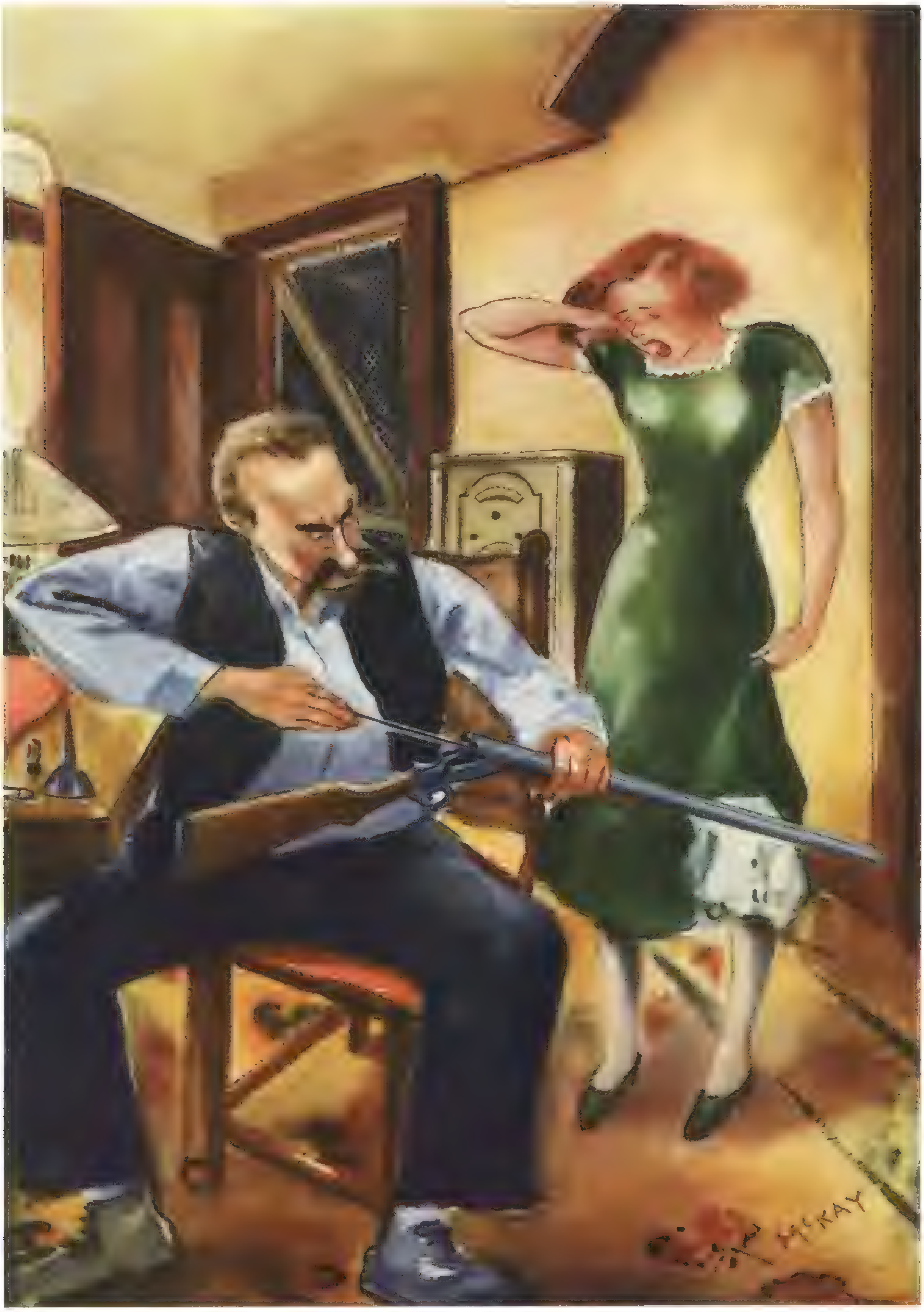

HOTEL AJAX
NOTICE

"The manager says there is no house detective. They use the honor system here."



"But, papa—I can't marry all of them!"

The Music Martyr

Alfredo Salmaggi insists that he's losing his shirt at the Hippodrome opera, but "art she must be served"

by IRVING SPIEGEL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

NEW YORK'S Hippodrome—aged citadel which has played host to wrestlers, boxers, circuses, benefit performances, some successful, most of them not, political demonstrations, ending up in near-riots, and everything which comes under the general heading of Life—is now housing Alfredo Salmaggi and his opera company by the grace of Mike Jacobs and the Twentieth Century Sporting Club.

Mr. Salmaggi is the Flatbush impresario with the long loose mane of curly black hair and the flowing bow tie, which put you in mind of Buffalo Bill. But where that hearty pioneer of yesteryear achieved his point—most of the time—with a trusty gun, Mr. Salmaggi drives home his opinion with impassioned gestures and vitriolic speech, a mixture of bad English and lyrical Italian.

The Brooklyn Maestro—ads always read "Maestro Salmaggi presents"—when not engaged in ducking law suits and process servers, presents operas at popular prices at that old Sixth Avenue House. Mind you, not that he hasn't "impresarioed" in South America, Cuba, and all points West.

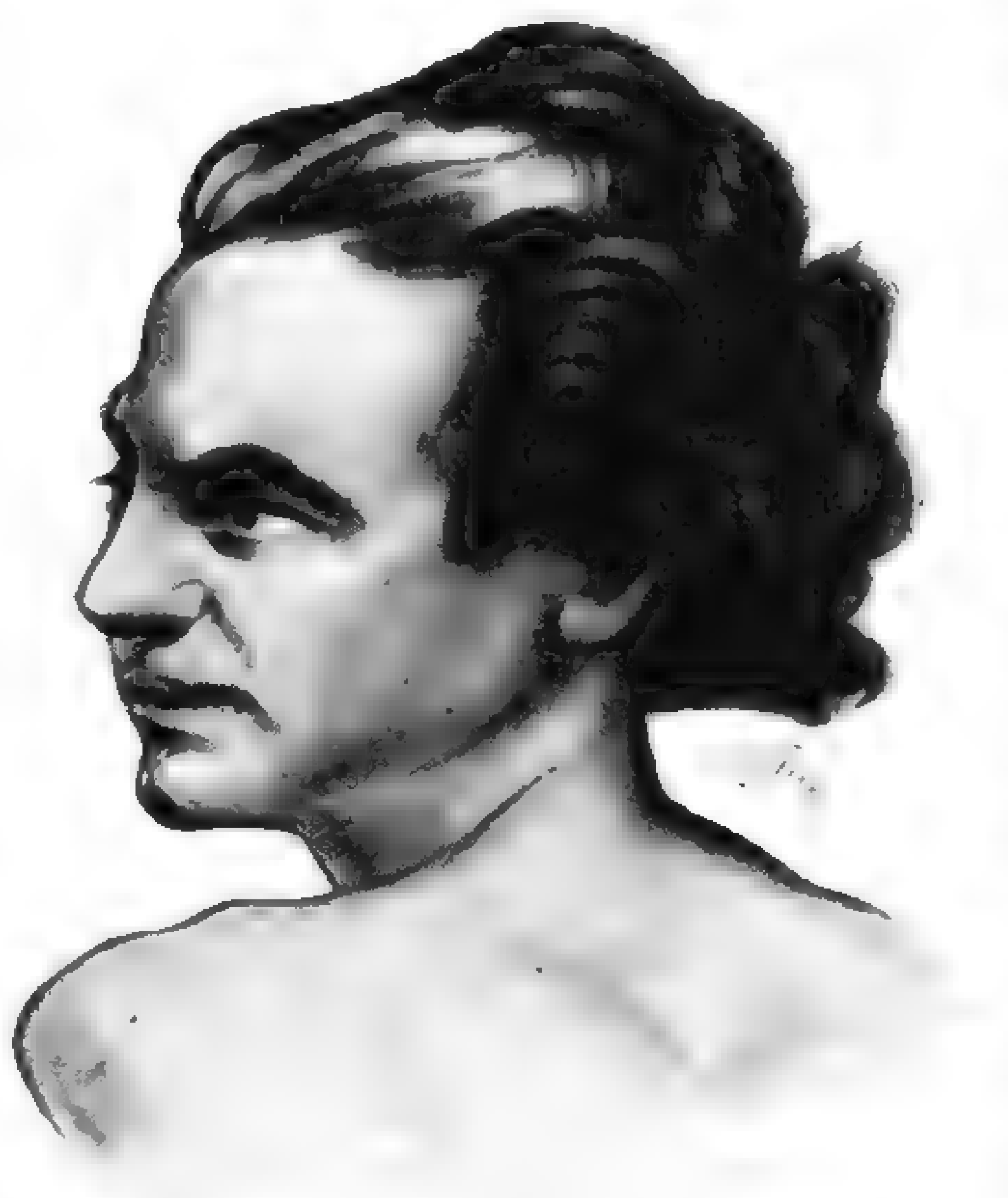
The Maestro has been here a long time and still has difficulty in learning, let alone understanding the English language. He employs two press agents for that purpose. But Mr. Salmaggi is the genius behind the publicity.

Opera at popular-price is an obsession with the Maestro. He once announced to the press: "With the $150,000 subsidy that the Metropolitan Opera Association receives, I could run opera for a whole year and charge nothing for seats." The stars in Mr. Salmaggi's company receive about twenty-five dollars a performance. If the box-office receipts are low, they're lucky to get fifteen dollars. It all depends on the house.

From the wild Abruzzi region of Italy—that probably explains his long shock of black hair—the Maestro arrived here with an opera troupe when he was only fourteen years old. It's hard to get him to admit his age. It's somewhere between thirty-five and sixty. He looks thirty-five when the house is full.

Mr. Salmaggi's studio at Radio City is resplendent with ancient glory. The walls are decorated with thirty-four music diplomas, numerous decorations and busts of famous singers of another day. The Maestro has ten children, including two sets of twins. None of them can sing. When not engaged in presenting the musical drama, the Flatbush impresario teaches voice. All of his pupils invariably end up in his company. That also explains a good deal of Mr. Salmaggi's success with opera at popular prices.

He's had more than his share of misfortune in his twenty years of operatic venture. But the last five years have been kind ones, despite the onslaught of the popular spring season at the Metropolitan where the top price is three dollars. The crowded assemblages at the Hippodrome are witness to Mr. Salmaggi's financial success even though the Maestro is forever exclaiming: "I loosa my shirt but art she must be served." His present run at the Hippodrome is his fifth.



The top price is ninety-nine cents and that means the best seat in the house. For fifty cents, you sit in the first balcony, and for a quarter, heavenwards. And if it's your lot to sit in the upper regions, you do not have to worry about the soprano's tonal production. If her voice is not widely ranged, the amplifiers do the trick. There's something like a half-dozen of them in front of the uplifted platform, which, in the impresario's mind, constitutes a stage.

At the Metropolitan, the production has artistic finish. Sets are in strict accord with the tradition of the work. Scores are not cut to accommodate the lapses of a singer's memory. (Very often Mr. Salmaggi has to cut the score.)

The auditors at the Hippodrome are outspoken—decidedly so. When a tenor is not exactly up to par, someone up in the last row of the balcony will shout, "Lousy." That descriptive adjective calls for a choral accompaniment. An over-excited Italian—Caruso to him was the last word in good singing—will shout "Bah!" There are no favorites when the singer has an off night. A well-varied assortment of boos.

There was the occasion when the star baritone of the company failed to appear. Over the telephone—several minutes prior to curtain time—he had demanded payment before the presentation. It seems Mr. Salmaggi can't pay the cast until his share of the box-office receipts are given to him after the first act.

Mr. Salmaggi had to make a last minute substitution. Without a chance of warming his voice, the nervous baritone slipped into a costume, stepped out on the stage, and began the perennial Prologue to *Pagliacci*. The audience made no secret of its displeasure. The boos reached such a swelling crescendo that the orchestra could not be heard. The baritone was a brave man. He finished his aria and then remarked: "You think I'm bad, wait 'til you hear the tenor." He was right.

Something always happens in *Pagliacci*. The announcement that the Leoncavallo work will be given always brings a packed house and that means an assemblage of 5,200 persons.

At the last production of *Pagliacci*, it happened in the first act. Canio, the blighted hero, led the cart, drawn by the donkey, out on the stage, and began his aria, a sorrowful tale of the pending events. Mr. Canio was just about to reach the proverbial but always questioned high C when the donkey fulfilled a functional urge.

Out came a stage hand with a shovel. Undaunted, Canio finished his aria to storming applause. The applause was well merited, not because the singer was so good, but because he was in the eyes of the approving crowd, a fighter. Tenors, Hippodrome audiences strongly believe, are temperamental for some reason. This tenor didn't let the social indiscretion of a donkey faze him.

And so if you want comic-relief in the tragic music-drama, the Hippodrome is the place. Someone once called Mr. Salmaggi's productions "circus opera." The Maestro was indignant. "I put on *Pagliacci* without a tenor, and *Carmen* without a soprano, but I be damned if I can put either one without a donkey." When the Maestro presents *Aida* or *Carmen*, you're bound to receive a double return for your money—opera as well as a circus.

He recently presented *Aida* at Madison Square Garden as an added attraction for a rally of Local 89 of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Came the triumphal scene in the second act, which is the Maestro's claim to operatic glory. Rhadames, the hero, led the victorious Egyptians. Followed a parade of four elephants, four camels, and twenty horses. The procession was not on the stage. It filed through the audience on the main floor of the Garden by means of separating "lanes" between rows of chairs. A good time was had by all.

Mike Jacobs, the impresario of fisticuffs, has had his share of success with boxing bouts at the Hippodrome. Mr. Jacobs is the little fellow with the big paunch and the cigar in the mouth. He's always causing the Garden a lot of trouble by signing up some pugilist that the Garden wants. Mr. Jacobs is the lessee of the Hippodrome. He specializes only in prize fights.

And that gave Mr. Salmaggi another idea,

Continued in center of page 188

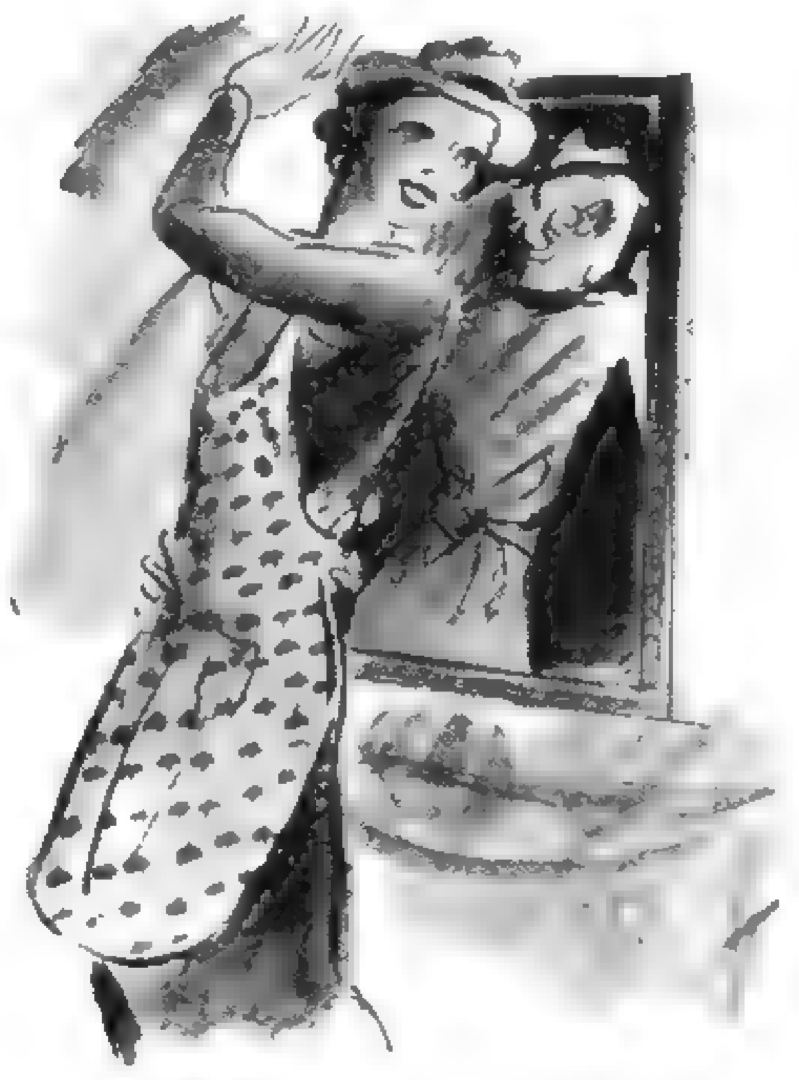
The Trial Subscription

They'd been a normal, happy little family, but they couldn't make any sort of adjustment to The Magazine

by ALBERT L. SCHANE

▪ SATIRE ▪

It all started because Mr. E, in a melting mood, clipped a coupon, and got Elizabeth a six months subscription to The Magazine for her birthday. Before "The Blight," as he sometimes refers to it now at the Club, struck them, he and Liz and the two little boys were getting along fine.



"You'd never think, would you, that a few colored pictures of girls in funny hats could reduce a man's married life to a shambles," he has been heard to soliloquize wistfully, over his solitary Scotch and soda.

It seems, from what Mr. E has been muttering, that the initial symptoms appeared at the beginning of March. He and Elizabeth were sitting in the living room, as they always did after dinner, and the little boys were upstairs, quietly manufacturing snow with their chemical set.

Mrs. E was reading the first issue of The Magazine, which had arrived that day. As Mr. E has good reason to recall, there was a picture on the cover of a large red mitten, a diamond bracelet, a bureau drawer, and a stuffed bird, with the name of The Magazine scrawled absent-mindedly in one corner. He even remembered thinking it pretty silly at the time, but it turned out that on the first page it was all explained as being merely the "impression," by the man who drew it, of what women were going to be wearing that season.

As Mr. E later described it, a peculiar, tense quiet made him look up over his paper at about ten o'clock, and he saw his wife sitting in the chair staring straight ahead of her. The Magazine was open in her lap, and Mr. E says, the expression in her eyes was like he'd never seen it—strange, and sort of bright. Then, as if she was in a kind of daze, she laid The Magazine on the end table, and went upstairs without saying a word.

Partly out of curiosity, and, admittedly, shaken by the singular gleam in his wife's eye, Mr. E went over and looked at the opened pages. In large, bullying type, at the head of a long column, were printed the words, "THIS SEASON *YOU MUST!*" and under that, a whole list of sentences preceeded by dashes, that were supposed to finish off the line, "—clap Schiaparelli's amusing new pillbox, made entirely of freshly-cut rhododendrons, over your foolish curls for gala evenings," "—swirl demurely through your leisure hours in one of Maggy Rouff's gallant little housecoats of pailletted dimity," and a lot more that Mr. E can't recall.

On the following page, though, he read a few lines that he thought sounded rather sullen, beginning "We like gold that glitters. We love spangles, feathers, lace, and beads. We're mad about jewelry, ermine, and gold braid." He was just looking at some of the colored photographs, which he thought very pretty, when he heard faint, banging noises issuing from one of the bedrooms. It sounded to him as if boxes were being pulled down. At first he thought it was the little boys, but when he went upstairs prepared to be angry, he found them sound asleep, and aside from a strange odor, which he figured was the snow, everything was all right.

When he looked into their room, however, he realized that it was Elizabeth. She had the whole closet turned out, and her last spring's dresses and hats strewn around in an awful mess. She was just getting at the bureau drawers as he came in, flinging things on the floor as if she was in a fever. Once or twice she'd hold up an old blouse, or a faded hat, glare at it with her brows contracted, and then thrust it impatiently into a hat box she had next to her. When Mr. E spoke to her, she seemed not to hear, and then she finally said "Go away" in an absent kind of voice.

She didn't get to bed till very late, and, Mr. E says, she tossed all night.

Well, the following evening when he came home, Mr. E noticed a lot of packages piled up in the foyer, and the living-room furniture was all switched around. Elizabeth was wearing a long, cretonne dress with a wide skirt, and, according to Mr. E, she seemed to be out of breath, and kept moving around the room, touching everything.

The colored girl, Ramona, who came in three afternoons, looked even more disagreeable than usual, and Mr. E suddenly saw it was on account of a fluted doily she had pinned to her hair.

Dinner, he says, was very peculiar. Some kind of rice with a sharp tasting sauce, and funny, thin crackers that appeared to be made out of straw. One of the little boys choked on the crackers and had to be sent to bed.

But Elizabeth didn't seem to notice anything. There was a vase of daffodils in the center of the table, and she kept talking all through dinner about a sad looking little man on the Avenue (Mr. E guessed that she'd been downtown) that she'd bought them from, and how she spoke to him for nearly half an hour, and he told her that he played the cello, and had a little girl who was studying to be an opera singer. She laughed a great deal, and kept flinging her arms over her head as if she was excited about something.

It was about this time that the other little boy excused himself, and went glumly back to his snow.

After dinner, Mr. E heard Elizabeth in the bedroom again. She'd opened the packages, and an assortment of feathers, colored ribbons, and buttons were laid out on her dressing table. Mr. E watched her arrange the feathers on her last year's hats, and then try them on, smiling into the glass in a sad sort of way. Her eyes still had that peculiar gleam, and her cheeks were flushed.

After Mr. E got to bed, he saw her go downstairs and out the front door with a soup bowl in her hand, which puzzled him. But it was all explained away when, early the next morning, he looked out of the window, and saw her standing on the lawn in her bare feet, washing her face with the dew that had accumulated in the bowl over-

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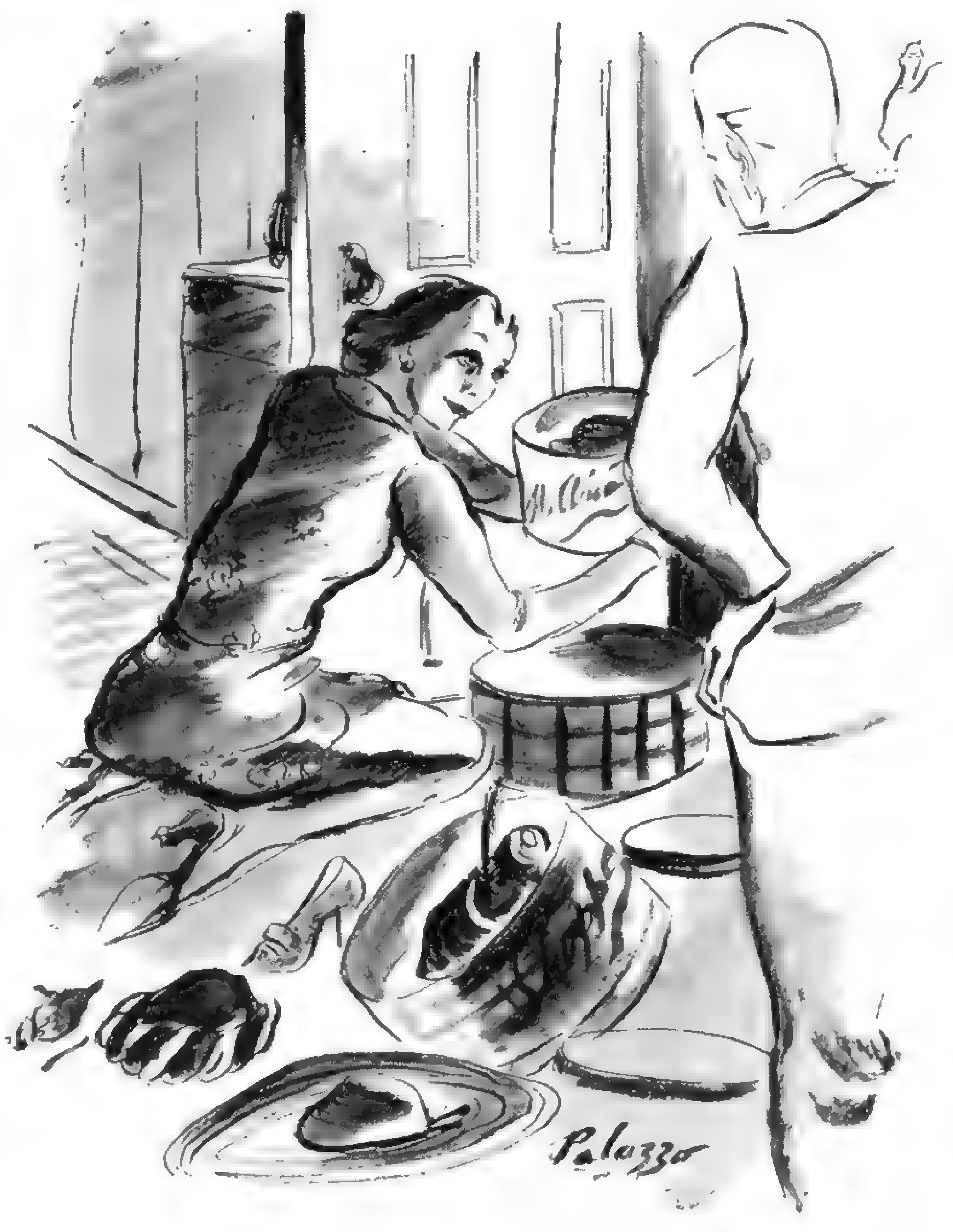
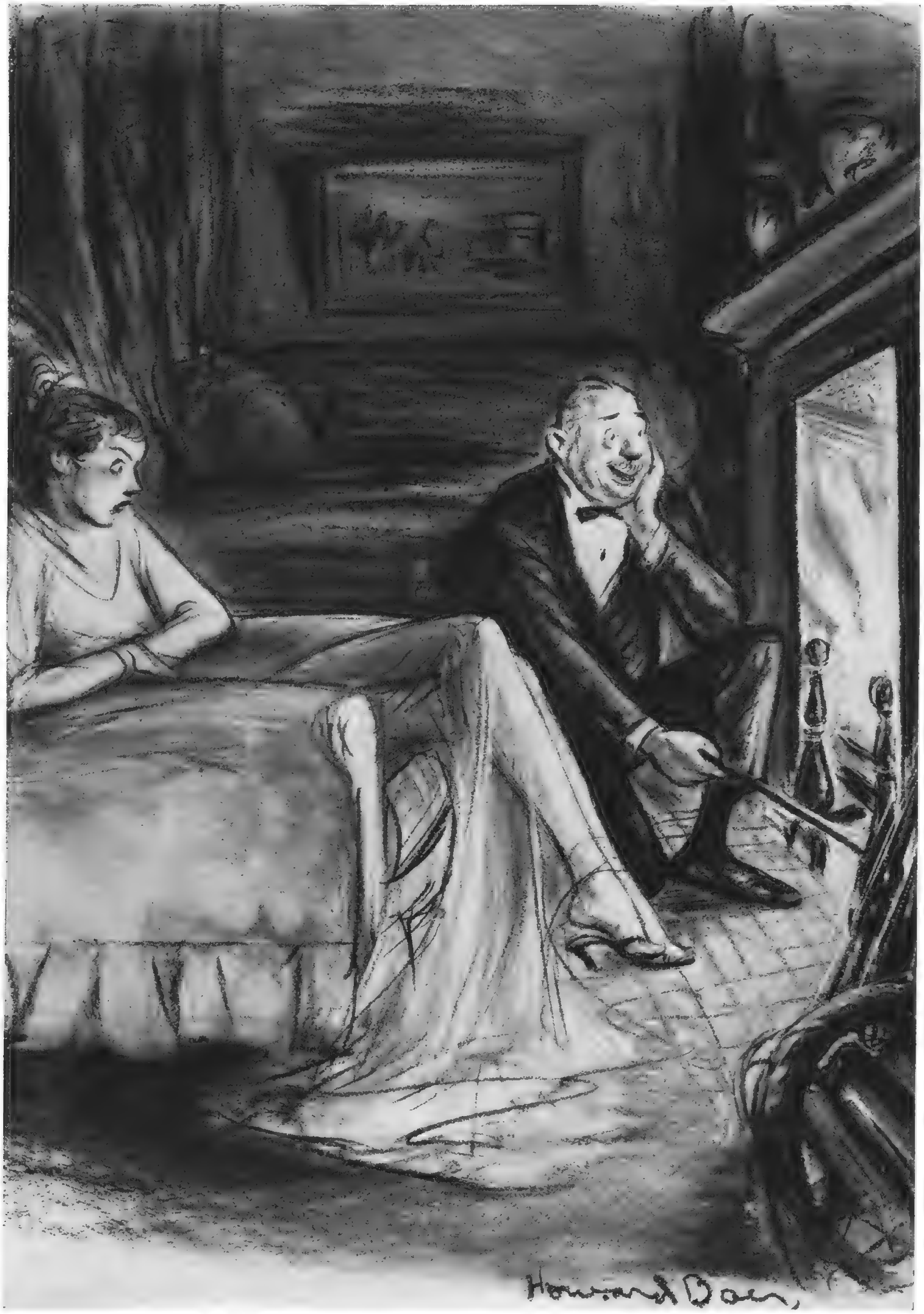
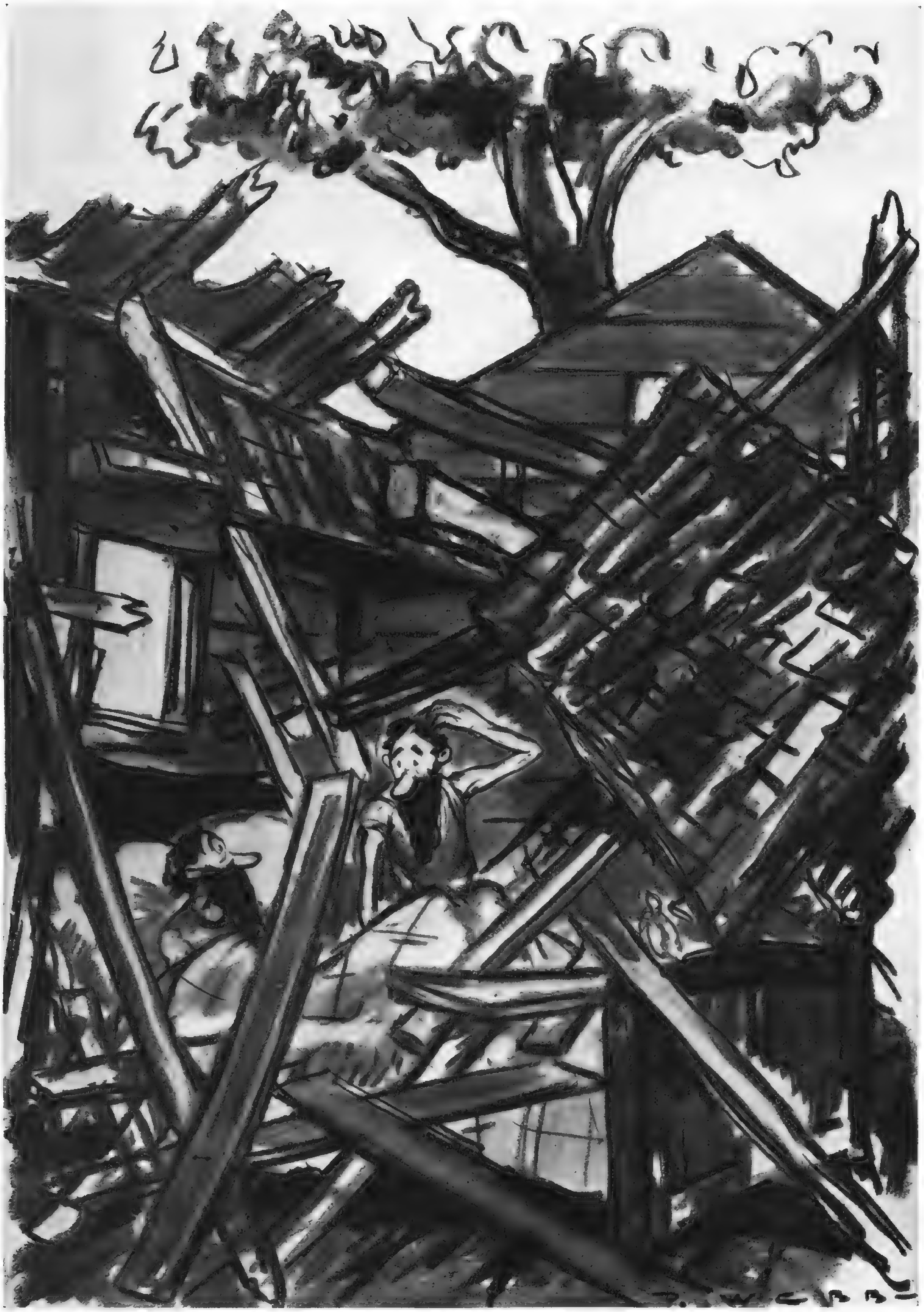




"Do you know what would be perfect now—marshmallows!"



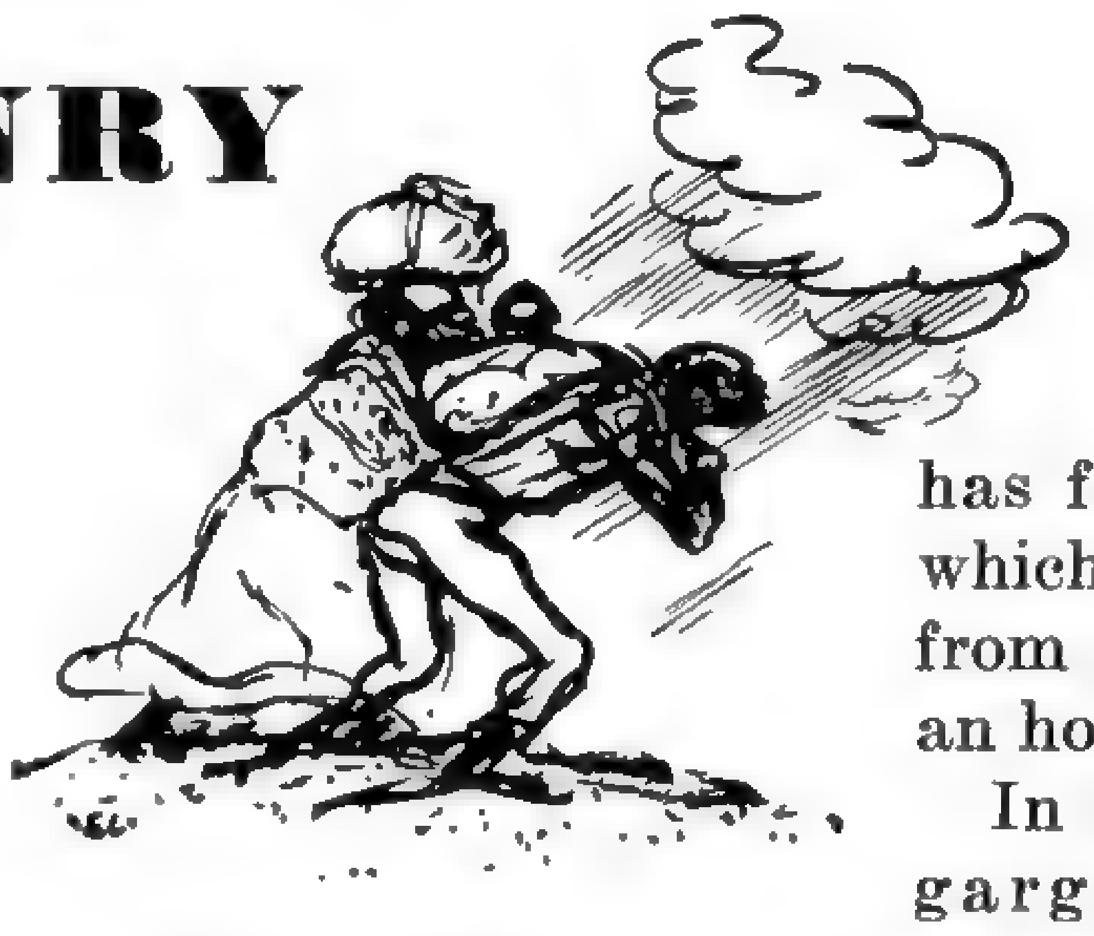
"Shucks—Ah slept fine up 'til the time the damn roof fell in—After that ah jest kinda dozed—D'ya 'spose it's time to git up?"

Notes on a Hurricane

And after the wind has died down, you're so amazed that you're still alive, you're obliged to get stinko

by BRUCE HENRY

▪ ARTICLE ▪



Somewhere along the southern Atlantic coast of the United States a hurricane will strike, this fall, bringing with it death, destruction, misery and one of the strangest phenomena in the complex structure of human behaviorism—mass Bacchanalia.

The first part of this rather grim prediction is simply a bet on the law of averages, which in the past fifty years has never failed to send annually at least one West Indian howler inland from the sea. The latter part is somewhat less than scientific, for so far as is recorded no psychologist has recognized or catalogued the peculiar effect of hurricanes on man's morals. Axel Munthe, physician, came close to hitting the mark when he set down his own unnatural lust for the body of a nun during a disease plague in Italy, and told about it in his Story of San Michele.

He ascribed the atavism to Nature, reasoning that the procreative instinct is aroused in direct proportion to the encroachment of death, thus aiming at a balance between lives lost and lives begun. Plague and hurricane may possibly give rise to an identical atavism, for the results are startlingly similar. Yet a plague is a slow thing of creeping horror, while a hurricane . . .

Well, a hurricane, like being shot, is one of those things you must experience to understand. It is not just a violent storm, a meteorological cataclysm, it is an emotional third degree from which no one ever emerges quite the same mentally, even though bodily he may have suffered not at all.

Granted, with a 150 m.p.h. wind howling about one's ears, and with the roof of one's house flapping like a bald man's toupee, cold observance of reaction and reflex is not a little difficult, especially when the observer is quite certain he will presently be blown clean to hell. Yet having been huffed and puffed about by one major and sundry minor hurricanes, I find it possible to present certain data which may aid more astute analysts to deduce why excessive winds accompanying a tropical disturbance figuratively cause dowagers to turn nymphomaniac and send parsons reeling through the streets under a load of Jamaica rum.

This hurricane which temerity says will strike the coast this fall, stands one chance in twenty of hitting Miami, Florida. The city is chosen purely as a clinical example, for it is in such a cosmopolitan center that the psychological effects of a tropical disturbance can best be studied.

And "tropical disturbance" it always is in Miami. The two Chambers of Commerce and city fathers have no such word as hurricane in their lexicon—they'll not even term it "williwaw" as the Australians do, though in justice to the city it must be said that Miami takes hurricanes in its stride and bounces back for more, no matter how it splits hairs in the matter of terminology.

If even Miami newspapers observe the taboo until the weather bureau officially announces a disturbance has reached hurricane intensity—by which time nobody gives a damn anyway because everyone is too busy trying to keep his back hair on—it is because the disillusioned editors know too well the amazing effect of the term on poor, unstable homo sapiens. Let "hurricane" even be hinted at in the public prints of Miami, and a hundred telephone operators cannot begin to cope with the flood of calls which pour in. Your Miamian, like your resident of New York, Chicago, Ypsilanti or Towpatch, Texas, is convinced that newspapermen are perambulatory encyclopediae and automatically know what should be done to protect the mango tree in the back yard and whether it's true that a hurricane is a visitation from God upon wicked and unrepentant peoples. In fact, hours before a hurricane strikes it is possible to study the mental miasma which seeps through the city. In a single afternoon preceding one hurricane, for example, The Miami *Daily News* answered close to 3,500 questions, most of which were similar to that asked by a frightened lady who wanted to know if the storm would kill the goldfish in her patio fountain.

Briefly a hurricane is any wind having a speed in excess of seventy-five miles per hour, according to the Beaufort scale. It moves in a circle, revolving counter-clockwise. It also has forward movement which may vary in rate from six to fifteen miles an hour.

In effect it is like a gargantuan vacuum cleaner, pulling toward it air which rushes up a central spout.

Without going into the causes of hurricanes, which meteorologists now conclude can be traced to solar radiation drop and sun spots, it is enough to say that a typical West Indian disturbance such as the one which killed 545 C. C. C. men in the Florida Keys on Labor Day, 1935, the killer of 2,000 at West Palm Beach in 1928, and the granddaddy of them all which practically razed Miami on September 18, 1926, is the most destructive wind known. Fortunately, through high development of aeromancy and meteorology, they advertise their presence well in advance of their appearance, and if the citizenry takes proper precautions are physically no more dangerous to a city than any other storm. In truth, their viciousness seems to lie more in their effect on reason than on real estate. Chimneys can be rebuilt, roofs replaced, windows reglazed, but it is not so easy to repair a brain which has had its darkest corners blown open.

It is worth noting that natives of the lesser Bahamas—Eleuthera, Cat Island, San Salvador, Great Exuma and their neighbors, are among the most immoral and shiftless people in the world. Around those islands hurricanes blow four months each year. Houses are constructed so that the first puff will promptly lay them flat—thus preserving the boards from destruction and enabling the resigned owner to rebuild easily. These natives, Conchs, though living in the heart of tropical fertility, neither farm nor keep herd. They live in filth, squalor and promiscuity.

Without thought of any comparison between the unfortunate Conchs and the enterprising folk of Miami, a glance at the hurricane map which you will find on the wall of most Florida homes (printed and distributed, incidentally, by a foresighted Miami mortician) will show why the gem of Florida is an excellent laboratory for our clinical research. Its geographic position puts it in the potential path of practically every tropical disturbance which originates in the Caribbean doldrums, birthplace of most West Indian hurricanes, and while the path of a hurricane is practically unpredictable and there is a standing reward of $1,000 waiting for anyone who can chart it accurately twenty-four hours in advance, Miami is the one city of any consequence in the United States where hurricane scares are

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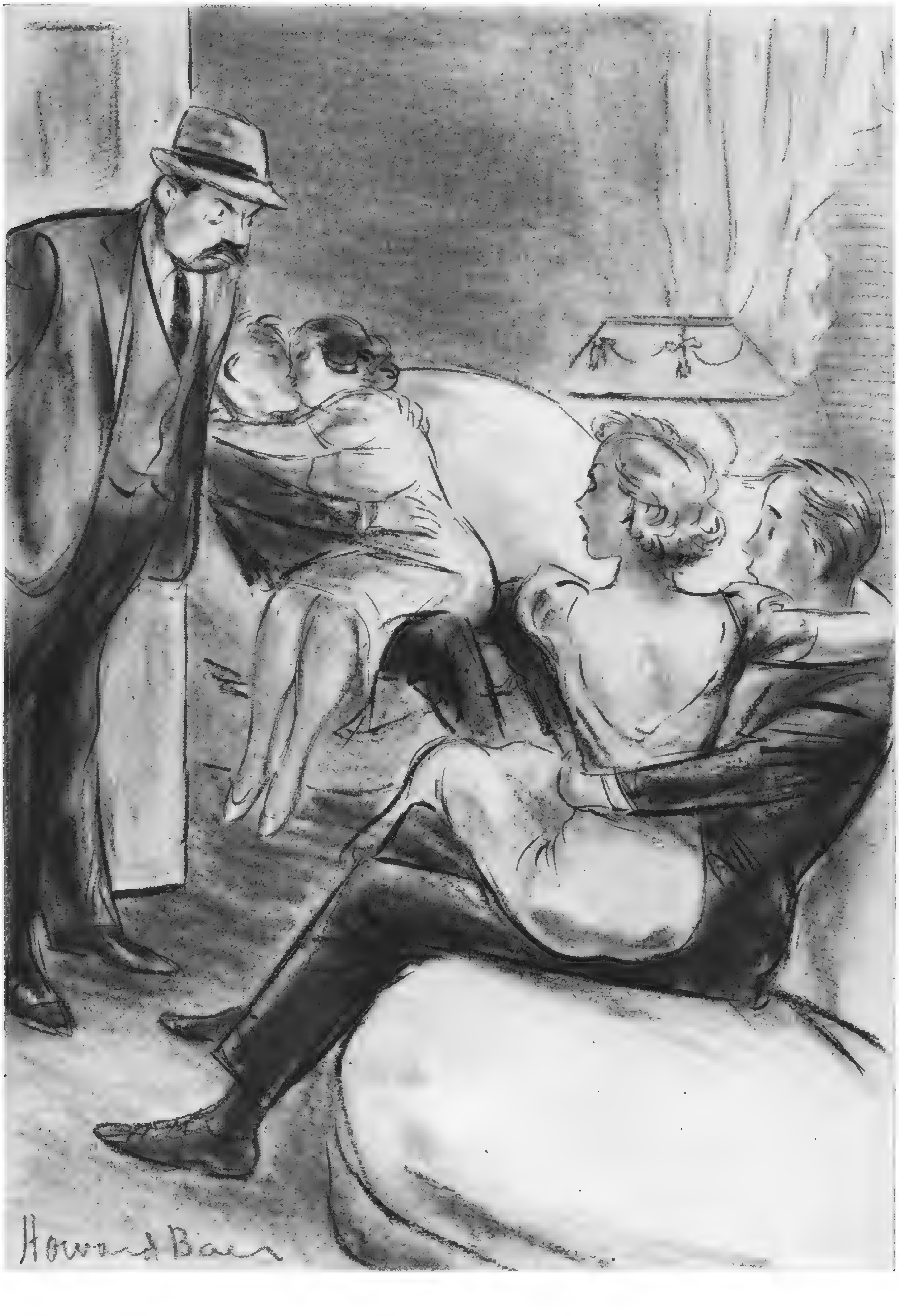
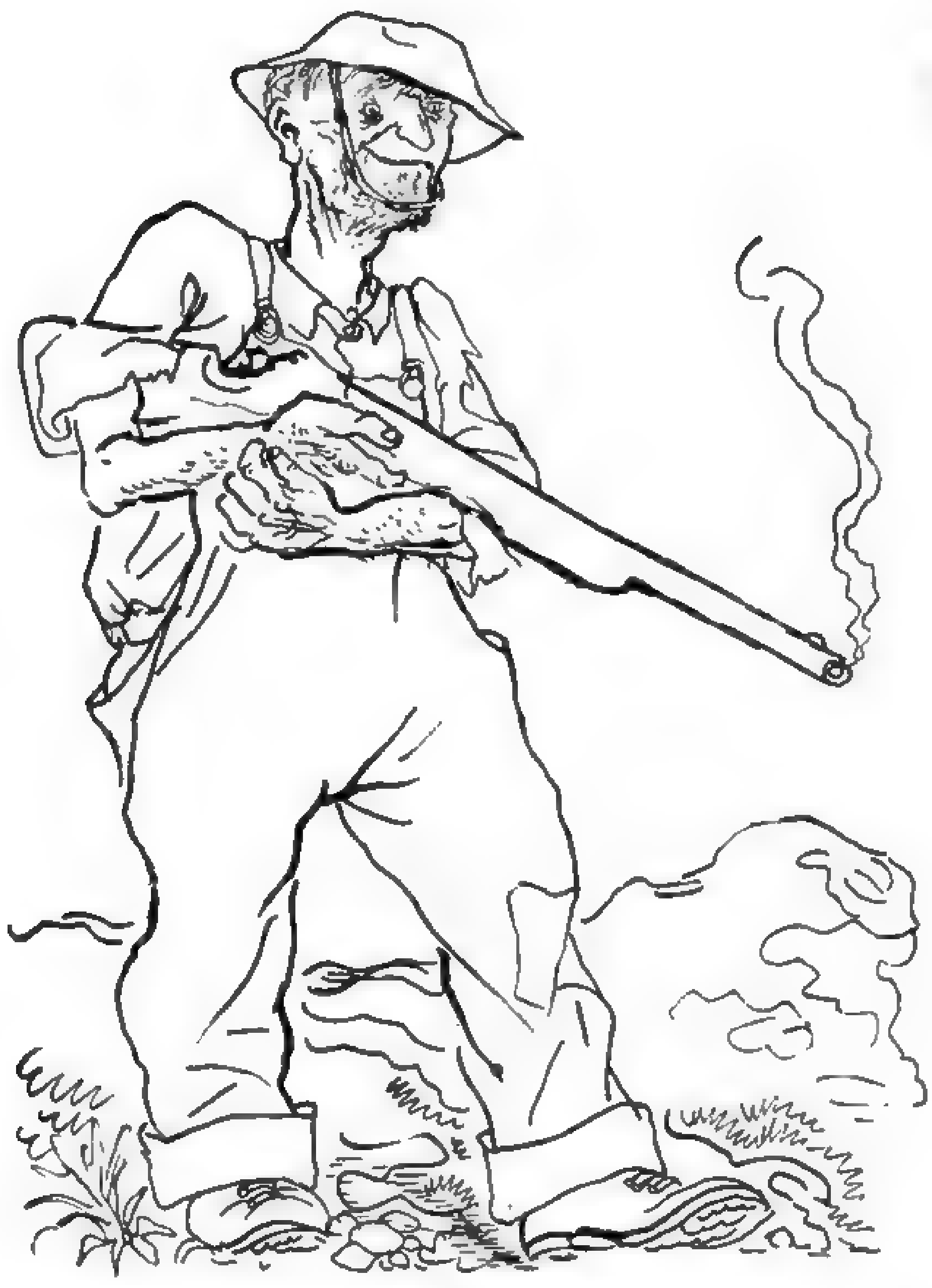

Howard Baer

"Now, papa, don't get mad at mama. I had a double date and she's helping me out"

Off the Highway

In a real war they pep you up with propaganda, but this was a mock war staged by a maniac



by IRA WOLFERT

FICTION

WHAT he heard first was the tap of the bullet against the rock. Then the crack of the rifle came to him, something bright, sharp, a noise that leaped into the air. Then the soft, endless silence of a drowsy morning in June. And as he lay pressed flat with fear, he could hear the suck and gurgle of his own blood and hear his heart beat like a fist through his chest against the earth.

He had been looking exactly where the bullet struck—a little scuffed up pile of dust and gravel, yellow, gray, brown, all white now in the bright sun and the pile suddenly had been snatched from under his eyes, vanishing abruptly with a scuttling sound. The dust had risen into the air in a bodiless mound, as if stretching; had hung motionless for a moment in the windless air and then had muttered down, looking like a cloud stooping under a puff of wind.

"My God," he thought. "Oh my holy Jesus God," and lowered his face into the dust of the earth.

The sput of dust had bellied due north and he knew the man who was shooting at him was firing from the south. He couldn't see him. He lay in a scoop of earth behind a huge, flat slab of rock whose tip, protruding from the earth, formed a natural parapet, and he was afraid to look over it, afraid he would draw more of this crazy, remorseless fire. How he had gotten there he did not know, except hastily, in bounding, scrambling terror. He had been there ten minutes.

A half-hour before his car had run out of gasoline on a dirt road crossing scrub country—dead trees standing naked in stone-littered fields, no houses, the horizon scraggly with stunted woods, weeds growing seedily among the stones, thistles, burrs, the rusted carcass of a car, its front wheels off, its motor squatting on the earth. He had waited a long time, peering down and up the road, listening for the sound of an oncoming car or wagon or person, hearing nothing except the rustle of the world living out of sight. He spread paper before sitting on the running board, hiking up his pants carefully, careful of the crease. He was a salesman and had to look neat for his customers.

Then he tired of reading the small items in the newspaper and started to worry about finishing up his route, about Harry Barton up in Titusville closing up his store for lunch before he could take his order and about having to wait around in Titusville for Harry to come back and fill in his stock of canned goods and packaged cakes and bacon and the wait making him late for the rest of the route so that he would have to come back over it again the next day and waste half a day just getting to three or four stores. So he put away his paper, folding it neatly and stowing it on the shelf in the back of his two-seated business coupe to save the comics for his children. My holy cats, he thought, if it was up to them kids they'd run up a newspaper bill that would keep me broke just to get the funnies. Was it three or four or five miles back that he had seen the gasoline pump standing out in front of a general store at a crossroads? He couldn't remember. He came over this way so seldom. He thought maybe he would pass a house before then and borrow a quart or a gallon of gasoline and pay for—pay extra for it, too. Time is money, he told himself.

So he started walking down the road, a thin, youngish man with pouched eyes, his brown eyes soft and tired over the sagging pouches and his chin drooping under his mouth, his nose soft and pudgy down his small, weak, pale face. A thin, youngish man with a faintly fussy manner, something old-maidish about the prim, firm way he held his arms, not tall enough to be tall, not short enough to be short, walking down a rutted country road through rocky, scrub country, twelve and four-tenths miles from the town of Emmitsville, Pa., population 8001, the one being the owner of the mill when he came down from the New York office, on a day in June of 1936 when the Spanish war was still a plot and Mrs. Simpson a rumor behind the backs of certain manicured hands. A thin, youngish man dressed in square-cut, sober, unobtrusive, cheap store clothes, no stain on the vest, no wrinkle in the collar, picking his feet up high and setting them down gently to avoid raising dust. Once he started, he walked rapidly with the quick, short steps of the man accustomed to the crowds on city sidewalks.

Then he heard a shot and he stopped at once, curious, eyes alert, neck stiff, a human animal cocked to hear. And then he heard another shot, the bullet smacking flat against a dead tree trunk not five feet from him. "Hey," he yelled, feeling foolish because he couldn't see at whom he was yelling. His voice came mangled through his throat. There was another shot, stinging low over his head, splashing loose a flutter of twigs. He wasn't ashamed to yell after that. "Hey," he yelled, "what the hell do you think you're doing?" Then there came two shots in quick succession. One of them sputtered along the dirt before his feet and the second bullet brushed him with a cone of air.

He started running then down the road and the bullets kept coming after him, two, three, four of them, and he cut off the road and went bounding blindly over swollen, hard tufts of earth and rock, gravel dusting up from his heels, and flung himself behind the ridge of stone into the scoop of earth.

There he lay, his breath whistling, his thoughts panicked. What was happening? God Almighty, what in The Hell was happening? Who was shooting at him? Why should anybody shoot at him? What kind of a lousy Goddamn fool kind of a Goddamn joke was this anyway? "Hey," he yelled, "Hey, you Goddamn fool," and stopped and heard his voice sink into silence. He waited a minute in the drowzy, warm, white sunlight and yelled, "Hey," again and then raised his head over the parapet. For a moment he could see nothing. Then far off he saw a man in blue overalls and trench helmet wriggling along the ground toward him, inching along a rifle as he wriggled.

Warily the salesman stood up and said, "Hey mister, hey mister," and waited and added querulously, "what the hell you think you're shooting at?" The man stopped wriggling and lifted his head. He poised that way a moment. Then he brought the rifle to his shoulder and the salesman flung himself back into his scoop of earth.

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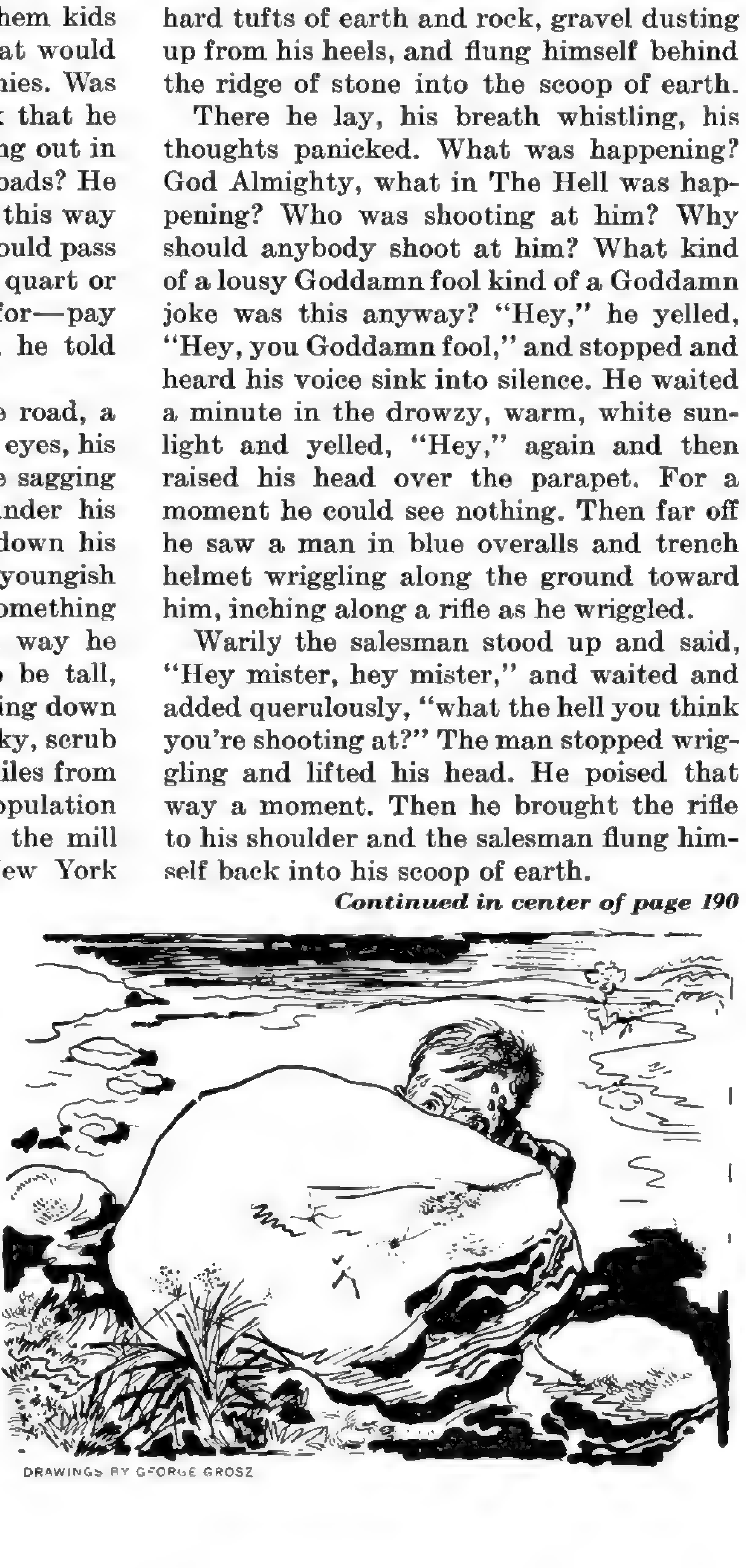


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

To Beat the Races

Without becoming a horse-owl or spending more money than anyone can afford for a mere avocation

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

In the 1600's and 1700's a number of Eastern stallions were brought into England by the Stuart kings and private individuals; then began and continued the process of developing and improving the thoroughbred type of horse used today all over the world for racing under saddle. The first English (Epsom) Derby was won in May, 1780, by Sir Charles Bunbury's colt Diomed. This horse was brought to Virginia in 1799, when more than twenty years old. There, in 1805, he sired Sir Archy, who in turn sired Timoleon, sire of Boston. Boston was taken from Virginia to Kentucky and there sired Lexington, the great blind stallion who for eighteen years, sixteen of them in succession, led the male thoroughbreds of the country in point of money earned by the sons and daughters of each. The blood of Lexington is the foundation of the American thoroughbred on the female side; matings of his daughters, granddaughters and more remote female descendants with native and imported stallions have given us our race-horse of today.

That's an outline—if a mighty sketchy and inadequate one—of the development of the thoroughbred type in England and this country. Let's see, with equal brevity and inadequacy, what the sport of racing now amounts to as a solid economic fact.

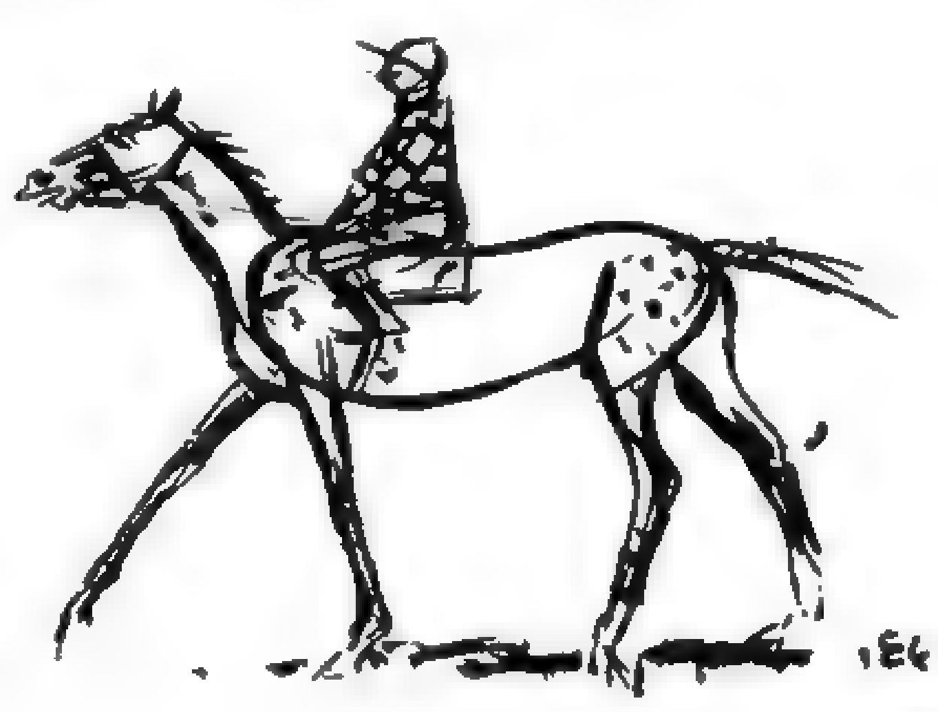
Over 10,000 thoroughbreds are on breeding-farms or in training for racing in this year of grace 1937. Nearly 15,000 races will be programmed and run at dozens of tracks. In the aggregate, 10,000,000 persons or more will pay admissions and attend. They will bet through the mutuel-machines in about twenty states nearly $300,000,000—and this total will not include $50,000,000-$75,000,000 wagered at the five larger tracks in New York where the hand-book mode of betting is employed and totals cannot be ascertained. It is a most conservative estimate that for every dollar hazarded legally at the tracks $10-$20 are wagered away from the tracks in pool-rooms and with street-corner bookies, so that $3,000,000,000-$6,000,000,000 will be bet on the horses in the United States in 1937.

These are astronomical figures—but only one unfamiliar with the facts can deny their general accuracy. A reader having the smallest personal acquaintance with the extent of race-play today will not hesitate to accept them.

The huge annual revolving-fund of betting dollars, of course, is what maintains the sport—establishes and maintains breeding-farms, feeds and ships horses from track to track, pays their trainers, handlers and jockeys, pays purses to winning horse-owners, builds tracks and grandstands and pays taxes, maintenance and all employes—in short, keeps the whole thing going. The only other substantial contribution, not made by the betting public as such and by way of losses, is that of wealthy men and women who breed and race as a sport and put into the game much more than they ever take out of it by way of prices of horses sold or purses and bets won.

Drain on the dollars of the betting public for maintenance of the sport has called into being the axiom or truism that the races can't be beaten—and the truism is a truth insofar as the entire betting public is concerned. As a whole it must lose enough money to keep the game going, just as that part of the public which speculates in securities must lose enough to support the complex mechanism of the markets. Through skill or bull luck some few individuals win over a period of time on horses or stocks, but the great majority lose and lose heavily.

The horse-playing John Quince is up against two great handicaps. The first is the flood of selections for races which he can buy for two cents (in a daily newspaper) or fifteen to twenty-five cents (in a scratch-sheet or racing-sheet). If John cannot figure winners for himself he is almost sure to turn to a publication for his plays; the better the horses the greater the number of selectors that will endorse their chances, and the lower the prices they will pay (if they in fact do win) on account of the large amount of public money attracted to them by the mere fact that most of the selectors point them out as probable winners. Such "consensus-horses," so-called, are just about the same thing as favorites in terms of average prices paid by them. Both classes—favorites and consensus-horses—will win over a period of a year not less than thirty and not more than forty per cent of all races, and they will pay on an average not much more than even money. Even-money prices—or a little better—realized on thirty or forty of one hundred bets will not compensate for the amount lost when sixty to seventy bets go down. Hence loss always is incurred over a substantial period of time by a chap who follows public favorites or the choices of a majority of selectors. And, of course, the tendency of one unable to figure winners for himself is to play just those horses endorsed by most selectors on newspapers (racing or other) and on scratch-sheets.



It can be done—but it can't be done profitably.

The second great handicap confronting Johnnie when he finally becomes tired of losing money on favorites and selectors' choices and attempts to pick winners for himself is the fact that he immediately and almost inevitably becomes involved in a handicapping maze of past performances that he only half understands, split-second times that he doesn't know the value of, track-variants that are but approximately accurate, track conditions that he can't be sure of, present form of horses that may be canceled by a colic, weights whose real influence varies with each individual horse, jockeys whose—. But that sentence is plenty long enough; let's leave it hanging in the air.

What I am driving at is, in brief: (1) that you can't possibly make any money by playing selectors' choices or public choices (practically the same thing), and (2) that you can't make any money by attempting to handicap fields for yourself unless you make a serious study and a business of it and spend more time and energy than anyone can afford for a mere avocation. These are facts not only demonstrable but apparent, and it is unnecessary to use more space in emphasizing them.

So much for the negative aspect of the horse-game—that it can't be beaten as most people, as the public, attack it. Now for the positive aspect—that by following sound procedure one can make money playing horses and make it without any great expenditure of time in handicapping (attempting to figure winners).

Over two years ago I became convinced that handicapping in the conventional sense was not worth the candle in any commercial sense. Profits over a year for a considerable number of years had been running from ten to twenty per cent of totals bet, but to get them involved burning the midnight oil from five to eight hours a night and leading the life of a horse-owl. Also I (like all horse-players) every now and then would go into prolonged and catastrophic losing-streaks which shattered morale and propagated grey hairs.

I had been tending, in my handicapping, to lay more and more stress on the element of consistency—demonstrated ability on the part of a horse, when entered against and

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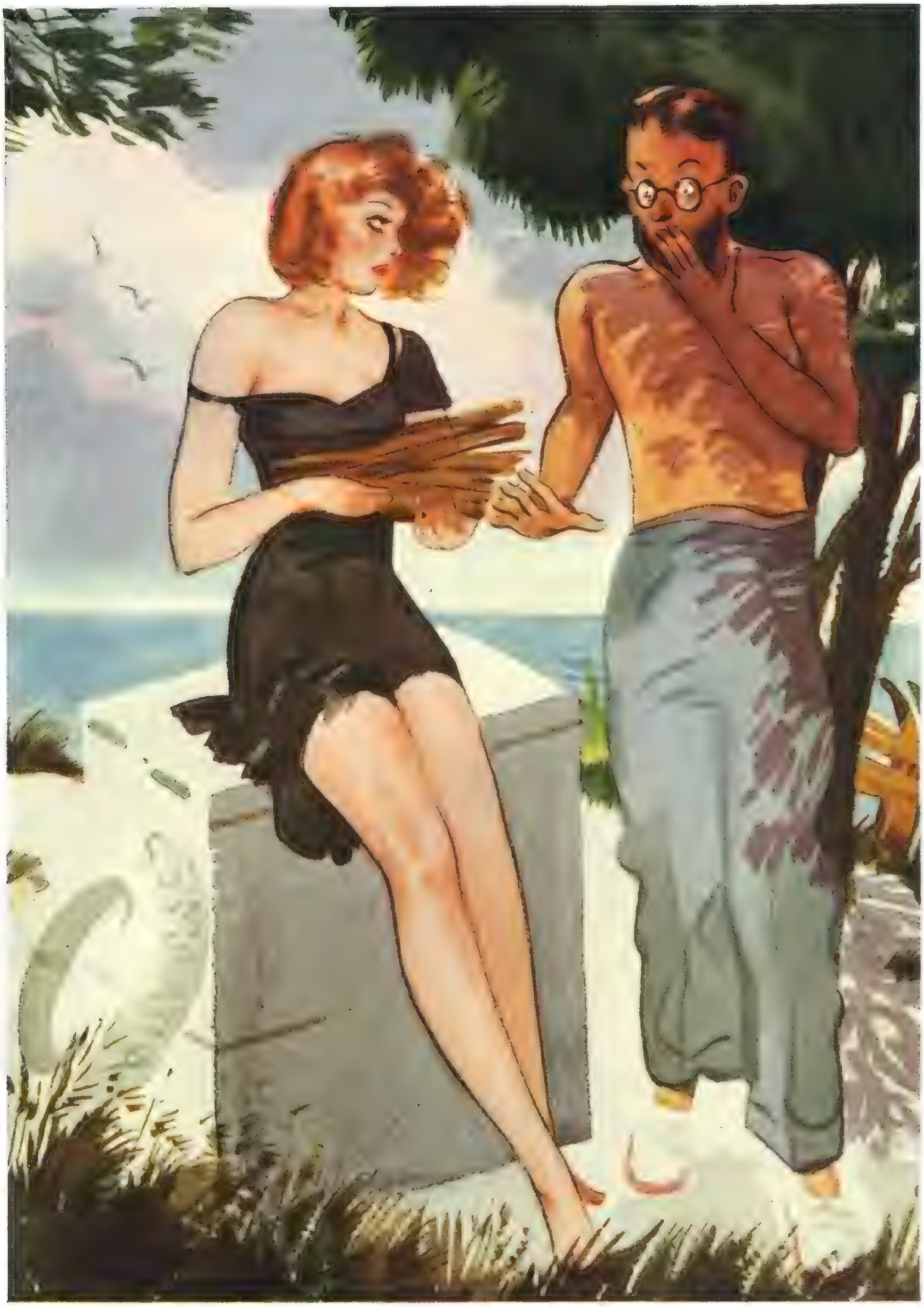
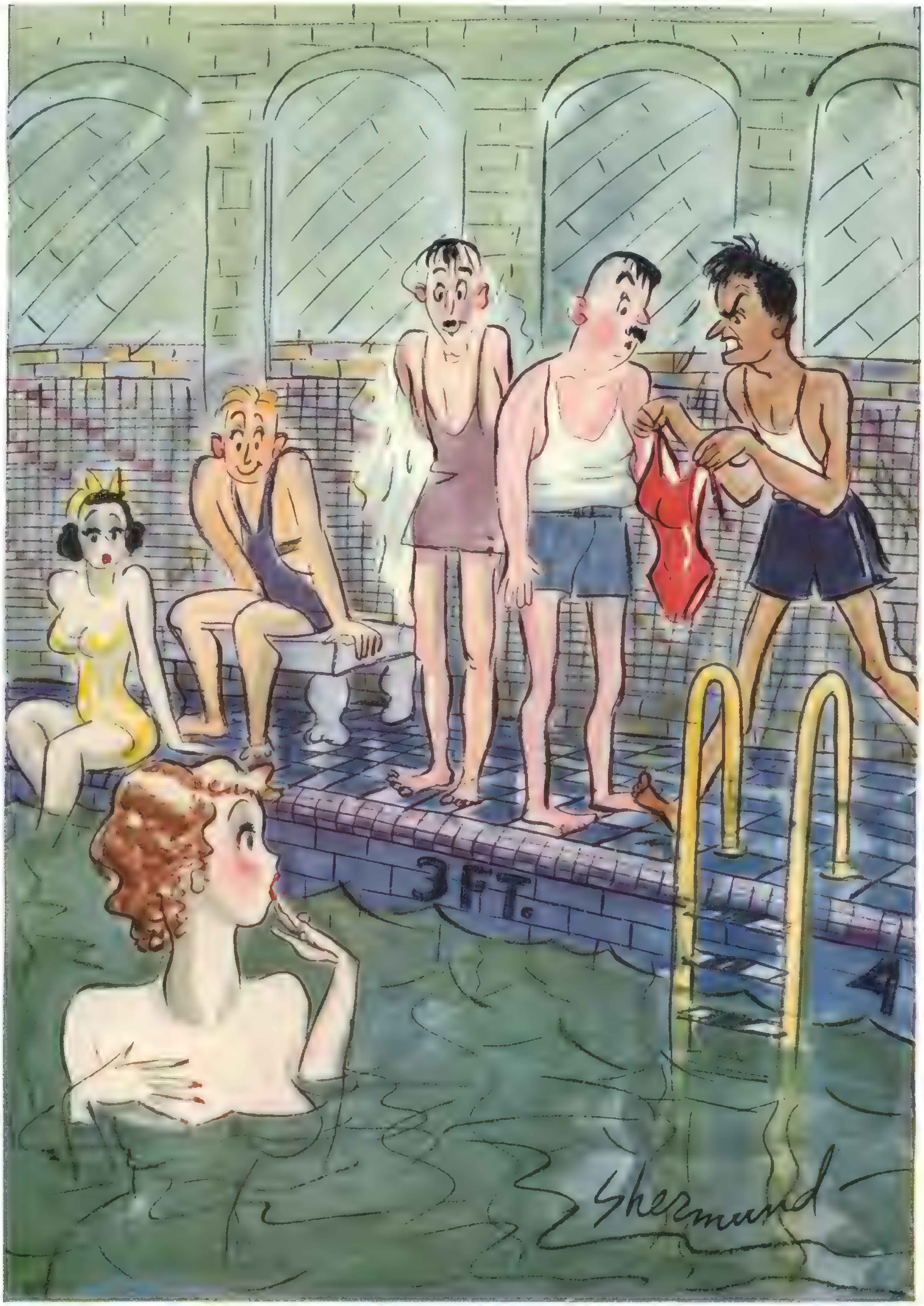


"Don't get near me—I think I'm coming down with a cold."



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"I never saw anyone as absentminded as my wife!"

A Deep Sea Story

A herd leader of whales fights a furious battle, down deep in the sea, with a giant cuttlefish

by PAUL ANNIXTER

▪ FICTION ▪

UPON a fall morning as the mists lifted from the sea, the light disclosed a school of sperm whale basking on the calm waters a mile off the Newfoundland coast. There were nearly thirty members to the herd, mostly young males and cows with their calves, led by three mighty bulls who had the bulk of passenger steamers.

The old schoolmaster himself was an eighty-five-foot monster whose junk when he lay upon the surface, rose fifteen feet out of the water and was covered with scars of battle with others of his kind. In his vast bulk was embedded pounds and pounds of iron from his many encounters with whalers. He was a sagacious leader who had risen to his position through proved superiority. His wisdom had ripened through a hundred years, for the whale shares with the elephant, the carp and the tortoise a century span of life.

The herd was on its long southern migration from the icy waters of the Greenland straits to the South Seas. It was a journey that spanned three-quarters of the world's bulge, through pathless wastes of water, but the whales made it yearly, led by promptings far more mysterious and wonderful than those which guide migrating birds. Here in the teeming waters off the Newfoundland banks they had tarried awhile for the rich feeding that swarmed in the deep abysses beneath. All through the early morning the whales fed and fed on shiny silver cod, and picked up small octopuses from the rocky sea floor.

Then they were sighted from the shore and two fishing schooners came nosing out to snare them as their black backs appeared and disappeared among the swells. But the whales were alert and restless with wanderlust and kept their distance.

One of the schooner captains tried a long shot at last with a harpoon gun he carried in the prow. He aimed at the great leading bull but the clock of the sea was not yet ready to toll for that titan. He was in the act of sounding as the harpoon was fired, and so the barbed shaft merely tore its way across his vast back which was almost as solid and ungiving as reinforced concrete. The wound, though not vital, was extremely painful, and the harpoon struck fast in layers of hide and blubber. With a tremendous flurry every whale in the school went down, and the old leader went down with them, fathom after fathom of line snaking out behind him.

More than two hundred fathoms he dove until the water close about him with a pressure of thousands of pounds, before the harpoon was at last torn loose. And then he came rushing up again with wrath in his heart and all the pressure of the depths behind him.

He shot into the air and fell back again with a crash that shook the world. His little pig-like eyes were red with a rage that was in proportion to his size and the first thing they fell upon was one of the small schooners close by. Like a living volcano he charged it. His intent was to destroy her and he made a thorough job of it, crashing into her broadside, and leaving her stove in and completely capsized on the waves—a thing which has been done to greater ships by smaller sperms many and many a time in the precarious game of whaling.

Tragedy attended upon the old bull's wrath that day, for when he drew off at last with a final tremendous crash of his tail upon the sea, he left a dead man amid the wreckage—old 'Miah Calk, skipper of the ruined ship. Other harpoons were launched at him and many rifle bullets were fired into his vast sides, but it was like shooting air guns at a hippopotamus. When the chaos subsided, the great bull had sounded. At some unguessed signal the entire school had sounded with him, speeding away through the depths, and the fishermen saw their black backs no more.

The herd continued southward and did not stop again until they had reached the warm waters of the Florida Straits. Here, where vast barriers of rock rise up and deflect the Gulf Stream eastward and northward, was another immemorial feeding place of their kind. Along this teeming current the grimmest, swiftest assassins of the sea passed in pageant, hunted or lay in ambush among the rock-fanged caves. Vast tarpon and bonito, the speed kings of the sea, flashed by in ravenous packs. Schools of dolphin basked and played there; swordfish and ten-foot barracuda, their fierce jaws armed with double-edged teeth like a mowing machine, lanced by on the trail of smaller fish, or snaked up suddenly from the depths like lead-gray destroyers.

Here, too, was one of the favorite haunts of the *Decapod*, the great ten-armed squid, big brother to the octopus, and the favorite food of sperm whales. Like vast clouds these bleached monsters drifted through the depths, battening on such prey as descended to their level, for they never came to the surface but dwelt in the lightless abysses near the ocean's floor. Their elongated, sack-like bodies, fitted with fin-like expansions and water siphons by which they blew themselves along, were more jelly than fish. As a matter of fact, they were mere wandering restless appetites whose vast bodies were seething caldrons of digestive juices, with the power to consume food with the rapidity of a furnace.

All day the whales fed on squid and lingered just outside a long barrier reef, nosing in at times to rub and curry their great sides free of limpets and clinging barnacles against the rocks, just as an elephant on land will scratch its rough hide against a tree. One after another they would dive as they caught sight of some pallid form moving through the depths, to come up a few minutes later, jaws filled with writhing gobbets of the boneless prey on which their kind has fed for countless centuries. All were driven by the bottomless hunger of the sea folk, which is beyond the power of earth-born creatures to compass. Their vast throats alone were large enough to swallow two men whole. The more food they consumed, the more energy they were called upon to expend, which in turn called for more fuel again—an endless circle.

The squid possessed no sense of hearing and so they had only their goggle eyes to warn them of danger. They seemed, in fact, to have been made expressly for the regaling of the sperm whale. For that reason, per-

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American Woman Abroad

It's a toss-up which is the worse poison, dowagers with a purpose or young things looking for adventure

by JOHN R. TUNIS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Years ago I had two maiden aunts with time and money on their hands who spent liberally of both in travel. Every few years they would turn up in this country after an extended voyage laden with plunder they had picked up in queer unaccessible spots; rugs from Baluchistan, tiger skins from Uganda or lacquer work from the interior of some Chinese province. In between visits home they would write me letters enclosing stamps which usually took a week to locate correctly in my album.

Over a period of years there didn't seem to be any part of the globe these austere virgins hadn't penetrated. Dressed in stout grey suitings, wearing high buttoned boots, hats smothered in veils, and carrying Boston bags, they wandered unescorted through the Khyber Pass, into the most dangerous parts of what was then German East Africa, or across the regions of Mongolia that were avoided whenever possible by missionaries and traveling salesmen alike. They were short, dumpy, and at the time getting on for fifty. But to a stamp-collecting boy at home they were romantic creatures, daring and adventurous souls with courage to peek into every far forgotten corner of the earth. Now I realize differently.

Because having been round a little myself since those days, and having observed the female of my country on several continents, I realize those two maiden aunts of mine were not quite the admirable amazons they seemed to my boyish fancy years ago. That they were simply a couple of old ladies poking their inquisitive noses into countries who, to put it bluntly, did not desire their presence in the least.

Now I appreciate that my aunts spent their lives bothering our patient consular officials all over Asia, Africa and the Far East, annoying travel agents and trying to push their way into places where facilities were undeveloped and they had no business to be. But they were more than that, those two pestiferous old dames. They were two of the forerunners of the hordes of American women who descend annually upon foreign parts demanding safety, attention and courtesy from people who wish to high heaven they were locked up at home.

Roughly speaking, and with the kind permission of the editor I hope to be a little rough today, the American woman abroad falls into three categories. First there are the ladies with a Purpose. They may be on a mission; to induce Hitler to disarm, to eradicate venereal diseases among the natives of Bonga-Wonga, to make Mussolini a pacifist or convert the Jebel Druse to Christian Science. This group also includes the investigators, the members of societies and organizations, the writers and journalists on a ten-days' tour of Russia who are getting material for a book on the new freedom of women under the Soviet.

The second group usually travels in summer, as a rule in third or tourist-third aboard ship. They are school teachers, undergraduates, young things who are taking their A. M. or Ph. D. at some university. Not infrequently they want to do something out of the ordinary; bicycle over the Caucasus, take a canoe down the Danube, or motor bike across the Sahara. The last category is the largest and the least attractive. It is composed of widows, grass widows and elderly ladies living on annuities of some kind. They have reached that state of age and plumpness in which they have as the French say, *beaucoup du monde au balcon.* (Much of the world on the balcony.) Invariably this group has the cash and the disposition to make life miserable for all and sundry.

Naturally not every American woman abroad falls into one of those three classes. There were the two beautifully dressed goddesses who boarded the *Fleche d'Orient* with me at Le Bourget one summer day several years ago. Hardly had we left the red roofs of the Paris suburbs than they had their cigarettes out and were smoking. Now you can't—or you couldn't then—smoke in the Air France planes. A fat German businessman in front smelt the smoke and began to twist round nervously in his seat, the young French diplomat with the attaché case covered with seals in his lap eyed the steward significantly. The steward came forward and leaned over the two odalisques politely, pointing to the *Defense de Fumer* sign up front in the plane. With no great good grace they took a couple of puffs in his face and put out their fags.

Twenty minutes later one of them leaned over and lighted a cigarette surreptitiously and began to smoke like a schoolgirl, down behind the seat in front. Again he spoke to her, again she consented reluctantly. Four times this little comedy went on. Finally the steward called one of the pilots back who ordered her to quit in a way that showed he meant it. She stopped, or rather she compromised by retiring to the lavatory where she could smoke back of locked doors. The fact that she was endangering the lives of twelve passengers didn't matter.

Now the first group of American women abroad contains an enormous number of ladies desirous of emulating Dorothy Thompson, and having little in common with that lady save their sex. They swarm over Europe in battalions, pestering our consular representatives to arrange interviews with prominent men in every capital. The other day I heard one of these women, looking like something between a horse and a British lady novelist, entertain a large party with an account of her session with Mussolini. (Don't you think he's just the dearest thing?) It seems Il Duce was weary that morning. He appeared tired and haggard, but directly she entered the room he brightened up. A strange, faraway look came into his eyes. (Aren't Italian men too, too fascinating?) Kissing her hand he took her by the arm and led her to a seat, and talked intimately for half an hour. How many of these American gabbies Mussolini must have endured in the course of his reign only God and the Foreign Office knows.

A French high official in Syria told me of entertaining the wife of an American senator, one of those pompous, fussy ladies of the Daughters of the G. A. R. variety. She was spending a week in what the French, with the delightful irony which characterizes the race, call "The Lebanon Republic," writing a book of some sort on colonization in the Near East. One night after dinner she suddenly decided it would be cute to go to Bagdad as it was so near. (What, the puzzled official asked, did "cute" mean?) Wearily he explained that Bagdad was a thousand kilometres away, that the weekly Imperial Airways plane had left the day before, that she could go over by bus the next morning.

She beamed. She smiled. She explained that she wanted to go by plane and immediately. But no plane was obtainable. She insisted he find one. So, fearful of governmental consequences because she was the wife of a senator, he ended by giving her an army plane and pilot to take her across the Syrian desert. Afterward she said she had a dandy time, and explained that she always got what she wanted by simply asking for it. As the Frenchman said to me later: "Truly that exaggerates itself."

As a rule the girls of the second group, the tourist-third crowd, are the most attractive and the most foolhardy. They are young, able to get away with difficult situations mainly because they don't appreciate that they are in difficult situations. Natives see them stranded and helpless in places where they know neither the language nor the customs of the locality, and come to their assistance. "Just a couple of those crazy American girls." However, your countrywomen don't always get out of it as easy as all that. They do not always live happily ever after, because in their careless way they are apt to forget that there are still today many parts of the world that are not as safe as the Yellowstone and U. S. Route No. 1.

Nor are those sections always to be found in remotely located parts of Europe and Asia, either. A year or so ago a twenty-year-old Smith student was murdered while crossing the Simplon from Zermatt on her bicycle alone. Two girls from a southern college had an experience which might also have turned out badly. They were gazing up at the Great Pyramid one afternoon, when a tall, handsome Egyptian came up, and in perfect English began giving them the history of the Sphinx. Later he invited them to see his home. His home turned out to be a few tents stuck some little distance away in the desert, in the smallest and dirtiest of which they were confined until they had wired back to the States for money. They were actually rescued after the second day, but not before they had passed some unpleasant moments in the middle of sand and sky which they won't soon forget.

The young ladies of the second group being youthful and attractive, don't mind meeting up with some native of refinement who speaks English and is willing to show them the sights. As a result quite a traffic has grown up today in the capitals of Europe of semi-professional gigolos who dance attendance upon American girls in the best continental fashion. Often the local cowboys want nothing more than a free meal and their expenses paid for the evening. Sometimes they want more. A susceptible American girl in Rome last summer became acquainted in the usual way with a dark, melancholy youth who was secretary to an Italian diplomat. They went out every evening, and at the end of the week she discovered that by handing out money each night to pay the bills, she had spent five thousand lira in extra-curricular entertainment. Another Italian who got to know an American girl in Florence asked her on her return to write, and to send some cigarettes. This she did. Later a letter came thanking her, and requesting that with the next carton she forward a money order for the duty he was obliged to pay on her gift.

The ladies in group three are older if not wiser. They are perforce less adventurous and also less interesting than the other two groups. They have no burning desire to write books on sex freedom in Turkestan, revolutionize the lot of the natives of Bonga-Wonga or climb the Matterhorn barefoot. Their wishes are simple and center round one item: possessions. They don't really care about seeing new places. For one thing the cemetery isn't half as lovely as the one back home, the view from the Kasbah is nothing compared to the view from the Old Soldier's Home, and the buildings of Bombay or Buenos Aires can't touch the new skyscraper on South Main Street. These ladies take America with them wherever they go, and the places they like best are the places that have American cigarettes, coffee, movies and face cream. They have two interests only: to shop, and to change clothes.

They are the kind of women who don't much care what they buy as long as they buy something. If they get a bargain, or if they purchase some useless object three and a half rupees cheaper than the lady in the next steamer chair, their heaven is complete. "Yes, ladies," says the tour manager, "we will stay half an hour in the city to permit you to shop. There are some very interesting bazaars." So they give one hasty glance at the Museum, a look at the minarets against the eastern sky, ask the manager how on earth they get elevators up to the top, and then dash off to shop.

Economy is not an American vice, and they are generous with their costumes. These ladies wear one dress in the morning, another for lunch, a third for tea, and change again for dinner. Nine times out of ten they are wrongly dressed for the time and place, donning summer clothes in the cold April Mistral along the so-called Azur Coast, and splashing through the mud in Constantinople in March in sandals, and silk stockings, complacently certain that they are smart and, therefore, correct. I recall the sweet lady of this group who dwelt in a two-thousand-dollar stateroom in a liner on the Mediterranean when the news of a coal strike in Pennsylvania was brought to us by the wireless. She thought the demands of the miners were outrageous. "They should be *made* to go down into the mines and work," she declared.

A beauty from New York crossed with me once on the *Rex* at a time of year when the young Italian diplomats from Washington were returning home for their vacations. She gave the boys a run for their money and they returned it with interest. Unfortunately they all debarked at Naples, and two hours later she sat in the deck chair next to me, a lonely and dejected lady.

"Have you seen Stromboli?" I asked. Her face brightened. She sat up and looked eagerly. "No! Did he get on at Naples?"

There are differences in age and outlook on life between the ladies of these three groups, but one thing they have in common. For the American woman is a perverted Puritan. It comes out, this Puritanism, the moment she gets away from home. She wants to see life, and as a rule "seeing life" means seeing the most sordid part of the city she happens to be visiting. If she cannot gang up on some male to escort her, she will fall back on anyone. For lack of a better cicerone, one group of these Puritans hired the ship's bartender once at Bombay to take them into town to see a native woman dance nude. Again in Cairo a married lady got the idea it would be fun to see the redlight district. Her husband tried to dissuade her, so did the guide at the Continental who, though used to all varieties of that spoiled darling, the American woman, was aghast. But go she would—and did.

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Sitting for a Portrait

Bad painters flatter you to Hell while good ones regard you just as they would a head of cabbage

by GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

• ARTICLE •

It's all right for a portrait painter to do his own face and, if he must, his own figure, but I wouldn't be sure from the result in his case what would come out in mine. It would be much wiser to analyze what he did to your Aunt Lulu or Uncle Ben. Egotism is an incurable malady in most painters, most good painters. In a bad one, and all so-called portrait painters are bad painters, his conception of you will make you sick. That is, nine times out of ten. He holds a sneaking contempt for your intelligence, thinks you hate the lines traced in your face by living, and that you go on desiring eternal youth in your portrait as much as you do in yourself. His contempt for ordinary economics is so enormous he'll even erase the lines you've paid for in hard money spent on good living. The bad painter really should be taboo. In order to know you he's generally read and swallowed the philosophy and the vision of the popular prints. No man over twenty-eight ever appears in them except as stooge or foil, bitter or sweet, to show the valiance, inherent honesty, firmness or whatever else you can remember about youth. My own memory is pretty poor. Either that or the youth of the magazines is an exceedingly rare bird seldom met in life. Besides that, only a very obnoxious, vain, unmagazine-like American young man wants his portrait done. This desire comes at a much later age and not before some prodding with a flattering stick by the family. When you're old enough or rich enough families drag you into that mess or societies to which you've given a lot of time and not infrequently money. And usually the move is set in motion by a forthright and farseeing soul able to consider the grim reaper without a qualm. There can be something rather nasty about portraits.

The other kind of painter, the good variety, is not to be trusted. He thinks, or believes he does. This is misleading for him and dangerous for you. It is particularly dangerous in one who takes his thought seriously and has had it backed up enough by critical acclaim for crystallization to set in. That one gets to like his own thought above any other and develops an irascible conscience about it. He'll sacrifice you or anybody after a single nudge from that tyrant. Almost anything can happen to you when he gets going. You'll have nothing left to save your face but a rather unsatisfying ability to grin and bear it. Any display of anger would be quite out of place. The man is not malicious. There is nothing unfair about him. He won't understand if you accuse him of unfairness. He's done the same thing to himself numberless times. His deeds are in the hands of his conscience and his eyes on the future.

Perhaps we should think more of that last when having the portrait painted. Eyes should unquestionably be on the future in portraits. This is especially true in the case of grandfather. He should be made to realize this. If he did he might, while posing, not so inordinately persist in looking sleepy and, worse, quite good-natured. No ancestor should look good-natured—it's too terribly unfair to the later comers. They get by with sleepiness easily enough since drink sometimes brings that on—but good-natured! What in the name of goodness can his descendants say about a sappy characteristic like that one? As a matter of fact the future finds portraits with that characteristic in the attic. Most portraits of male ancestors you see can be pointed at casually or nonchalantly as old tyrants or pirates or horse thieves.

A little while ago the Whitney Museum of American Art held an exhibition of self-portraits by a group of more or less known brushmen. Some were very famous. All were of that honest variety I've just been talking about. There was something sort of shocking about the collection. While I knew most of the artists I felt that they must have been in a pretty bad state, physically and mentally, when they were looking in their various mirrors. I had a feeling that they were probably thinking of something else while painting. Still one rarely finds a half-hundred more or less mature painters all distracted at the same time. It was uncanny.

One little thin intellectual with whom I'd spent too many wee small hours trying to solve "What is art?" turned up on canvas here in skee suit, to be one of those brutish athletes who'd certainly never spent enough time indoors even to look at a picture. Heat means nothing at all to that type. They're not attracted by it. I could recognize my friend because there was a catalog and because the athlete's hair was not unlike his in color. The rest of the portraits were equally recognizable. Thought had wormed its odious way into them and fancy. A man can't always be a camera. These good men are conceiving all the time. This must be remembered. It means that they can't have much left with which to see straight. Another one fancied himself as, I suppose, a sort of giant-killer. He'd set himself up in competition with the Empire State Building or some other enormously tall and empty skyscraper. He was having a bad time of it. His frown was enough to scare me but not the building which went on looking coldly distant and blank. It must be very difficult to win over an insensitive thing like that. I've often wondered why he didn't paint it out or reduce it and enlarge himself. Probably his conscience wouldn't let him. But symbolism is really needed in a picture of that sort. It would have been better if he'd been holding the building up in his hand or using it as a walking stick. It's quite absurd to believe that anybody can have it over a building with a frown.

I really preferred the portrait of the painter who'd made himself small, very dimly seen as a matter of fact, in a mirror, while a huge nude as voluminous as a Rubens occupied the greater part of the canvas. This may have been a confessional effusion but the woman was all right, at least she saved the boredom of looking at the man.

But I can't go on listing the pictures of this collection. Perhaps the painters were so pleased to be painting someone who wouldn't complain that the pure joy of it blurred their sense of proportion or sent them off at drunken tangents. Also the American man is unquestionably self conscious. It's easy enough to talk about yourself in words that float away on coming to life. To put them down in immutable paint is another matter and might easily fluster

Tony Palazzo

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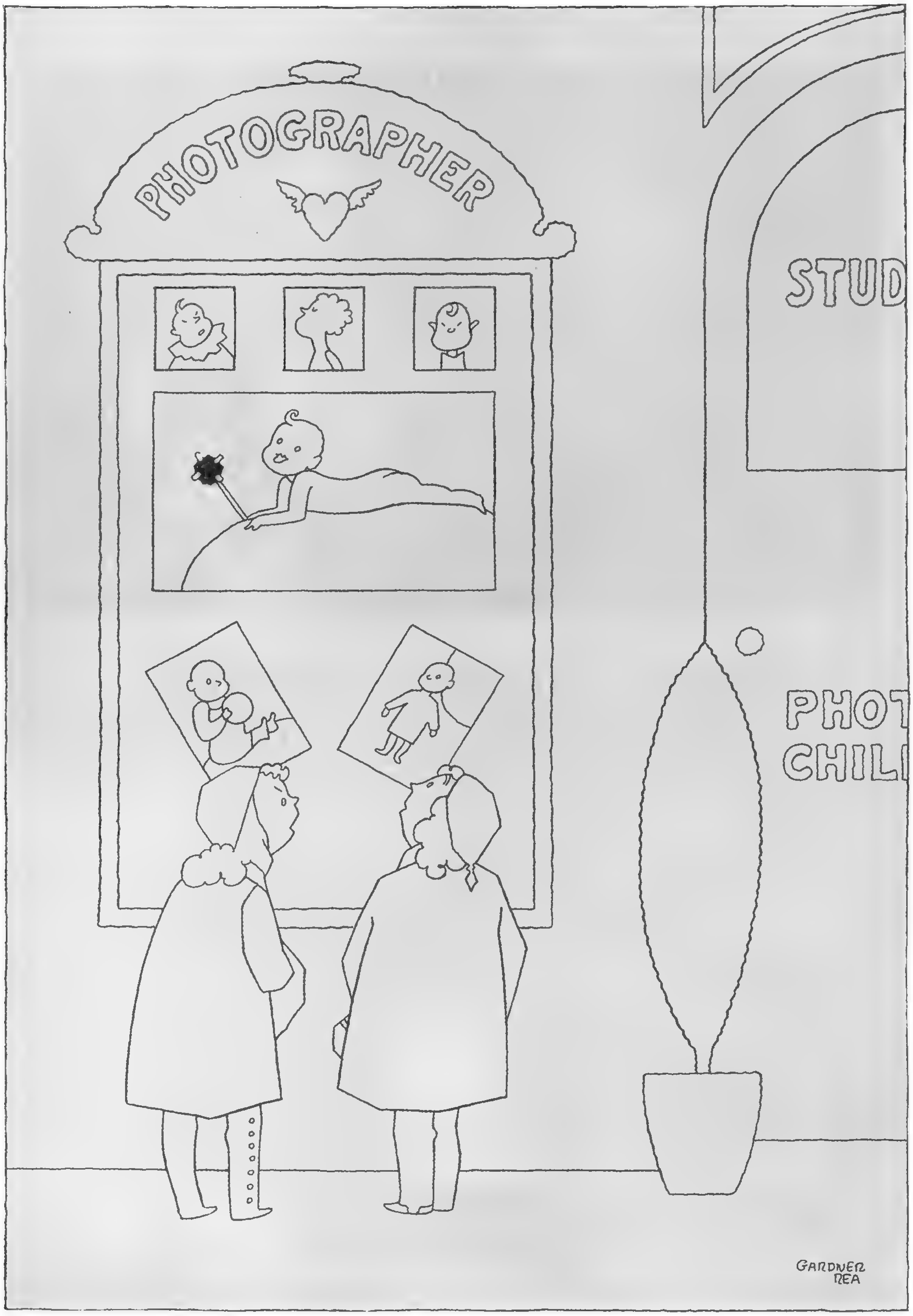
PHOTOGRAPHER
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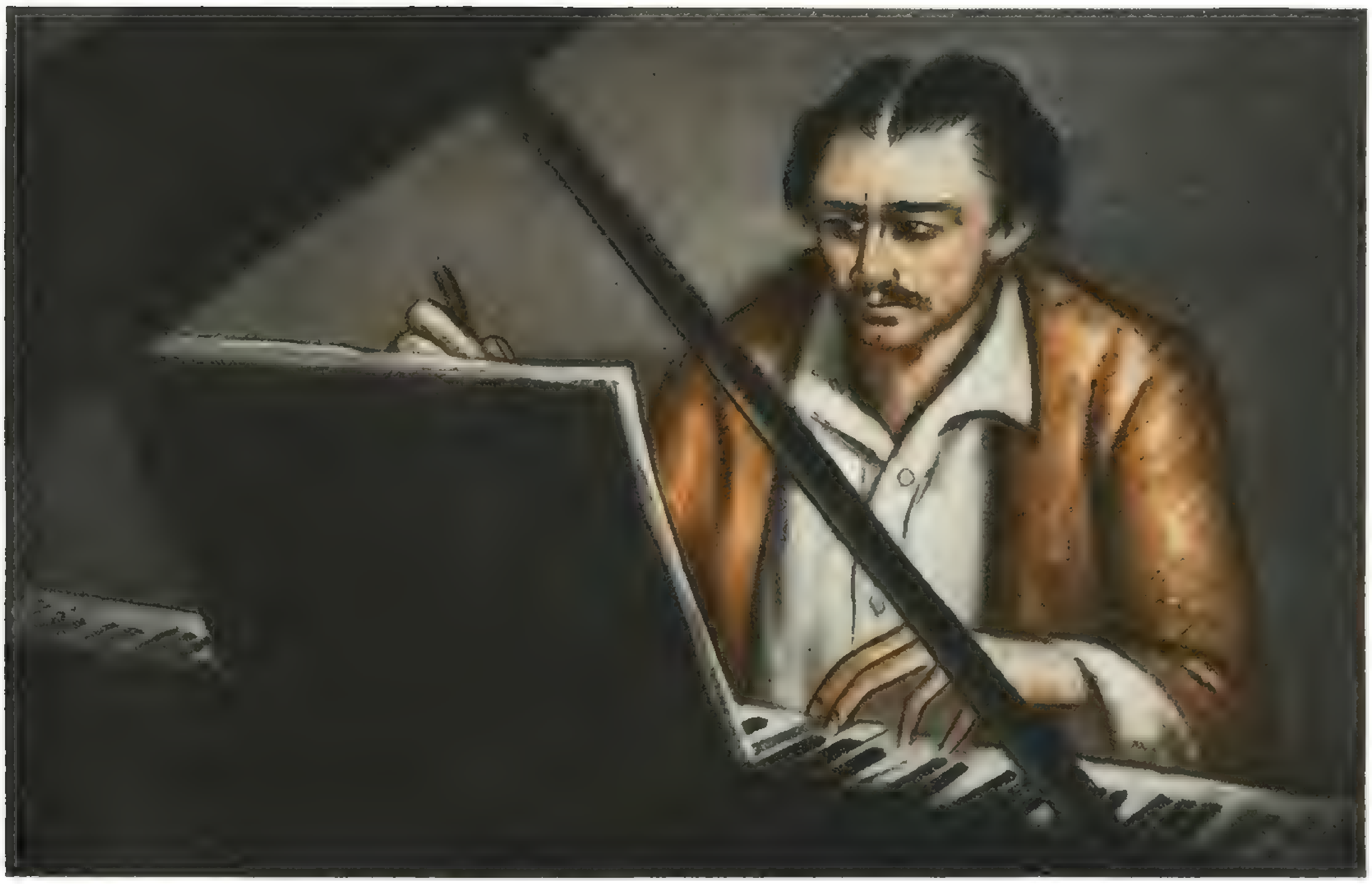
"Some women will go to any extremes just to have their pictures taken!"



Sincerely Yours, Culture

by MAXWELL BODENHEIM

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The symphony was finished in a frayed,
Small, evil-smelling room. This was the price—
His mind was close to cracking in a vise
Of unpaid rent, last notes were written, played
With fingers steeped in kerosene. The sprayed
And perforated stove did not suffice
To warm his hands. And deeper than a slice
Across his heart, the voice, the nightly raid:

"You owe for seven weeks. Why don't you sell
Your piano keeping every one awake?
Pay or get out!" He checked his dull replies.
This old landlady, what possessed her yell?
Insane concealment, past privation, ache?
He took her hand. She pressed his—in surprise.

II

The clock struck three, the rooming-house was filled
With horrible and fitful scratching, snore,
A man and woman quarrelling, minds drilled
By slowly hardening lacks, flesh bearing sore
And strangled feelings in a scream for breath.
A sick child's wail, the slamming of a door
Trailed into silence—silence like the death
Of sophistry, remorse pinned to a floor.

The listening poet in his garret moaned
Beneath this weight of unsolved suffering,
Tore up the slim nobilities, disowned
The subtle largess decked in paltry wings,
And entered every room of his abode,
Lifting not only men—but his own load.

III

Within the Coffee Pot flies veered and nagged
The forced and listless munching of coarse food.
The waitress squawked and frowned, her body sagged.
The robbed search in her found your answering mood.
Your *Boulevard Regrets* had gained applause
Two nights before, but now the dance seemed frail,
The tired subtleties, the flirting pause
Slipped from an essence clever and yet stale.

Two girls, you watched each other—what was wrong?
Why did she measure you with tired disgust?
And then you knew—within her eyes a throng
Of women called you dainty, flat, unjust.
They were the hurt ones slapping your thin smile,
Pink dream, the unstirred mimic in your style.

The Cheat's Remorse

If the girl hadn't kept her toe on the dollar bill while they talked, he might not have done what he did

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

PHIL was sipping a cup of coffee in Stewart's one night, sitting at the table near the radiator so the snow would melt off his shoes and dry, when he saw a prosperous looking hairy, blue-jowled man at the next table pushing a corned beef sandwich on rye bread away from him slowly as if the sight of it made him sick. By the way the man sighed as he concentrated on the untouched sandwich anyone could see he was pretty drunk. He was clutching his food check firmly in his left hand as he used the other to tug and fumble at a roll of bills in his pocket. He was trying to get hold of himself, he was trying to get ready to walk up to the cashier in a straight line without stumbling, pay his check with dignity and get into a taxi and home before he fell asleep.

The roll of bills that hung in the man's hand underneath the table as he leaned his weight forward staring at the cashier started Phil thinking how much he needed a dollar. He had been across the country and back on a bus, he was broke, his shirts were in a hand laundry on Twenty-sixth street, and a man he had phoned yesterday, a man he had gone to school with and who worked in a publisher's office now, had told him to come around and see him and he might be able to get him a few weeks' work in the shipping room. But they wouldn't let him have the shirts at the laundry unless he paid for them. And he couldn't bear to see a man he had grown up with who was making a lot of money unless he had at least a clean shirt on.

As he leaned forward eagerly watching the man's thick fingers thumbing the roll of bills stiffly, trying to detach a bill while he concentrated on the goal which was the cashier's desk, the thing that Phil had hardly been daring to hope for happened: a bill was thumbed loosely from the roll, the fat fingers clutched at it, missed it and it fluttered in a little curve under the table and fell in the black smudge on the floor from the man's wet rubbers.

With a dreamy grin Phil kept looking beyond the man's head, beyond all the tables as if he were sniffing the rich odors from the food counter. But his heart gave a couple of jerks. And he had such a marvelously bright picture of himself going into the laundry in the morning and getting the shirts and putting on the light blue one with the fine white stripe that he had paid four dollars for a year ago in Philadelphia.

But the drunk, having noticed him, was shaking his head at him. He was staring at Phil's battered felt hat and his old belted coat and his mussy shirt. He didn't like what he saw. It didn't help to make him feel secure and in full possession of himself. The dreamy look on Phil's face disgusted him.

"Hey, dreamy," he said, "what's eating you?"

"Me?"

"Yeah, you, dreamy."

"I wasn't looking at you. I'm making up my mind what I want."

"Excuse me, dreamy. Maybe you're right. I've been making mistakes all evening and I don't want to make any more," he said.

While he smiled very humbly at Phil a girl in a beige colored coat spotted with rain drops and snow, a girl with untidy fair hair that needed curling at the ends, and with good legs and a pale face came over and sat down at his table. An unpunched food check was in her hand. She put her elbows on the table and looked around as if she were waiting for someone. The dollar bill on the floor was about two feet away from her foot.

The drunk rose from the table with considerable dignity and began to glide across the floor toward the cashier, his check held out with dreadful earnestness, his roll of bills tight in the other hand now. And when he had gone about twenty feet Phil glanced at the girl, their eyes met in a wary appraisal of each other, they looked steadily at each other, neither one moving, her eyes were blue and unwavering, and then, in spite of herself her glance shifted to the floor before she had time to move.

Phil got scared and lurched at the bill, one knee on the floor as he grabbed at it, but she knew just where the bill was and her foot swung out and her toe held it down with all her weight, absolutely unyielding as he tugged at it, and he knew there was no chance of his getting even a piece of it unless he tore it. While he kept holding the edge of the bill he stared helplessly at her worn shoe that was wet, and then he looked at her ankle and at the run in her stocking that went half way up the calf of her leg. He knew she was bending down. Her face was close to his.

"I guess it's a saw-off," he said, looking up.

"Looks like it," she said, her toe still on the bill, her face tense with eagerness.

"Maybe you want to run after him with it?"

"That wasn't in my mind," she said. She smiled a little in a bright, hard, unyielding way.

If she had taken her toe off the bill while they talked he mightn't have done the thing he did, but she made him feel she was only waiting for him to straighten up and be friendly to draw the bill closer to her; and the expectation of having the dollar and getting the shirt had given him quite a lift too, so he said, shrugging good-humoredly, "What do you think we should do?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "Figuring maybe we both saw it at the same time and that we both need it, how about if I toss you for it?"

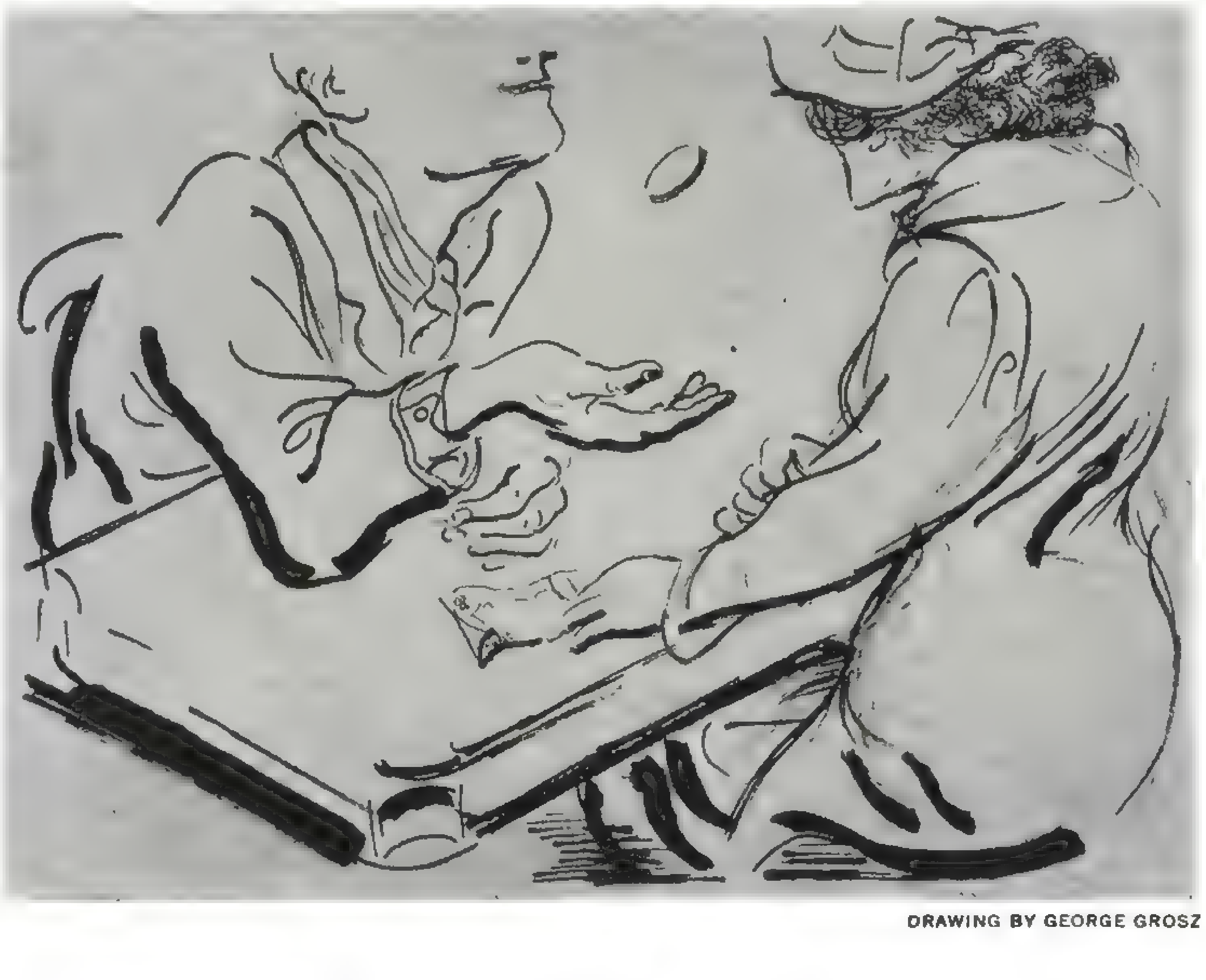
She hesitated and said, "Seems fair enough. Go ahead."

They both smiled as he took a nickel from his vest pocket, and when she smiled like that he saw that she was quite young, there was a little bruise under her eye as though someone had hit her, but her face seemed to open out to him in spite of the pallor, the bruise and her untidy hair, and it was full of a sudden wild breathless eagerness. "Heads I win, tails you win," he said, getting ready to toss the coin.

"Let it land on the table and don't touch it and let it roll," she said, nodding her head and leaning forward.

"Watch me, lady," he said, and he spun the coin beautifully and it rolled in a wide arc on the table around the little stand that held the sugar, mustard, vinegar and horseradish sauce. When it stopped spinning they leaned forward so quickly their heads almost bumped.

"Heads, eh? Heads," she said, but she kept on looking down at it as if she couldn't see it. She was contemplating something, something in her head that was dreadful, a question maybe that found an answer in the coin on



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

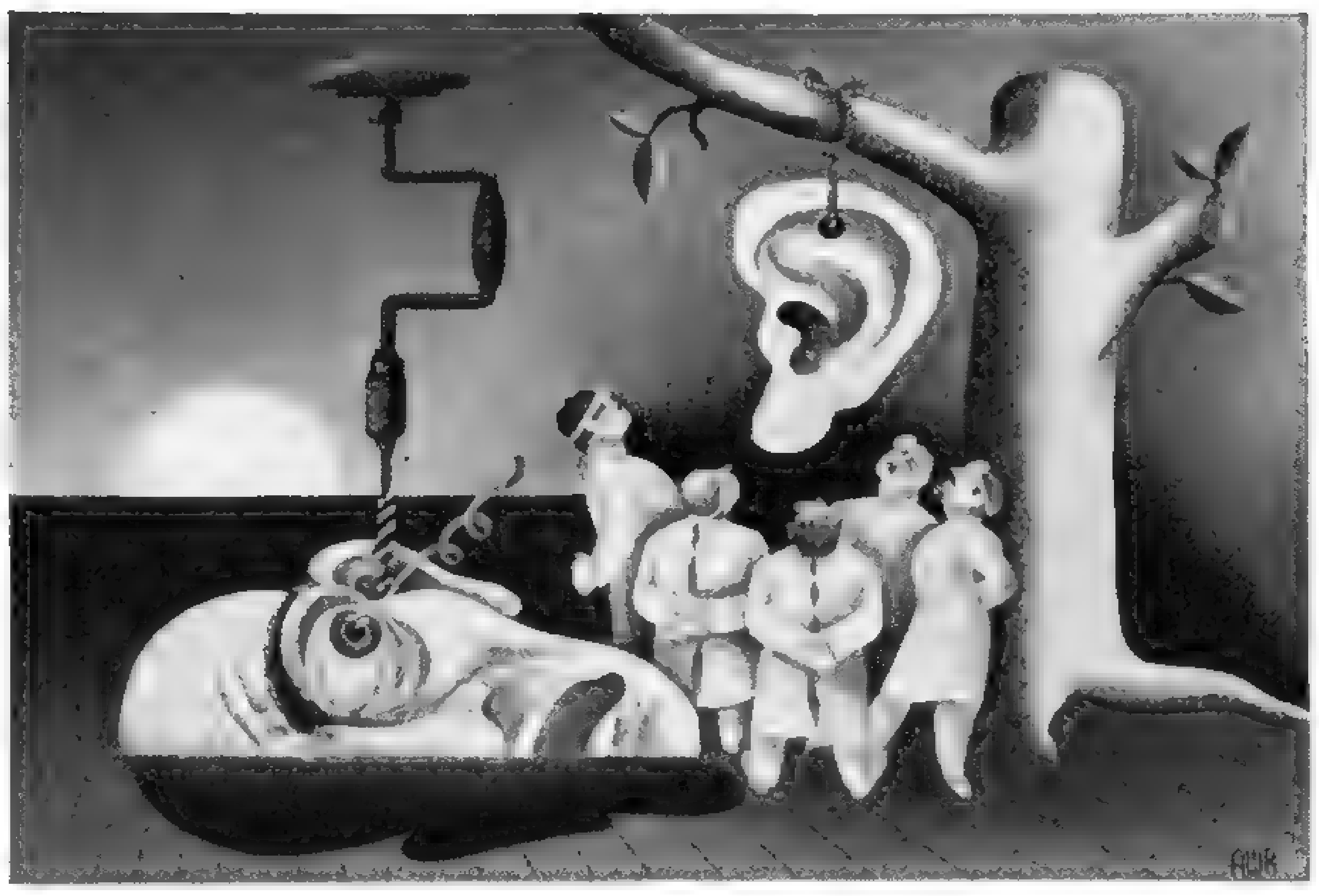
Continued on page 164

This Hard of Hearing Business

When you're buying an artificial hearing aid be sure you have the benefit of sane, unbiased advice

by CHARLES WILLIAMS, M. D.

• ARTICLE •



Along with cork legs, toupees and store teeth, ear trumpets are contraptions most people figure they can do without. Yet if you need one of these crutches and don't carry the ol' bazooka, not only do you miss out on the beautiful symphonies and latest talkies, but there is always that dire calamity in the offing that a guy might be on your bum side when he offers to buy you a snort or pay the dinner check. Then too, it's a bit exasperating to your wife when she's trying to put over a big dinner party and the conversation drifts to the slaughter of the innocent women and children in the air raids over Madrid, to have you nod and say it's a swell idea because all the time you imagined they were trying to get up a bridge game. And besides, although your best friends won't tell you, they all get tired of giving it both barrels and imitating an Iowa hog caller every time they want to get something over to you. So you see there are numerous reasons why we should look into this hard of hearing business.

If you're one of those unfortunates who can't hear the grass grow don't let it throw you because according to the best available statistics between five and ten per cent of the entire population is affected to a varying degree. And before you start blaming someone for your present difficulty, let me tell you first that the hearing apparatus is one of the most marvelous mechanisms ever fashioned in Mother Nature's magic workshop. Being of necessity small and delicate in structure, it nevertheless possesses strength and durability to such a degree that it withstands many heavy shocks and infections with impunity and it is only overwhelming accidents or repeated insults that finally cause it to cease functioning properly.

Ere we delve into the reasons for this widespread affliction, it might be well to go over briefly the anatomy and physiology of the ear. Don't back away—the technical side of the discussion will not call for any undue concentration on your part. If you remember the opening salvo in Sophomore Latin, it goes something like this *Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est.* Applying the same rule, we may divide the organ of hearing into three parts: the outer, middle and inner ear. The outer ear comprises the external ear or concha and the canal. Supposedly the size of the external ears, whose purpose it is to gather sound vibrations and keep your derby from slipping down around your necktie, has some influence on hearing as one often sees older people placing their hands behind their ears to gather the vibrations over a greater area. Actually the size of the appendage counts but little in determining the acuteness of hearing. While we're on the subject, let me say that a good plastic surgeon can do a sweet job of pinning them back or making them smaller for you, so if yours resemble a Missouri mule's and you have Hollywood ambitions, look into this. In skillful hands the end results are nothing short of amazing.

Continuing the march, our next consideration is the ear canal, that structure used by the kiddies for the storage of a variety of products such as peas, beans, corn, shoe buttons, beads, tin foil and what not. These articles and impacted ear wax, often forgotten for years, exert a pronounced effect on hearing and some of the most miraculous cures of deafness that we accomplish follow the simple removal of these foreign bodies from the canal. Before we go on, let me warn you to cease using paper clips and hairpins to scratch the ear canals when they itch. One of these days if you keep on, you'll bark off some of the skin, a few bugs will slip in and then pretty soon you'll have yourself something that will really make you wring your hands and cry. The skin is thin and tightly stretched over the canal walls so that the slightest swelling causes a pain which is persistent and punishing. To make matters worse, these canal infections tend to appear in successive crops and once they get under way they're about as disabling as a poisonous mother-in-law. After passing down the canal for an inch or so, we come in contact with a lustrous pearly membrane which is tightly stretched across the canal and which effectively bars entrance into the second portion—the middle ear. This is called the tympanic membrane or more simply the eardrum.

Now get comfortably settled because we have heavy business just ahead. Imagine that we could swing this glistening white membrane outboard just like one of those huge rounded doors that lead into a vault where they store the Jack. As we cross the threshold we are entering the middle ear chamber where the amazing array of machinery makes the engine room of an ocean liner look simple as A B C. But be not dismayed as we shall concentrate on only a few of the vital parts. The walls, floor and ceiling of this rectangular chamber are covered with the same moist, glistening mucous membrane which lines the inside of the nose and throat. As we stand in the doorway we notice on the farther wall a small, hard bone roughly resembling a stirrup, the heel of which fits into an oval shaped opening called the oval window, which is the entrance into the inner ear chamber. This tiny bone joins with another which is suspended from the ceiling and this in turn articulates with a third of the series which lies partly free in the middle ear chamber and is partly buried in the substance of the eardrum. These three tiny bones, called the ossicles, and named from without inward, the malleus, incus and stapes, furnish the communicating link between the eardrum and the inner ear. To review now, sound vibrations which emanate from their source in ever widening circles (like the ripples on a quiet pool in which a pebble has been dropped) impinge on the external ear, are condensed by the canal, set the eardrum vibrating and these vibrations are in turn conducted to the organ of perception, the inner ear, via three tiny bones—the malleus, incus and stapes. Everybody got that straight so far?

Once inside the middle ear chamber, we notice on the short wall pointing toward the back of the head, a rounded opening near the ceiling which bears the swanky title of *aditus ad atrium.* This means entrance into the mastoid, which is that hard, bony protuberance felt just behind the lower angle of the ear, and placed there to protect the hearing apparatus against blows in that vicinity. On the other short wall, directly opposite, another similar opening nearer the floor this time, marks the entrance of the Eustachian tube. As this latter structure exerts such a profound influence on hearing and ear infections, it is perhaps well to pause here for a moment and examine it further. It was first described and is named after Eustachio, a gent who back in the 1500's was trying to make an honest dollar practicing medicine in sunny Italy. The purpose of the structure is to provide ventilation to the middle ear chamber and it joins this space with the back of the throat. Normally its walls lie collapsed, but every

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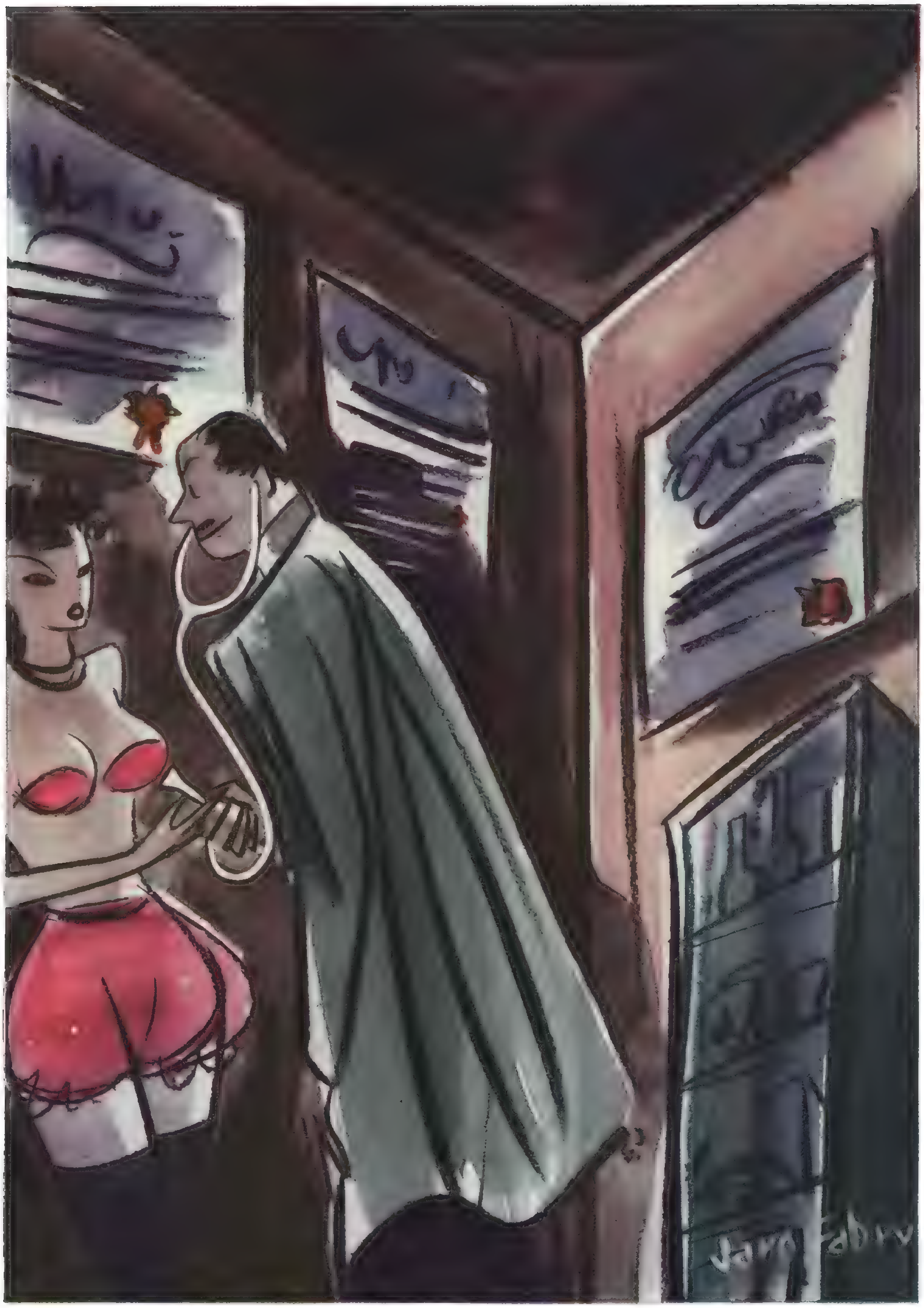
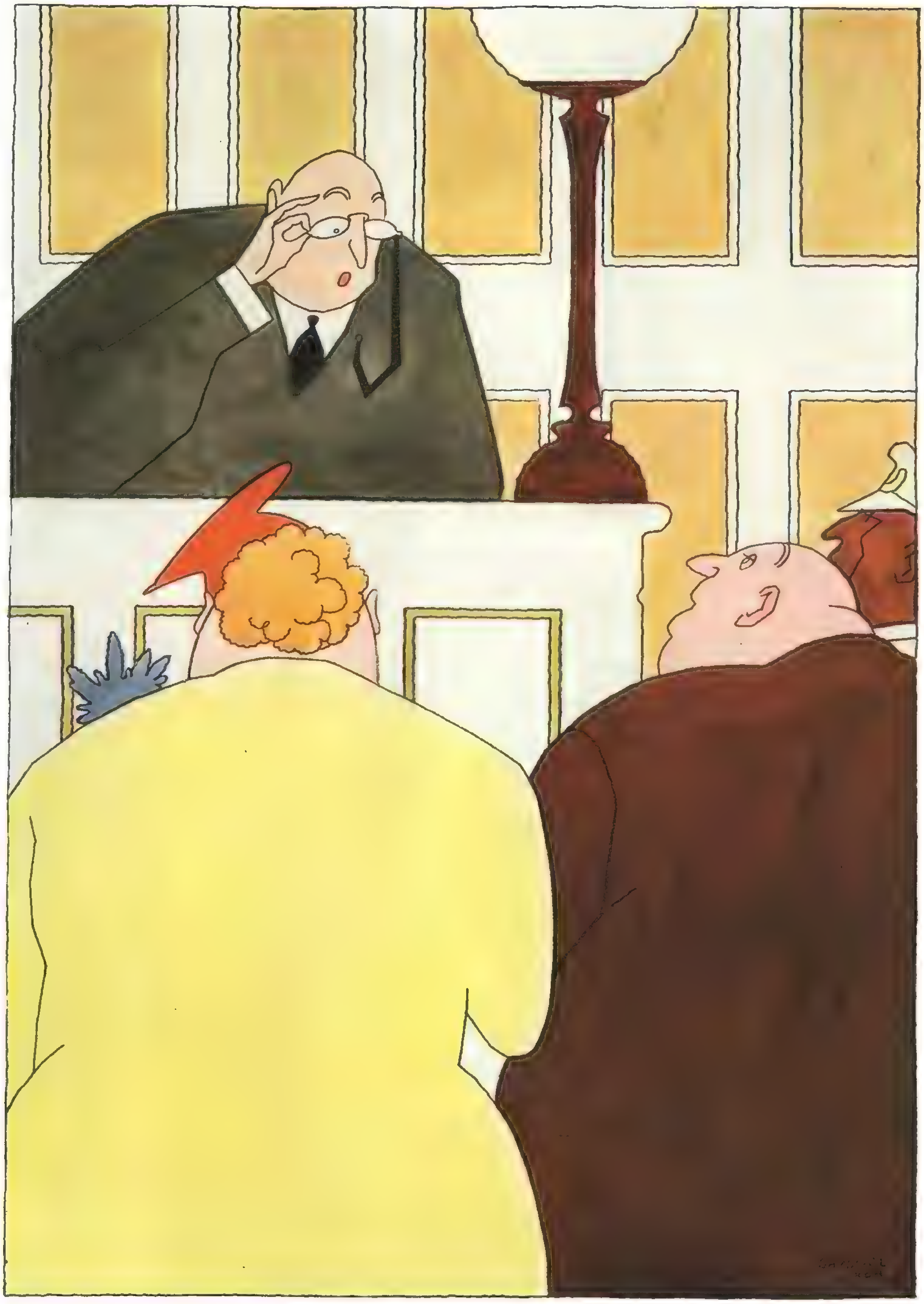


"I'll hold it—you just listen!"



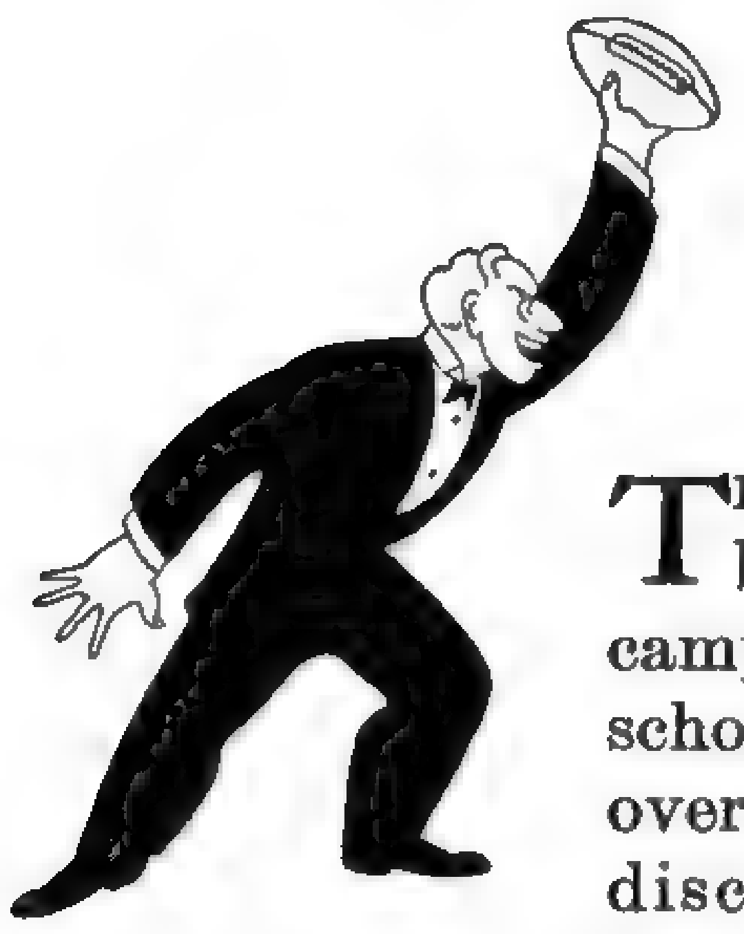
"All that happened in a rumble seat?"

The Mashed Potato League

Football coaches don't enjoy barking for biscuits, but it does keep them working, and eating, the year around

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •



TIME was when the football coach breezed into camp the opening day of school in the fall to look over his squad hopeful of discovering one or more "finds" who had turned out to "try for" the team. The football coach's work began from scratch on the first day of school in those days, and his season's work in football ended with the final gun of the final game on his schedule six or eight weeks later. Usually, of course, the football coach was required to double in basketball, track or baseball to make good his salary in those times, but his football "year" was almost exclusively confined to the playing season.

But times have changed in football coaching, as in nearly everything else. The most obvious difference in football today as contrasted with football only fifteen years ago is the greater organization and year-around sustained pressure. Complicated systems of offense have been evolved requiring extensive practice to get the infinitely precise timing smoothed and co-ordinated.

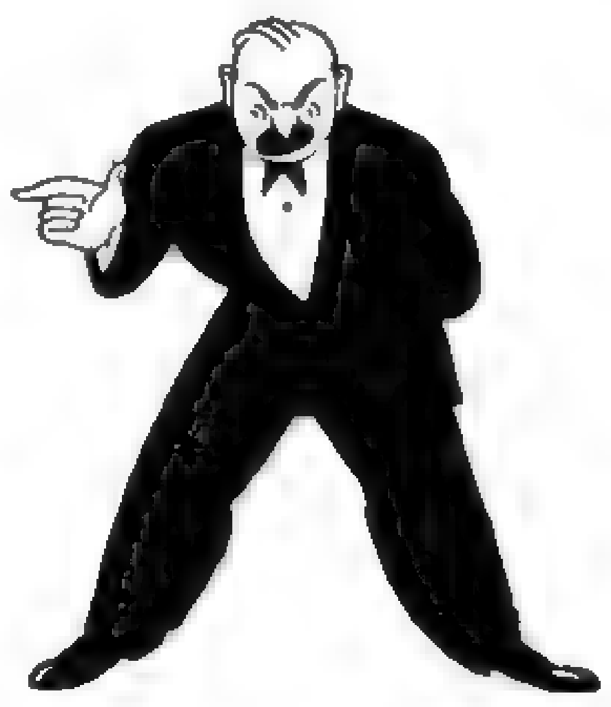
Long spring practice periods are held from January or February until May during which the freshmen who are going to make the team are fitted into the vacancies left by the departing seniors. In addition to these long spring workouts, more than one big team finds it convenient if the regulars show up at the same boys' camp in the mountain or lake regions for a full summer of polishing team technique. Thus a football coach's year in these times of high-geared competition is pretty well filled.

There is one interim for the players. That comes after the last game in the fall and lasts until spring drill opens after Christmas. But what about the coach during that stretch? Does he get a time-out period in there? Nothing doing.

As the necessity for winning has been increased by the erection of the huge stadia all over the country, not only has the coach been required to work longer and harder in the effort to produce a drawing card, in many of the big schools he has the added responsibility of persuading good high school material to attend his college. Thus the coach now is largely responsible not alone for teaching and grooming his players, but also for getting them on the field to begin with. It is this line of effort which imposes upon coaches the rôle of after-dinner entertainer, which some of them enjoy, and a good many others find boring and ignominious.

High schools, quick to copy and imitate the big colleges, have gone in heavily in recent years for these victor's banquets. This stunt was used by most universities to bolster morale and alumni interest. These prep banquets go over great in the small towns, and it is always quite the thing to have some famous coach come in to make the main speech. By accepting these invitations a coach has a good chance to look over outstanding high school athletes and to sell his school to them. Meeting the requirements of the banquet circuit has thus become one of the main qualifications of the successful big-time coach of today.

In these times when a big school goes out looking for a new football coach, the investigators do not terminate their examination with merely a perusal of the candidate's won and lost column. They want to know: "What's his personality? What kind of appearance does he make in public? Is he a good salesman? What kind of after-dinner talk does he make?"



As a result some of the old-line coaches who have been left at the switch by the new order of things, now are spending spare time digging up gags and anecdotes and piecing them together, for the standard of after-dinner talking consists merely in stringing together an unrelated chain of more or less obvious wisecracks and amusing incidents of the squad during the season. A good story will do service for many seasons in many varieties of garb. For instance, the story of the sub who put rosin on his pants to keep from sliding off the bench; the story of the injured player who looked up at the stands and wanted to know how all those people got back in their seats so fast; and so on.

However, a good many of the older coaches do not relish the job of clowning for sales purposes; and for some of the huskier ex-grid stars, "the mashed potato league," as they call the winter banquet season, offers a real grind. Big men like Lynn Waldorf and Burt Ingwersen of Northwestern, along with many other former linemen and fullbacks nearing the middle-aged "sag," have to put themselves through a real siege of conditioning by handball or other exercises to get in trim for spring practice after their term at the banquets.

The late beloved Knute Rockne of Notre Dame was really the pioneer in making the football coach's job a year-around proposition, and he was the first to recognize the value of a nation-wide chain of public interest in his team. "Rock" also was the man who established the vogue of the chain-of-anecdote style of after-dinner talk.

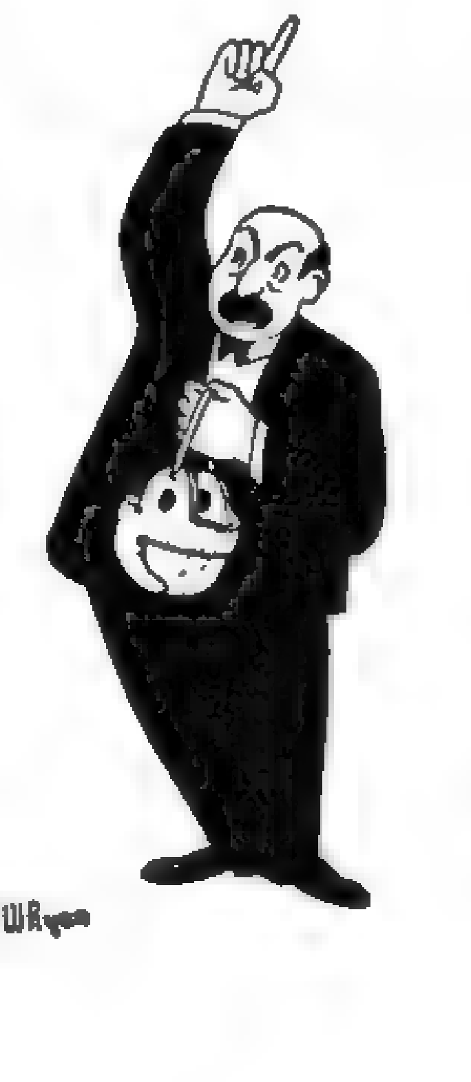
During the off season he went about the country making his famous humorous talks, and as a result helped stimulate interest in Notre Dame's teams from coast to coast. His winning personality helped make his teams drawing cards everywhere they played. And as a further result of his wide personal contact and generous good will toward all, many exceptional players were directed toward Notre Dame.

Rockne's public delivery system was not in any way chance. He made a continuous study of public address, and was far more sensitive about criticisms of his public speaking and dialectic ancedotes than he was to any man's judgment of his football team. He knew that he knew more than anybody else about his football team, but he was always eager to build up or improve his speaking and writing ability. "It's a gift, I guess," he used to say while deprecating his own ability in feeling out his listener for a reaction.

He carefully studied the various dialects and practiced perfecting the delivery of his various types of stories—Swedish, Jewish, Southern, Negro. Also he kept a close lookout in the papers for germs of ideas that could be built up into laughable yarns, and he had his friends all over the country scouting for these incidents which he would weave into laugh-getters.

He left a compendium of sure-fire banquet episodes which is still well thumbed to this day. At almost any football dinner a speaker can be sure of getting a laugh out of such well-remembered stories of Rockne's as the colored halfback's plea: "Interference follow me!"; the incident of Paul Fogarty being called in to give up his pants to the star; the team whose most consistent play was the "incompleted forward pass"; and the drunk who shortly after the rodeo wandered into the big Notre Dame-Southern California game before 110,000 at Soldier Field in Chicago and wanted to know "where are all them cows and horses?"

But Rockne, as one would expect from a man of his creative imagination, was not just a clown. He had power in public address. Not long before his untimely death, he was appointed manager of the sales promotion department of a big



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We Have Met the Enemy

Meer-lee-zip stole the march, but the boys from Getney Belt Co. were right there fighting

by EDWARD HORTON

▪ SATIRE ▪

ONE cigar and one mustache were added to the executives' conference of the Getney Belt Company, in the person of Travis Zahler, attorney-at-law. He sat in one of the six deep leather-upholstered chairs, and close to Hubert Getney, President. On the seventh chair, with its niggardly leather-tex seat, brought in specially for the occasion from the advertising department, sat Ralph Traff, advertising manager.

Getney's gaze roved about like a searchlight, and found Charley Rizzick, plant manager. "Offer the exhibits in evidence," said Getney. He looked at Zahler with a how's-that.

Tenderly, Rizzick laid down before Zahler a Getney belt. Beside it, he slammed down a Meer-lee-zip belt. "Live and let live is my motto, but when a sneaky, crooked competitor takes the bread and butter out of my mouth, I get sore."

"As a purchasing agent, I shall not presume to discuss the legal aspects of the situation," said Homer Biddleport. "However, it appears to be a case of barefaced robbery."

"You mean bare-waisted robbery," said Traff. "They wear belts around—"

"This is no occasion for levity," said Getney, his frown eradicating Traff's smirk.

Zahler picked up the Getney belt first. "Nice piece of merchandise."

"We come to protect Caesar, not to praise him," said Getney.

Zahler picked up the Meer-lee-zip belt. "A very faithful imitation."

"Never mind admiring it," said Getney. "When you called it an imitation, you came right to the point."

Leaning over the long table, like a billiard player when the cue ball is close to the far rail, Rizzick poked a thick finger at the Getney belt. "You can see the *sta-snug* construction." He poked the other belt: "The Meer-lee-zip uses practically the same identical thing. Burglary—that's what it is."

"It's chiseling in the first degree," said Ira Gruber, sales manager.

"As credit manager, I've seen all kinds of gypping, but never anything so sneaky," said Morton Hamp.

"Not only did they steal our construction," said Traff, "but they lifted my copy angle. *Sta-snug*, I called ours. And what do they call theirs? *Sta-comfy!*"

"The advertising department has no license to brag," said Getney. He opened a magazine to a page occupied for the greater part by a beach scene. "Listen: 'At Palm Beach, *sta-comfy* in a Meer-lee-zip.' " He focussed on Traff. "When you hit a quality angle like that, you'll have something to protest about."

"But it isn't original with them," said Traff, approaching high C. "I've had the Getney belt at the Kentucky Derby. Don't you remember that spread, with all the horses neck-and-neck, and the headline, 'The Getney Belt is best in the stretch?' "

"The Kentucky Derby!" Getney sniffed. "It's nothing but a Coney Island." He turned to Zahler: "Well, counsellor, can we stop them from using our *sta-snug* construction?"

Zahler had been comparing the belts. Like a cautious chess player, he laid them down, side by side. "Morally, it may be an infringement."

"Never mind the morals," said Getney. "Get *legal*."

Precisely, Zahler placed one word after the other. "The patent laws are extremely complicated. The Getney patent covers the *design*—not the basic idea of what Mr. Traff has so cleverly named the *sta-snug* feature. As I pointed out when we filed our application for a patent, and as you will recall, the basic idea is not new. In view of the fact that the Meer-lee-zip belt does not utilize the Getney design, there is no infringement in that respect. Whether the term, *sta-comfy*, is an infringement on *sta-snug* under the common law is another matter."

"What I want to know," said Getney, "is whether we have, or have not got, a cause of action. If we have, let's send them a cease-and-desist letter at once."

"As to the construction, we have a *prima facie* case," said Zahler. "But the defendant, one Meer-lee-zip, Incorporated, could, and undoubtedly *would*, contend that, the basic idea having been used by the ancient Babylonians—"

"Here we are, engaged in a great commercial warfare," said Getney, "and you talk ancient history! I'm asking you a direct question, Mr. Zahler. Should we, or should we not, proceed against Meer-lee-zip?"

"In that famous case, Emahrjay vs. Colefax, a similar situation had arisen," said Zahler. "Plaintiff contended that—"

Grimly, Getney refused to detour. "Save it for the jury. Should we try to stop them? Yes or no?"

"Several intricate factors are involved," said Zahler. "There is the statutory law, and there is the common law based on *stare decises*, which—"

Getney's patience was gone. "Will you answer me without getting passionate, Zahler? *YES OR NO?*"

"No."

"Why not?" demanded Rizzick.

"Because if this case should ever reach the courts, you couldn't win. Your patent covers the design. The basic idea is as old as the hills. Meer-lee-zip is using a *different* design. Even the wording, *sta-comfy*, isn't close enough to *sta-snug* to warrant action under the common law."

Traff: "It's a damned shame."

Biddleport: "A striking example of the inadequacy of the law."

Hamp: "Stinkin'."

But Getney was practical. "If the patent doesn't protect us, why did we spend money on it in the first place?"

"It does protect you on the *design*," said Zahler. "And it discourages the little chiselers who can't afford to consult a competent attorney. The big chiselers found out how to squirm around it."

During the discussion, Ira Gruber had been thinking. Now, slowly, he pulled himself out of his chair, walked to the end of the table where Getney and Zahler sat. "Our eminent attorney can slip us some helpful dope on another point," said Gruber. From his pocket, he unclipped a black, gold-headed mechanical pencil. With it, he indicated a tricky little lock on the buckle of the Meer-lee-zip belt: "That's their whole proposition. They've got a patent on it. Is it any good?"

Zahler examined it, manipulated it a few times. "Offhand, I'd say no. As a matter of fact, I'm quite sure they have no more to

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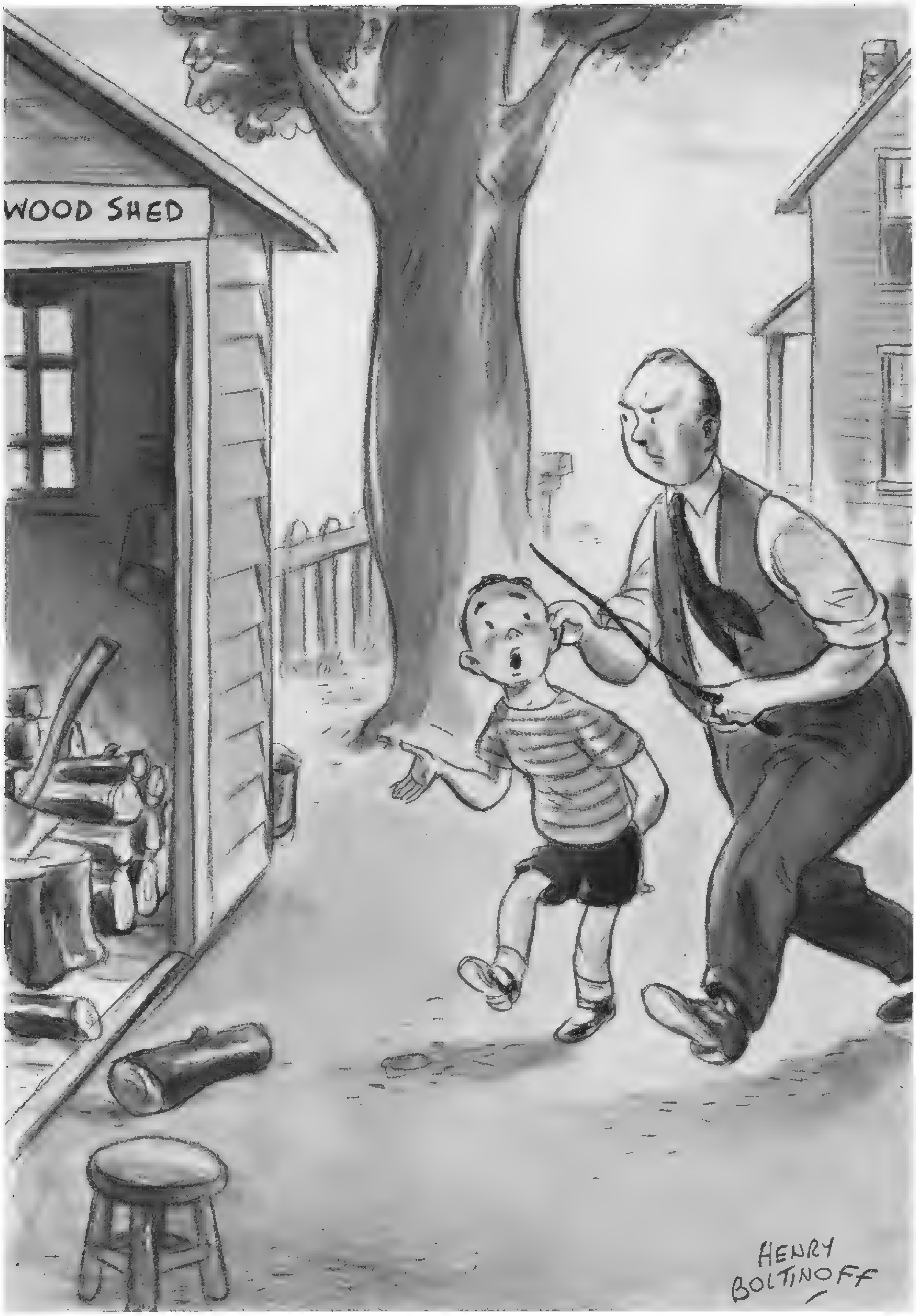
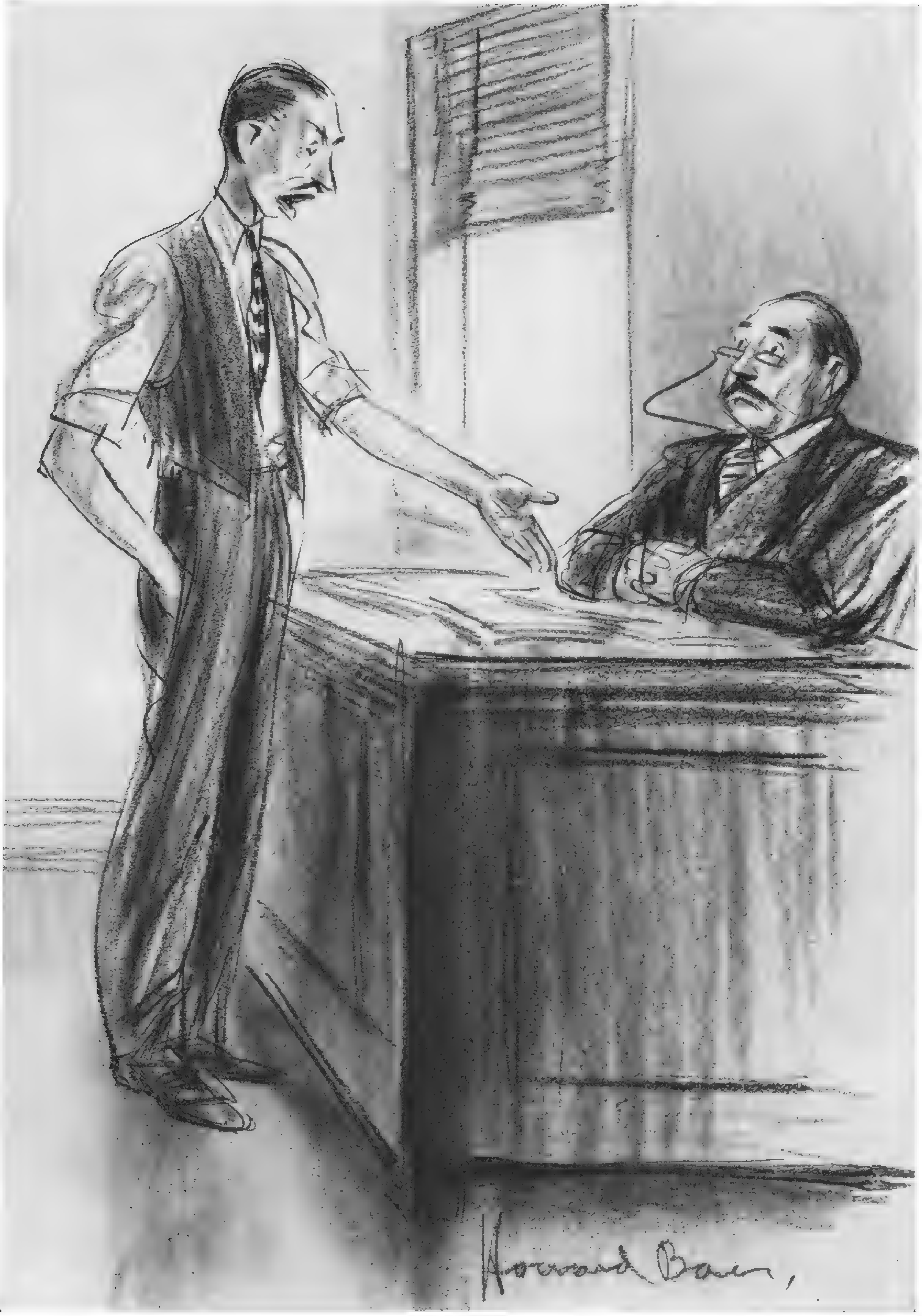
RODNEY deSARRO


WOOD SHED
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Pop—don't you think we ought to be gettin' an oil burner?"


Howard Baer

"I don't want to be taken into the firm—All I'm asking is five dollars more a week"

The Sympathetic Heart

All day long he listened to the complaints and rationalizing of people who sought understanding

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

At the curb a row of cars waited, a limousine and then a coupe of rank and behind them several lower-priced vehicles. A beauty parlor fronted here on the street, a rosy waxen bust and an aluminum helmet hair dryer conspicuous in the window. To the left on the door to the hallway the glass was mounted with heavy blonde lettering: "The Sympathetic Heart." In the lower right hand corner: "Dr. Elder Gluck, Listener."

Up the dark floral-carpeted stairs in the reception room a white-faced woman in a black low-belted dress presided. Yellow sunblinds drawn to the sills deepened the hushed tone of the chambers. Today the clients were mostly women but in a blue leather armchair sat a stout elderly man with a Shriners' emblem across his vest. The knife creases on his trouser legs stood out resolutely like cleaver edges. From time to time, self-conscious in the curious glances of the others, he looked about him defiantly and sank back in his seat, his plump hands cupped over his knees.

There were two young people here, a thin girl with a veil dropped down to her chin, a liberal stretch of wrinkled slip showing below the back hem of her skirt, and a dark-eyed matron with features cut delicately, and a garnet ring in a yellow setting, in striking contrast to the white wedding ring on an adjacent finger. The dark girl sat forward in her chair, her eyes raised toward the Listener's private rooms.

On the divan opposite sat a woman leaning on an ivory-headed stick. She was obviously wearing a marcelled white wig and her cheeks were rouged and sagged wearily about her mouth. Her teeth were cinema-even and white. She seemed to be dozing and occasionally started and sat up sharply.

Another client entered, announced herself to the receptionist and dropped on the divan. She was a large, obese person, so generous in the bosom that she looked stuffed, her short arms forced out in parentheses at her sides. On an incredibly tiny head sat a hat after the Corean style. She alone seemed to be unmindful of the others. Her lips moved as she read and reread the mottoes that graced the walls: "There is no peace without conscience," and "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

A light flashed above the desk. The receptionist rose quickly and disappeared into the Listener's chambers. Somewhere an air-check sucked a door shut. The woman returned to her desk. She scanned the list before her, index finger set thoughtfully at her teeth, and then beckoned to the Shriner emblem.

The dark-eyed girl sprang to her feet. "I've been waiting three-quarters of an hour!" she cried and showed the slender watch on her wrist. The woman looked at her reprovingly. "The gentleman made his appointment two weeks ago."

Doctor Gluck, lean and hollow-cheeked with closely-cropped gray hair, studied his client. "These walls," he said and his head rocked sympathetically, "hear everything and can repeat nothing. You must regard me as no less and no more than they are. Only the heart of God hears and responds."

"I've never done this before," the man cleared his throat, "and I wouldn't be doing it now either but when a man my age runs into the trouble I've run into . . ."

Doctor Gluck observed how explosively the thick lips spilled out the story. He thought how all over the world words rained into the air and the void. Then he dropped his eyes and on a paper pad before him he began to describe those geometrics that the hand makes when the mind is far away.

A torrent of self-pity and rationalizing complaint poured from the client. He had thought the girl understood—. Certainly he had made it plain to her she could hope to be no more than—. He suspected that someone had put her up to it, she herself was too innocent, too beautiful for anything like that.

Through all this not a muscle twitched on Doctor Gluck's face. He glanced above the narrator's head into the large mirror that was conveniently hung behind the client's chair. In it he could see the clock on the wall behind his desk. It was in the shape of a ship's wheel with spokes radiating from the circumference. On the sea of life, he thought, these creatures drifted, no helmsman at the wheel to set and guide the course. No wonder people prayed. Hear me, O God—Adam's plea and the plea of his children after him.

Below the clock was the light that flashed to indicate the end of the appointment. Two dollars a half-hour and the half-hour was flowing by swiftly. This man had apparently underestimated the well of his troubles. He could as easily have spent an hour at three dollars. Now when the half-hour was over the light would flash, Miss Slade would come in to escort him out by the private exit and he would have to make another appointment for some future day.

Doctor Gluck looked up. The man had paused and was staring at him with a peculiar intentness. "You may say anything you wish, or conceal anything you wish," the Listener murmured. "I am not a judge. Only the One Above can say who is right and who is wrong. I am a listener and no more."

In his second wind the client ran on again. He had not deserved this, he had always been decent to his fellow men, unjust he should be compromised in this way—.

The light flashed and Miss Slade came in. As the doctor had surmised his visitor wanted to stay longer. "There are other people waiting," Miss Slade said crisply. "I can give you another appointment for four o'clock next Tuesday."

Her boss, the veiled girl intimated after Doctor Gluck had repeated his introductory formula—her boss, she was afraid his attentions spelled no good. Oh, she knew she was plain, but that was it, why was he singling her out, unless—. Once the Listener looked up at the triangle of powdered chin that hung beneath the edge of the veil. He sighed and shook her hand as she rose to leave. "My poor child!" he said. "The right way will come to you and when it does you will know it and take it."

The woman in the marcelled white wig was a widow who wanted to remarry. Her children opposed her. They feared that someone other than themselves would get at her money. She spoke bitterly, stamping the floor with her stick. Doctor Gluck watched her with mournful eyes.

When this client was gone Doctor Gluck poured himself a glass of water from his desk carafe and drank slowly. It was nearly the end of his day and he was glad of it. So many troubles in the world, so many poor souls with no one to whom to turn. He sighed. People wanted to talk, talk, no one wanted to listen. Poor creatures, he mused, pain and distress were such personal things and so often speech was the only way to alleviate them. It did them good to talk. Sur-

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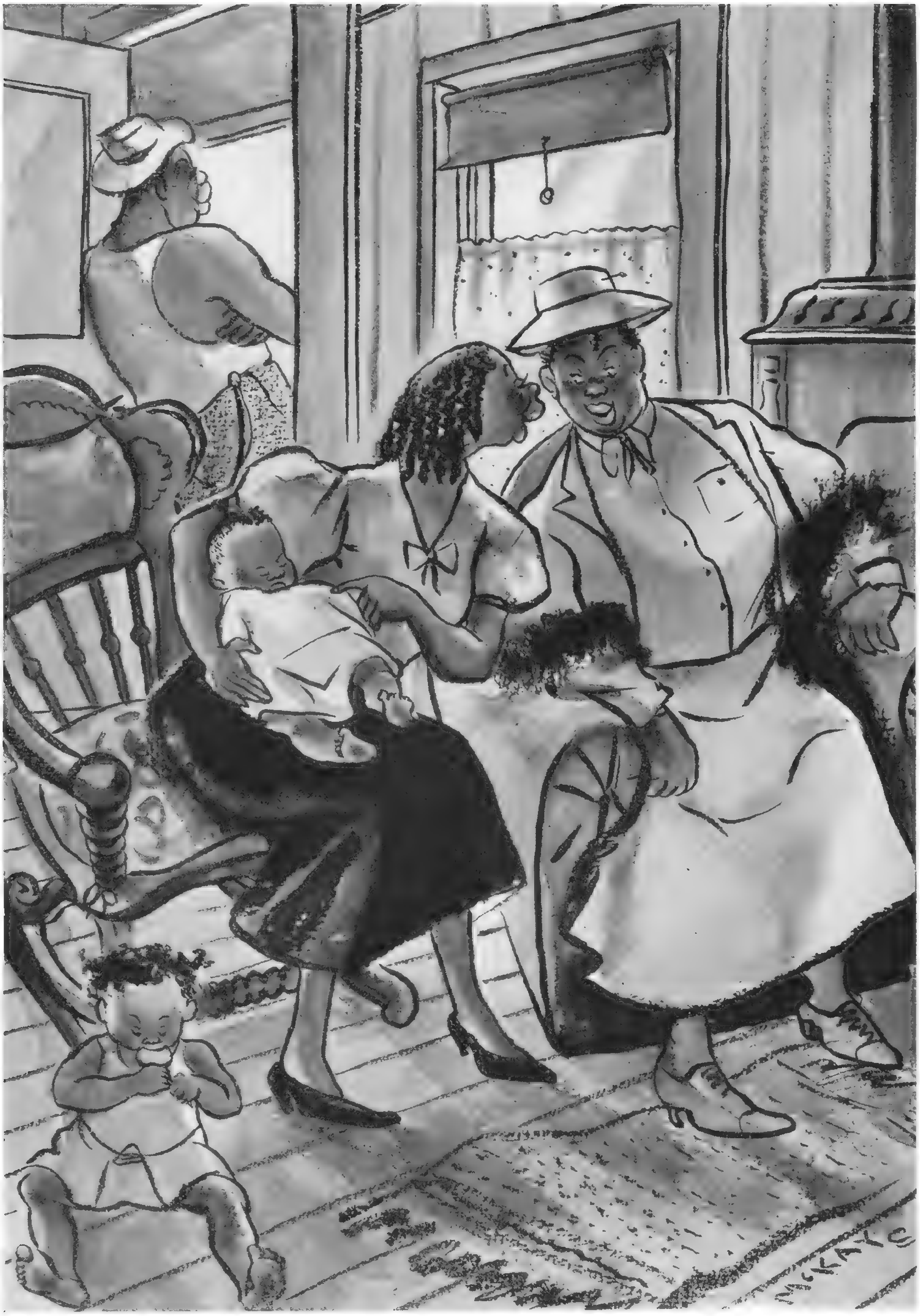


"This one was free lance!"

The Black Phanny

All the men but Uncle Ferdie did things their wives would brag about like going to jail, having rheumatism, or writing

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

SATIRE

My Uncle Ferdinand Glowerby was a disappointment to his wife, and Aunt Matilda made no secret of it, particularly to Uncle Ferdie. They lived at the John Quincy Adams Hotel, on Boston's Bay State Road overlooking the Charles River, one of those ultra-respectable, quiet family hotels catering to widows, widowers and couples of retiring natures and pleasant bank accounts. Life was all most serene at the John Quincy Adams, and Uncle Ferdinand, in his mellow, inconspicuous fashion, seemed blissfully content. Not, however, Aunt Matilda.

One afternoon just after tea time, Uncle Ferdie sat in his study before the fire, slippered feet on a hassock, slight frame enveloped in an easy chair, and his greying head bent happily over a detective story by one of his favorite authors. My Aunt Matilda barged, as is the wont of Back Bay ladies of ample means and bosoms, into the room.

"Ferdie," moaned Matilda, "I'm most dreadfully unhappy."

"Are you, my dear? Tuhk, tuhk," and continued his reading.

"Ferdie, will you puleeze listen to me."

"I'm all ears, my dear, practically all ears," but he didn't look up.

"Ferdie!" The voice was no longer a plaint. It was a command. Mr. Glowerby rested his book on his knee and sighed. "Why, Ferdinand," queried Mrs. Glowerby, "must you forever be so utterly useless?"

"I'm sure I don't know, pet."

"I married you more years ago than I care to remember. You were a pleasant young man of good family. You had just graduated from Harvard, seemed to be in intelligence at least a point above moronism, and I held out great hopes for you. What have you done with your life, Ferdinand Glowerby, what have you done?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Chickie."

"Well, I know."

"What, kitten?"

"Absolutely nothing! Absolutely, positively and disgustingly nothing!"

"I fancy you're right, pet. But it has been pleasant."

"Pleasant for you, perhaps, but not for me."

"Hasn't it, Matilda? Why I always fancied you had a jolly good time, what with your bridge and all."

"What with my bridge and all, Ferdinand Glowerby! Bridge parties and tea parties! That's just the trouble. What do you think women talk about at bridge and tea parties?"

"I'm sure I never gave the matter much thought, love."

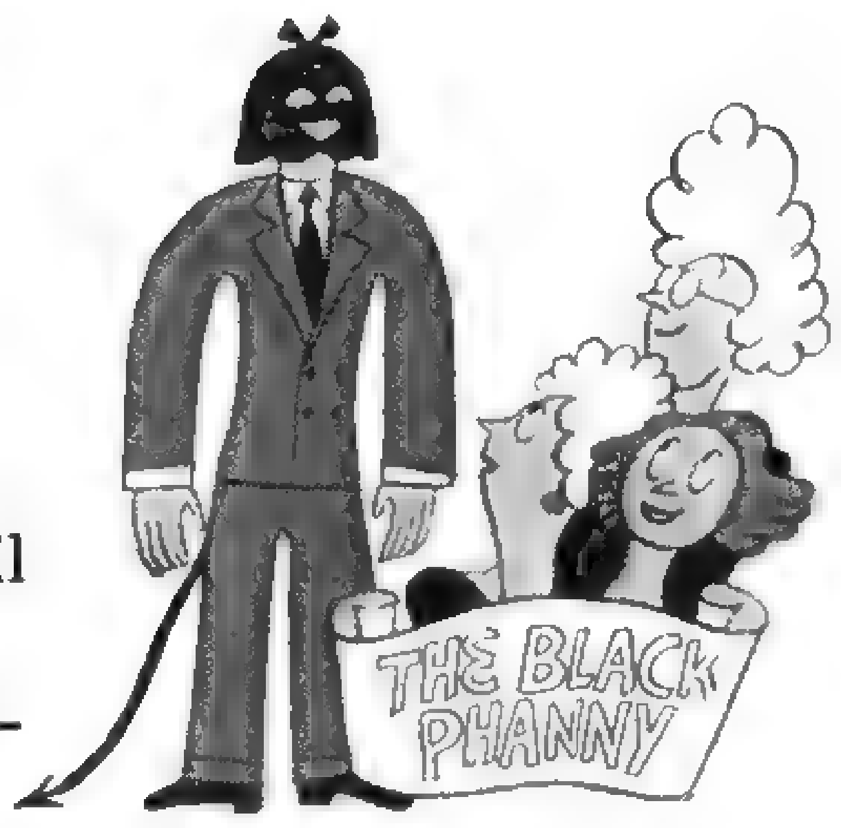
"Well, I'll tell you what they do. Eventually they start talking about their husbands, Ferdinand. And what can I do, what can I say? As a subject for conversation, you're an absolute washout. As a subject for bragging, you're a complete liability. What do you do? Ever since I married you, you've done nothing but sit about reading trashy detective stories. Except at night, and then you go off to some stuffy club that you'll never tell me about, except that you sometimes play a little chess. I can't even reach you there by telephone, because it's against house rules. Ferdinand, you don't know how frightful it is. They ask me, 'And what does *your* husband do, Mrs. Glowerby?' I tell them you've retired. 'Retired from *what*, my dear?' I simply can't bring myself to tell them you've been retired ever since you were born. I just break out into a coughing fit and don't answer. People are beginning to think I have consumption."

"I'm terribly sorry, my dear."

"Being sorry doesn't help a tittle. I feel such an utter fool. A wife is known by the husband she keeps, and when all those cats start yowling about their husbands I almost die of mortification. Mrs. Cabotle's husband was a leading minister. Old Mrs. Fletcher's husband was a professor at Harvard. Mr. Bellowes has a perfectly fascinating case of rheumatism and spends his time taking wonderful treatments in sanitoria all over the world. Mr. Stothing is in jail as the result of a perfectly stupendous bank failure. Mrs. Robie's husband is a writer. He's written nothing that anyone's ever heard of, and for the past ten years is supposed to have been working on a novel, but when his wife starts talking about him, people just have to listen. Oh, Ferdinand, why can't you do something, anything, except sit around and grow moss? If you would even beat me regularly—"

"Oh, but I couldn't do that, pet."

"Well, won't you, after all these years, give me *something* I can talk about?"



"Is it as bad as all that, Matilda?"

"Worse, Ferdinand, worse."

Tears coursed down the plump cheeks of Aunt Matilda Glowerby. Each tear was as gall upon the soul of Uncle Ferdinand. He loved his wife, with a quiet, pacific affection, and he hated to see her unhappy. For a few moments, he sat bathed in thought, tense, as though teetering on the brink of a great decision.

Finally, when Aunt Matilda's sobs were leveling off into sustained and regular weeping, Uncle Ferdie snapped shut his book with a clap that made Matilda jump. He stood up, drew himself to his full five-feet-one.

"Matilda, my dear," he announced, "I shall come to your rescue. I am sorry to have failed you so long. Henceforth, when the subject of husbands arises, you may hold your audience spellbound."

When Aunt Matilda had gone to powder away her tears, Uncle Ferdie made a list of the chief husband-braggers, as he remembered them from his wife's lament:

Mrs. Cabotle, widow, husband was a minister.

Mrs. Harley Fletcher, widow, husband was a Harvard Prof.

Mrs. Robie, husband a fake writer.

Mrs. Stothing, husband a bank president, jailed.

Mrs. Bellowes, husband has rheumatism.

After each name he placed an address.

That night he announced that he would go to his club. Aunt Matilda was a trifle disappointed, thinking her spouse might well be getting on with his new career, whatever it might be. However, from long habit she made no complaint, kissed him good-night, and prepared for bed. As she drifted off to sleep, she saw a vision of herself on a platform. About her were a sea of eager faces. "Ladies," she began in the

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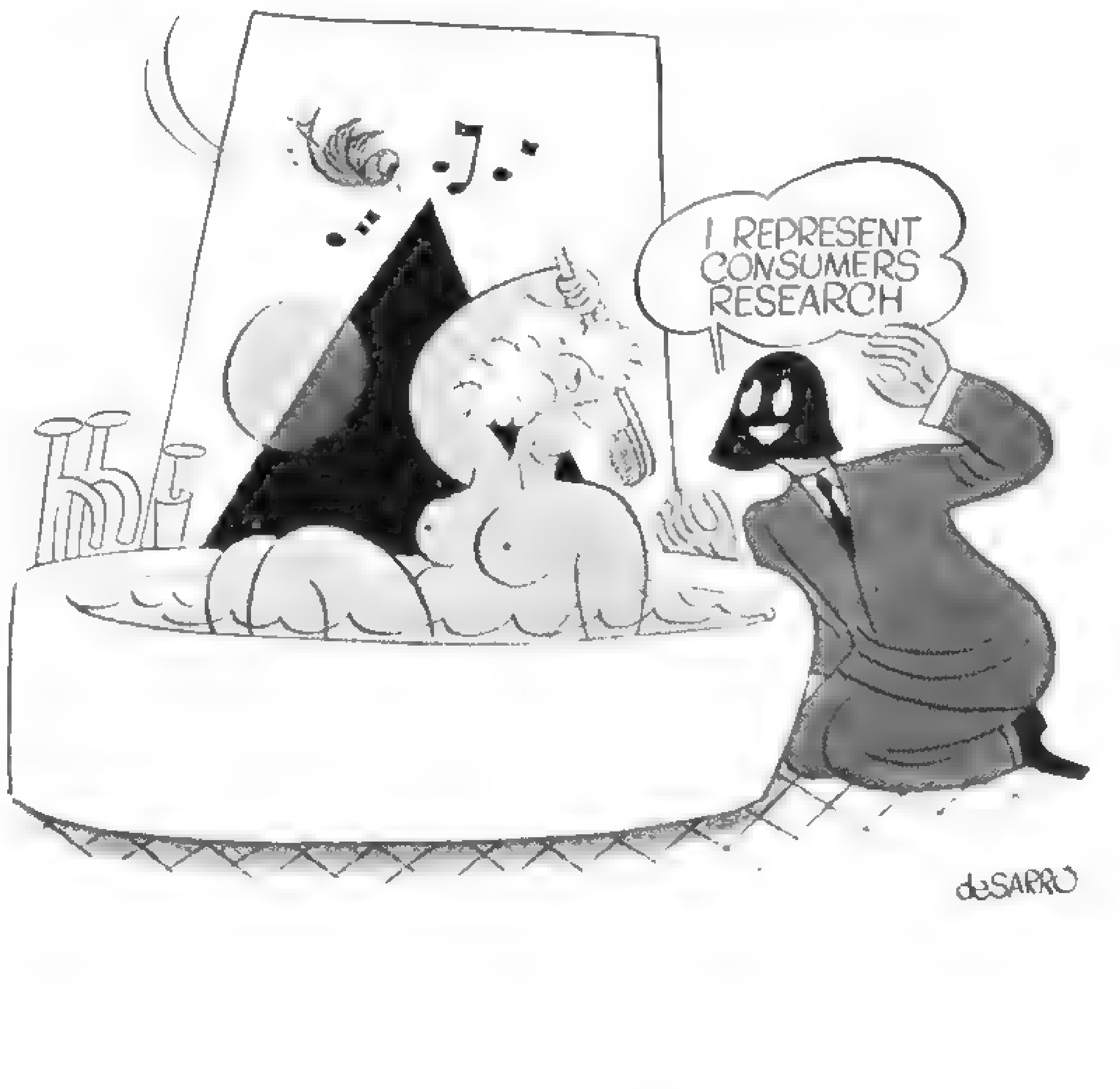


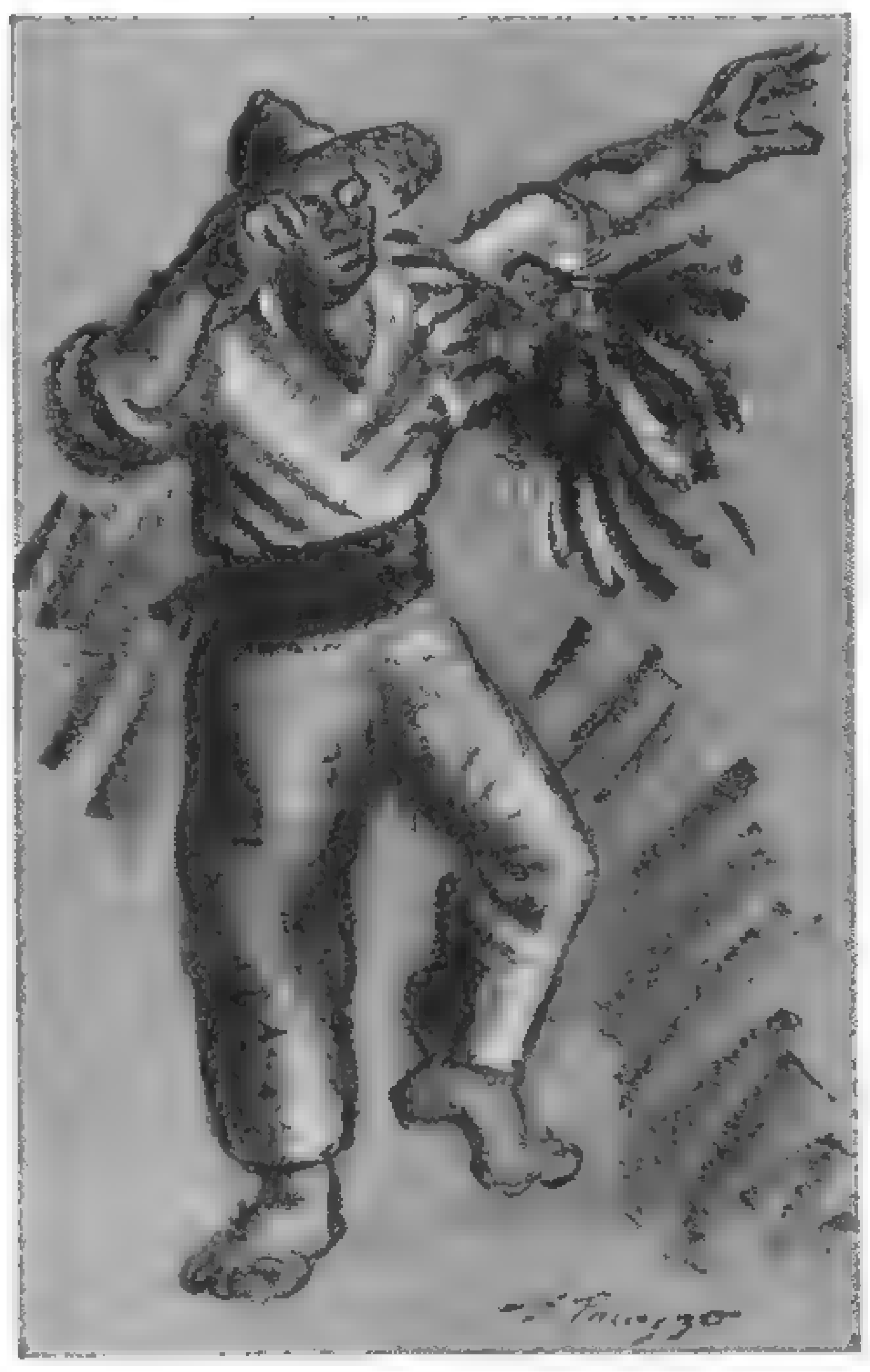
Crossbreds Are Mean

And when these devils are in full fighting fury, they aren't at all choosy about whom they may strike

by EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

• SPORTS •

There ought to be a law to protect cock fighters from man-eating fowl such as the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross which, in the early spring, murdered Porfirio Canales at La Caridad. The number of kindred cases in our own United States, cases of conscientious cock fighters being mutilated or massacred by crossbred, ill-natured game cocks—would simply stop you. But, before I introduce my bill into the coming legislature, I better tell you how they handle such matters in South America.



La Caridad is a village in Honduras, where they take their cock fighting seriously. Its normal population is something less than a thousand, but each week end during the late winter and early spring, this normal number of people becomes abnormal in an astounding fashion as a mongrel assortment of natives begins its trek to town and the cockpit.

They come on their bare feet and on the bare backs of wobbly asses. They come in ramshackle carts and occasionally an owner of an especially productive grove of banana trees may steam up in comfort and style in a Model T Ford. They come many miles from the surrounding jungle, often without grub for themselves, but never without plenty of good, old, sun-cured Argentine corn—the last meal for the game fowl they carry with them, close-feathered bunches of hard flesh and bone upon whose fighting ability they come willing to bet all they possess—or hope to possess.

The cockpit of La Caridad is thirty feet in diameter and situated near the center of the village. Around it are tiers of seats for the early arrivals and behind these an elevation upon which the late-comers may stand, packed like Smyrna figs for fleeting glimpses of the death struggle below. Packed so closely together that the acid stink from one sweating brown body blends with the alkaline odor of another until over all there floats a sickeningly sweet stench—suggestive of the savor of mustard and garlic, which so distressed the erstwhile potentates of Addis Ababa.

But what of it? Cock fighting differs the world over, but in one essential it is the same. During the heat of the battle, the audience is as immune to discomfort as are the feathered gladiators to pain. Those with pitside seats must have strong backs to withstand the weight of others pressing from behind. The sour breath of a neighbor who has eaten too little and drunk too much passes unnoticed. The spasmodic clutch of a strange hand, the hand of a man who sees his last centavo leaving him with the choking gasps of a dying cock, is accepted though it break the skin of your arm or shoulder.

It was at one such meeting, a gathering during which the inferno of excitement of the cockpit mocked the blaze of the withering sun, that Porfirio Canales, thirty-five, as ardent a cocker as might be found in all Honduras, met his untimely end.

In La Caridad, as elsewhere throughout the world, it is the universal law of the game for spectators to keep out of the pit while the battle is in progress.

Violation of this rule is frequently rebuked by a kick in the belly from the referee, or from one or both of the handlers of the fighting cocks.

But, Canales had made a large wager—and the fight was virtually over. At the first pitting, the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross, upon which he had bet his fortune, had flown high. Its feet working like pistons, the three-inch long slasher, razor sharp, attached to its left spur, had struck its adversary in mid-air—and had literally cut the less fortunate rooster in two.

Before the referee had had time to announce the decision, the jubilant Canales had entered the pit—presumably to raise the victor high above his head for all to see. But the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross, momentarily distracted from the business of administering the *coup de grâce* to its vanquished foe, had turned upon this human intruder. Again it flew, high, straight and hard. Its short, powerful beak, a heritage from its Aseel mother, had seized Canales' cotton shirt for leverage while it drove the murderous slasher deep to the doomed man's heart.

Ensued bedlam. A polyglot babbling to which the unfought cocks, tethered to their stakes in a nearby field, added their excited crowing. Canales' body was turned over to the village judge, who immediately started criminal proceedings. The cockpit was temporarily deserted, while the devotees of the sport herded into the courtroom.

In vain, did the owner of the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross plead that his fighting rooster could not be held accountable for his action; that premeditation could not be proved; that Canales had violated a tradition of the ancient pastime by entering the pit while the birds were still fighting. The stern-faced judge could not be bribed or cajoled from his duty as he saw it.

Natives of La Caridad wasted small sympathy upon the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross when the verdict, death by hanging, was announced. El Viego Gallo was a bastard. Many there were who remembered his father, a loose-feathered, loose-boweled chicken rooster that had come thousands of miles in a wooden crate from some remote spot in the frozen north country called Alabama. He, too, had been a man-fighter—a smouldering-eyed, mean-tempered son-of-a-bitch if ever there was one—which was proof in itself there was some "dirt" in him. How different from the pure-blooded Aseels or the small, head fighting Spanish cocks which were as tame as kittens!

True enough, the murderer of Canales had won two fights with slashers—but any dunghill with enough luck and speed might win a fight or two with slashers. He hadn't been hurt, so his actual gameness was yet to be tested. And, hadn't his hackles stood up when they hauled him by the feet into court? A game cock is never carried by the feet unless he has disgraced himself—but, tenderly under the arm.

Justice is swift and sure in La Caridad. Soon after the trial, a crude scaffold was erected and a hangman's noose placed around the shorn neck of the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross. Before long, the cord tightened about the guilty chicken's throat while the protesting flapping of its wings became weaker and weaker until death released its struggles and the villagers were free to return to their cocking fiesta.

That's the way they deal with man-killing fowl in La Caridad—but what redress have North American cock fighters in similar cases? What legal penalty, if any, was visited upon the Shawlneck rooster that killed a cocking fan in Florida some years ago? But, maybe you didn't hear about that.

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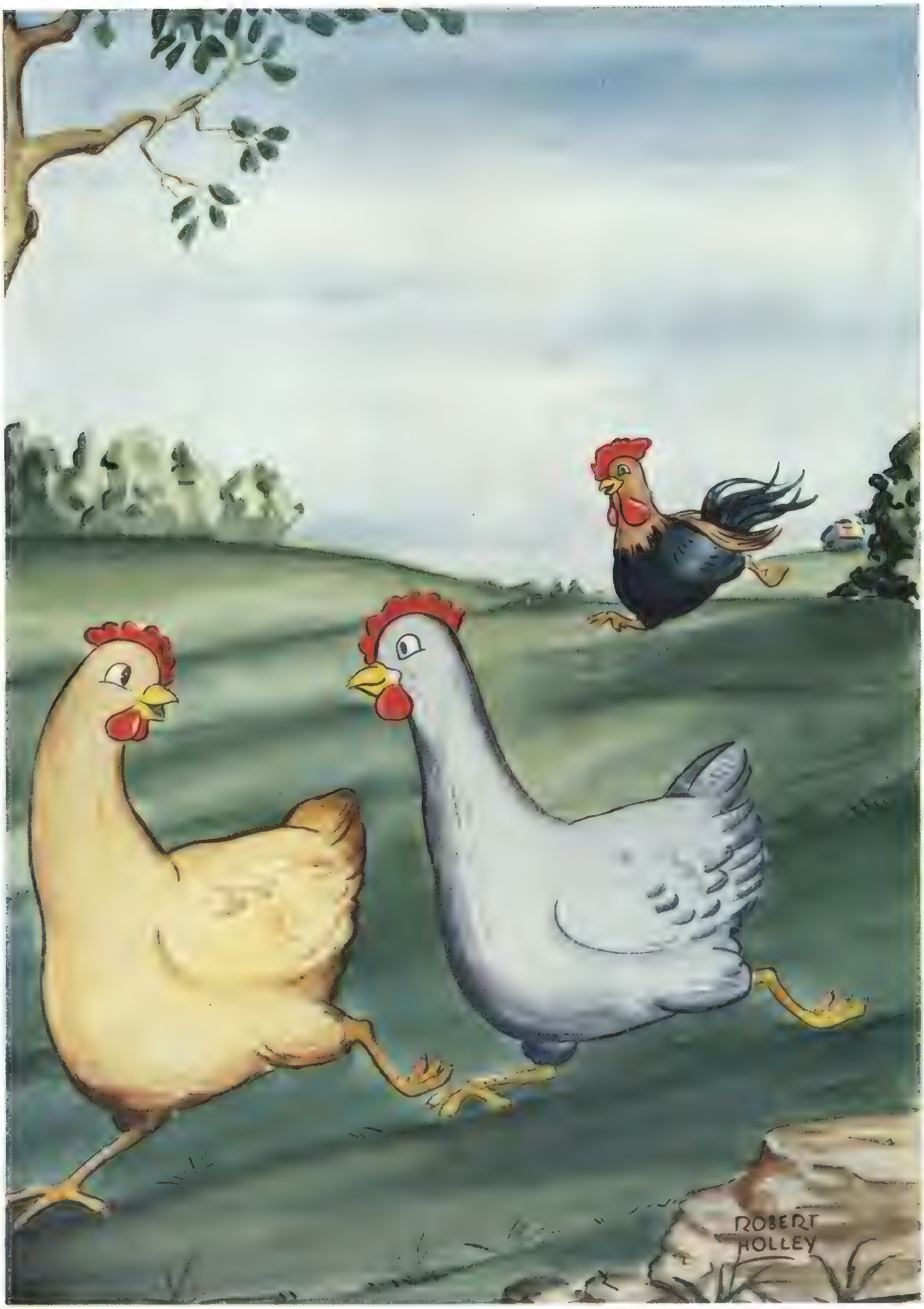
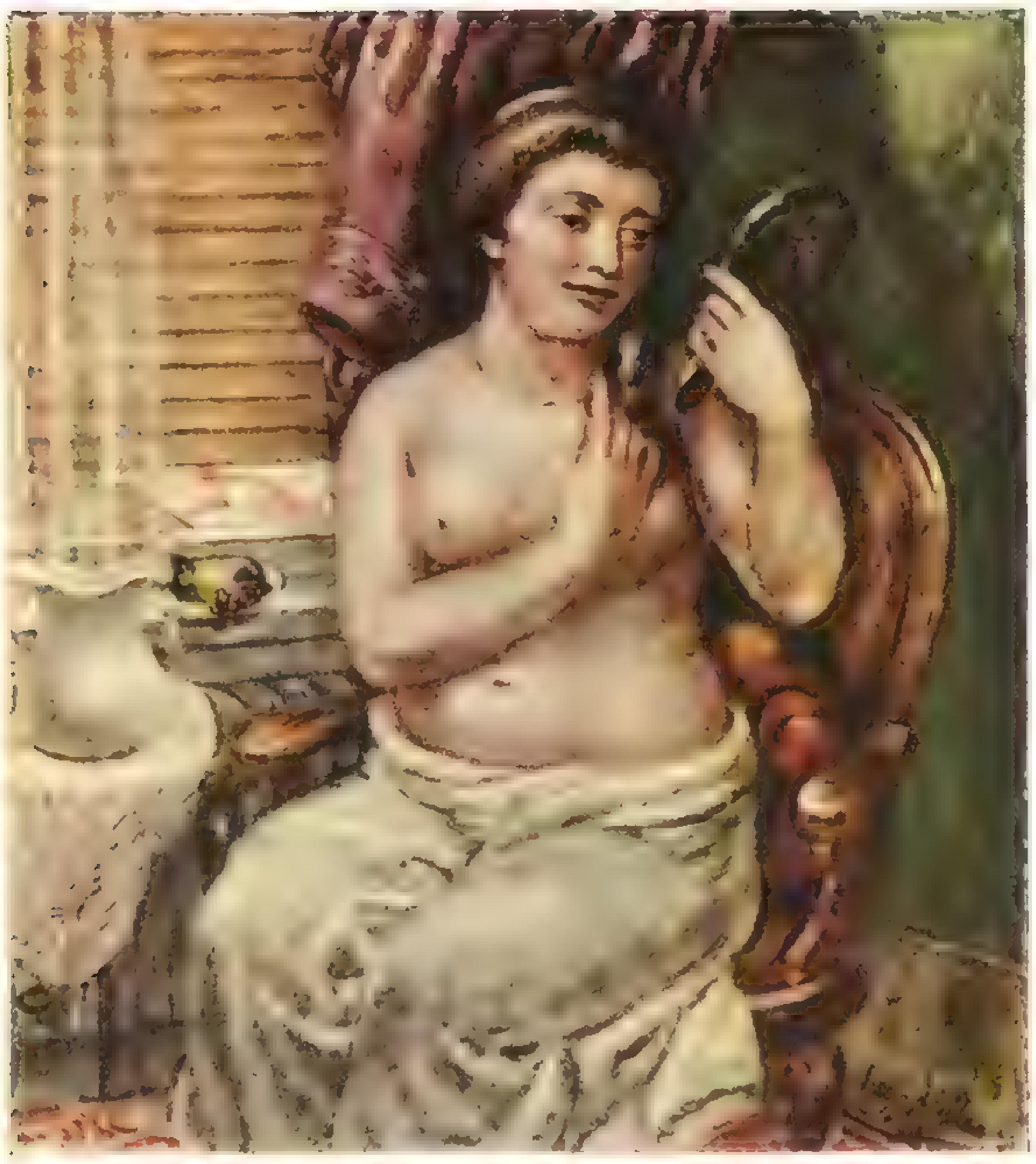
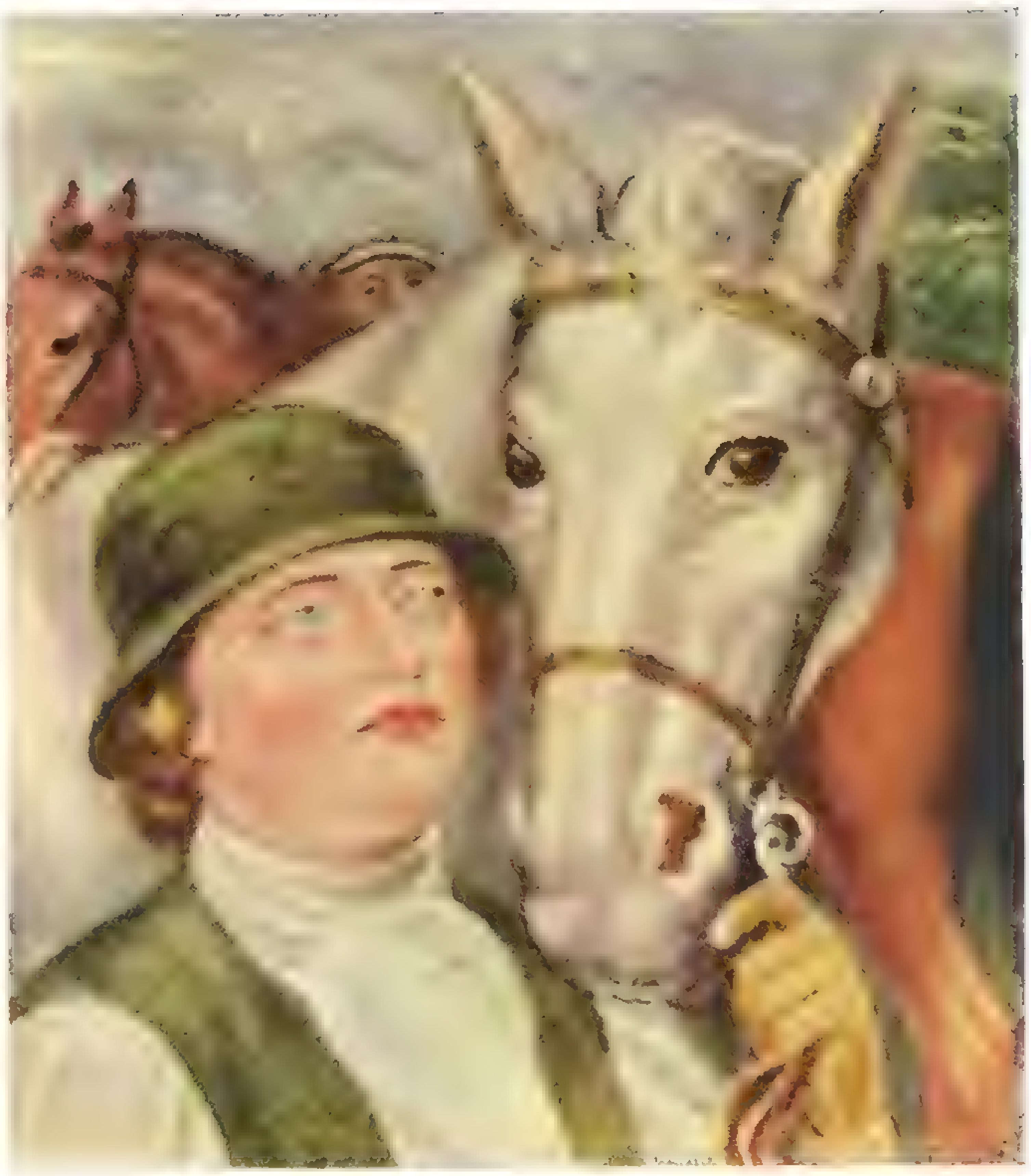


ROBERT
HOLLEY

"Maybe we're running too fast."



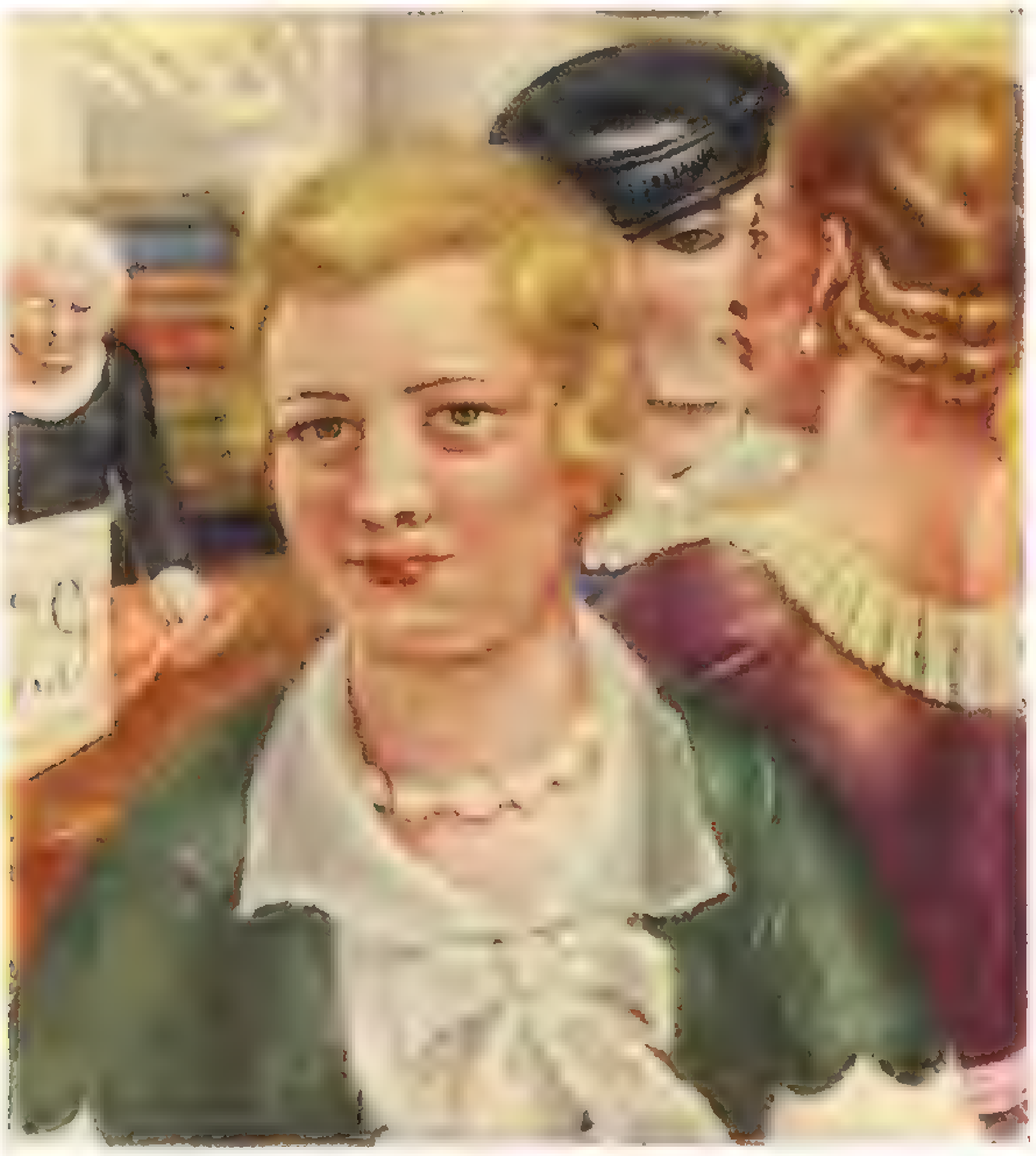
BEHIND THE VENETIAN BLIND



HORSE AND RIDER

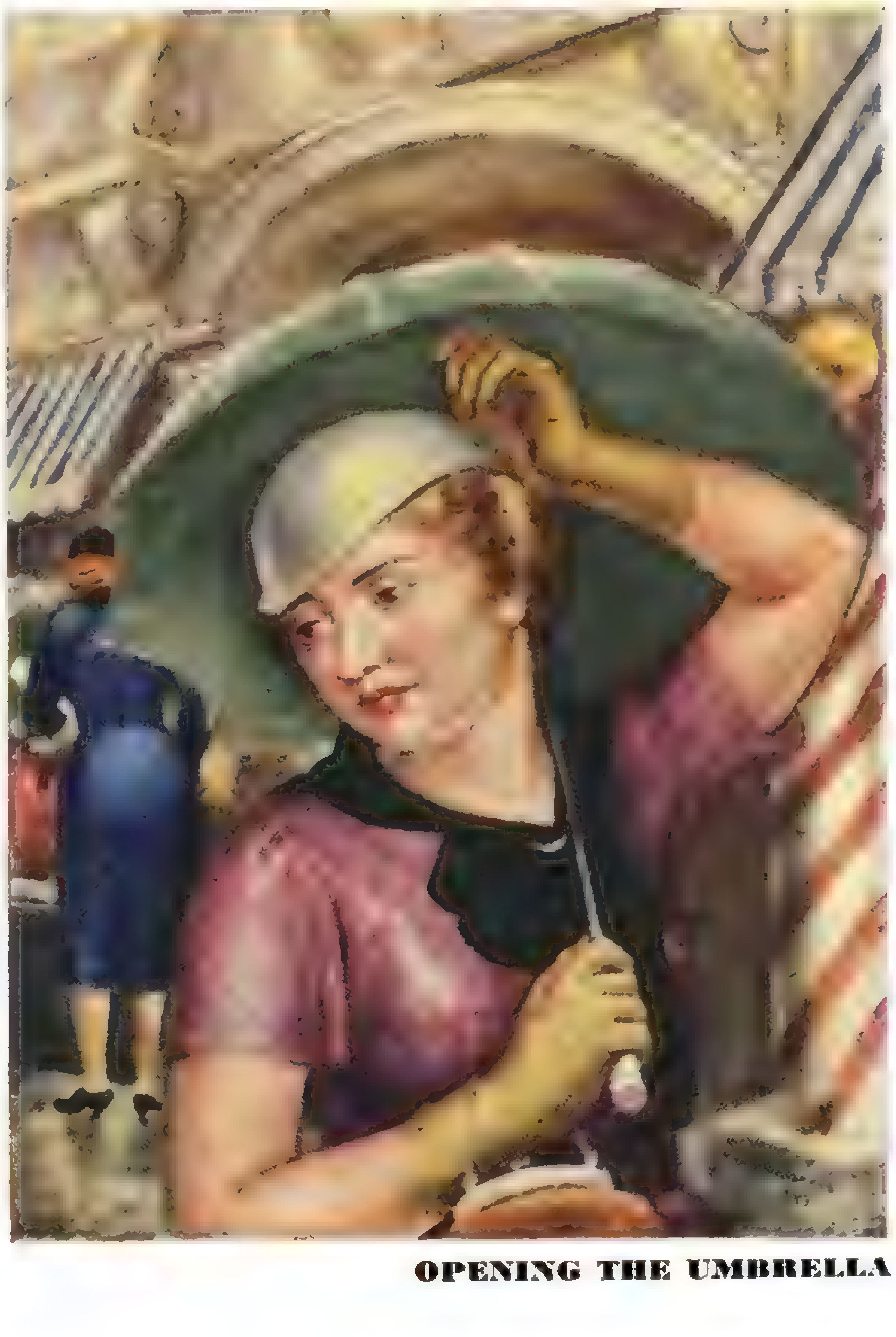
Five Paintings

by KENNETH HAYES MILLER

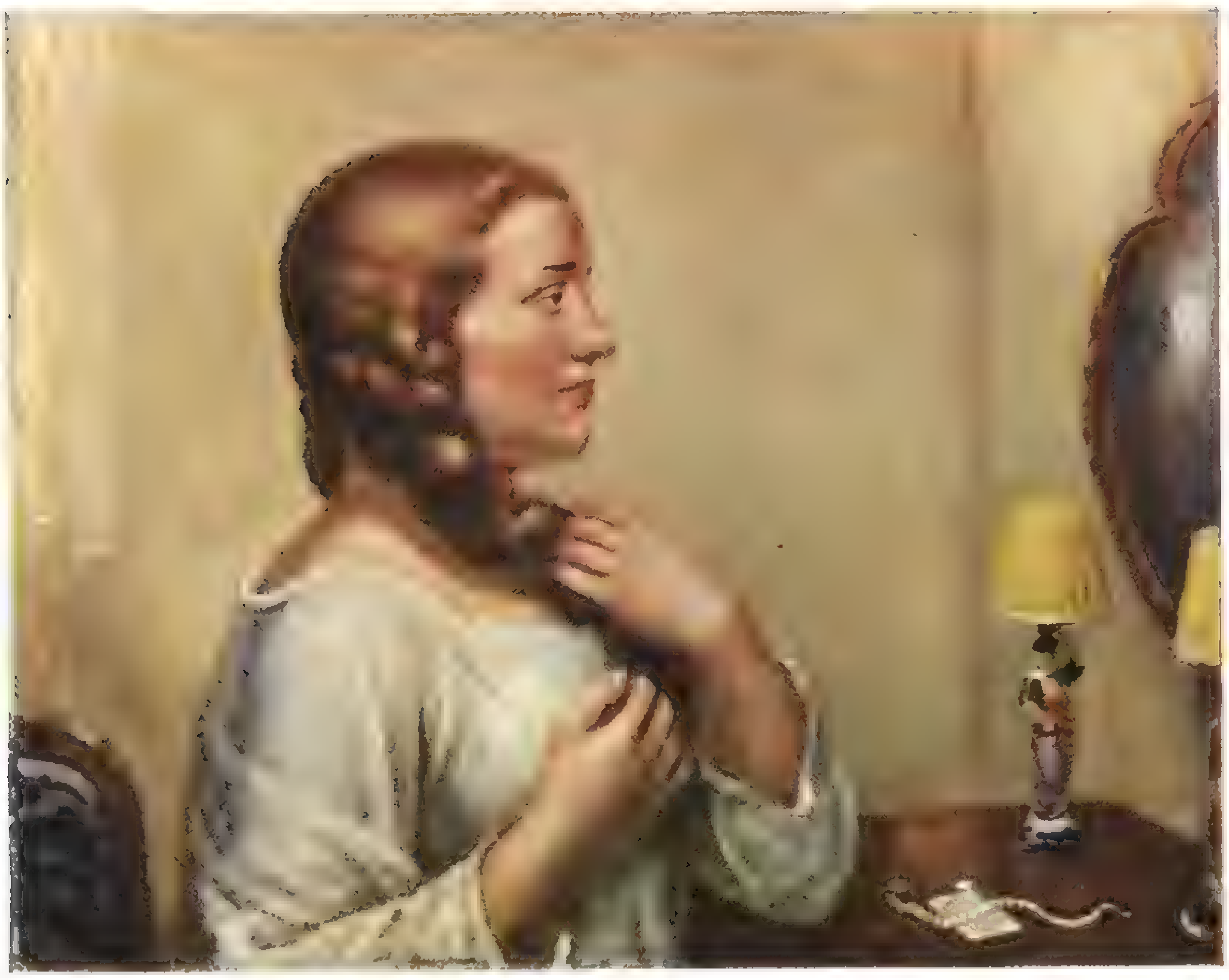


BEHIND THE COUNTER

Paintings reproduced through courtesy of the artist and the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., where these and other representative examples of Miller's work are on display and sale.



OPENING THE UMBRELLA



THE DRESSING TABLE

Kenneth Hayes Miller: Intellectual

He creates traditional pictures from mundane scenes, every inch coolly and deliberately derived

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

KENNETH HAYES MILLER is a Yankee whose canniness and whose conscience have gone into art. He possesses at one and the same time the remoteness of the dedicated soul and the shrewdness of the trader who understands the value of his goods. He is one of the few painters, if not the only one in America today, whose philosophy of art is as fundamental as his art and whose work is achieving fullness and richness as he moves into his sixties. There is not an unconsidered brush stroke in his work, not a heedless statement in his philosophy of art. He represents the typical American in the quintessential artist—the quietly typical American of New England in the man whose point of departure and whose court of appeal is no "new" American art, but the lovely plastic art of Rubens and Titian. He is almost self-consciously a link in the chain of tradition, and he is both proud and humble about it. After a teaching career of approximately thirty-seven years he has left the classroom to devote himself exclusively to the studio. The painter has reasserted himself over the teacher. Even so, Kenneth Hayes Miller stands in the relation of a Robert Henri to a generation of painters only slightly younger than those Henri taught and directed. Miller also is an opener of the way. And whether he stands before a class at the Art Students' League or converses with an individual in his studio, he talks like the born teacher, touching the essentials of the matter with so quiet and casual a drawl that the man who hears him for the first time may fall into the error of supposing that Kenneth Hayes Miller is talking about the weather.

Kenneth H. Miller is a stubborn man. He is stubborn in his loyalty and stubborn in his understanding. He has never painted a picture with reference to fashion. He has looked out the window only to observe the materials for art, not to remark what the other boys were doing, or what was in the wind, or what the museums were buying or the critics praising. He has pursued his own line of development, budded out from his own soil, so to speak. He heeded not the clamor either when Americans were imitating the French or discovering, after Benton and Curry and Wood, the American scene. It is probable that he has not seen a surrealist painting. Maybe this is the self-sufficiency of the incurious but it is also the self-sufficiency of the man who knows his course because he knows either his compass or the stars in the heavens and knows also that he has no time for side trips. His credo as artist and teacher is consistent and complete and deserves, no less than did Henri's, preservation in print. It is certain that no less than Henri has Miller evoked a continuing sense of loyalty from the students whom he has taught. But the pendulum has swung the other way, too. It must be reported, even if regretfully, that no elder in art is detested more thoroughly by certain members of the younger generation than is Mr. Miller.

He is the intellectual painter. The type of beauty to which he is devoted is a formal beauty implicit in the right relation of things. In his hands the brush dipped in paint does not make a momentary capture of a scene or a person; it solves a problem, according to plan. In art, says Miller, there are no chance effects; nervous energy, a stroke of inspiration, cannot do the real work of planning and construction. He is a deliberate painter in the sense that he reaches sensuous effects by intellectual processes. His work is slowly wrought, built up step by step by the measure of a rhythm by which his life may be said to be governed. He is unhurried because he is thinking in terms of a tradition which has moved by centuries, not by years. If he has given much to art, art has given more to him, and the least that may be said for him is that to the least of his students he has communicated a sense of significance that that student never had before.

The simple fact is that, for Miller, life and art are synonymous. Almost is one led to believe that he sleeps no longer and nourishes himself no more than his art requires—although that is an exaggeration. Late in winter afternoons and much later in the summer, when sunlight has long since vanished from his studio, his friends may find him there brooding upon a problem or difficulty relating to his work, and he comes up to them, to their surface, as if from a great depth. His friends are few and his social life limited. It is even debatable whether his art may not suffer a little from the fact that it has so few outside sources to draw upon, from its ingrowingness, and yet Miller's reply to that would be that the sources for art should be deep within one, not external factors. There are painters who may live over again in their pictures the lives they lead privately, but it is possible for Miller to attend baseball games without his paintings ever giving one a clue to that private foible. Yet that private foible, in Miller, gives us reassurance of the Yankee American in whom the dedicated artist is rooted. However, to affirm the singleness of Miller's purpose is not to say that the artist has genius, nor to deny it. It is to say that he has a high, a consistent and a selfless purpose.

But a form of personal ambition does peep through the crust of impersonality, in a pique at misunderstanding, depreciation and neglect that amounts at times to a gross sense of persecution. He attaches significance to casual, careless statements of reviewers and reads spiteful meanings even into the things that they neglect to say. I suspect that he is a little envious, somewhat disappointed, considerably embittered and that his alter ego ineffectually censors the harsh phrases which sometimes rise to his lips. He tends to suspect the operations of a clique in conspiracy when he meets with honest indifference or honest hostility. I believe that there is no personal spite in the impersonal hatred which his work and his influence generate in some of the young and socially conscious painters of America. He would have to be a saint not to wince, at least in private, at the way in which youngsters who have sat at his feet as students have shot up into public esteem and have eclipsed him. That no one of them can match the quiet distinction of a painting such as *Arranging Her Hair* is beside the point. The general public is not aware of distinction that does not make a noise and painters like Mr. Miller must bide their time while the circus performers repeat their acts to thunderous applause. If, humanlike, Kenneth Hayes Miller desires a little more attention, if he wishes to harness all of criticism to his chariot and silence, by perfection, all dissidence, he wants all this not for the name of Kenneth Hayes Miller, but for his art. But art divorced from the personality of the artist takes a long time to speak to people.

He quotes approvingly the habit of the old masters of not signing their pictures. He resents the modern fashion of exploiting the personality of the artist, of spotting his work by meretricious identification marks. For example the identification of the *Mona Lisa* by the smile he holds to be a cheapening one, for what makes that picture glorious is the marvelous structure of the head, not the smile; its structure, plasticity, depth and movement. He has a horror of the habit of looking at paintings in order to extract from them the personalities of the artists. He resents this fashion even when, by submitting to it, he might himself derive advantage from it. Some time ago Mr. Miller was summoned to his dealer's gallery to meet a group of men for a purpose not specified. When he arrived, his dealer told him that the men who wished to meet him represented a museum for which they might purchase some of his pictures. Apparently they expected an artist's song and dance. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Miller, "there's nothing I can say for myself; it's all in those pictures"—and bolted. On another occasion he declared that the sanction of art is not the individual who painted the picture, but the

Continued in center of page 197

By Trial and Error

Though he assured Lalie her good name was safe and she had nothing at all to worry about, still she was in despair

by HEWITT LEONARD BALLOWE

• FICTION •

HENRI hadn't worked in three months. The loss of Lalie to Alcide had left him with nothing to work for. It was more than a scandal among simple industrious people that the most promising boy in the settlement with the finest and best equipped boat refused to go out with the fleet just because a girl had given him the mitten and married his rival.

Mr. Millay, who ran the store, brought him to his senses.

"I wouldn't have a word to say if you didn't owe me. It would be none of my business what you did. But you do owe me, and you owe others. It is not very honorable for you to make no effort to pay your debts. I thought that you were more of a man than that."

Henri winced at the words and humbly asked for supplies to enable him to go out with the fleet.

Having made up his mind to work he was anxious and impatient to start. He got boat and equipment in order and was at the head of the canal behind the levee before day, next morning.

Warnings of an equinoctial storm were out. The tide in the canal was high. Each boat was tied bow and stern with new rope to pickets in the banks.

Henri looked at the cloud-filled gray sky, noted the direction of the rising wind.

"I will put one over on them," he said aloud to himself. "I will show them who is the best trawler here. When the weather is good and shrimp plentiful there is no price at the market. Tomorrow there will be none in town and the price will soar. A storm is coming? I will slip out, make a couple of drags, and get back in the canal before it hits. I can do that because I know my onions. We trawl in the Gulf. This morning I will trawl in the first bay, behind a point where the water is not yet too rough. The young shrimp have been growing in the inland waters ever since winter. They must be of a size. If I trawl in the bay I will not have to pass Alcide's camp on the other side. Thought of Lalie being in there might take all of my courage. The people can talk but they will never know how much I loved her."

Henri watched the weather while he made the long observation to himself. Mr. Millay arrived at the store and threw open the windows. That decided him. He cast off and went out the canal.

The bay was rougher than he had expected. It was easy to get behind the point that he had selected, but he had to figure to get back to the mouth of the canal if the wind shifted, which it was prone to do in equinoctial storms. The weather was still warm and shrimp had to be carried on deck to keep them from heating and turning red. Even then they had to be rushed to the shipping shed at the head of the canal and iced. One combing wave, breaking over the bow, would clean the deck. He didn't worry about that. Just let him catch a load and he would bring it in. He was so sure that he would catch that he did not put out the test net but lowered the trawl over the stern and started a short drag at slow speed.

While he was sitting on the high stool behind the wheel in the pilot house he caught sight of Alcide's cabin across the bay. He wondered if Lalie was in it. Alcide wasn't. He was in the city. His boat had fallen on him while he was copper-painting the bottom and broken both of his legs. They had sent him to the city to the hospital. If they hadn't sent for Lalie she was in a bad position with a storm coming on. The cabin was old and in bad repair. It would not stand much wind. Well, that was her problem. His was to catch a load of shrimp and get out of debt.

He knew that he would catch and he did. That comes of knowing one's business. When he drew the net alongside the tail was full of squirming, jumping prawn of a size. Those were not young shrimp but old ones that had come in from the Gulf to avoid the storm. And they would sell for as much as ten dollars a champagne basket, the measure used. Three champagnes made a barrel. Ten barrels and he would be out of debt with money beside.

He set the boards around the covered hatch to make a protecting pen and began to scoop up the shrimp with a dip net. Then he set his trawl and started on another drag.

In a short time he had more than ten barrels. All belonged to him. Ordinarily it requires two men to trawl. His skill enabled him to work alone, saving for himself the extra share.

After the last haul he fastened the boat to a push-pole driven deep in the mud near the shore and stowed everything that could be washed away. As he prepared to cast off the boat rose high on a wave. The wind had shifted. It was almost as dark as night and it was not yet noon. A sharp rain squall drove before a howling blast.

If Lalie was in Alcide's camp she ought to be rescued before the fury of the storm struck. He knew she was in it. If she had come to the settlement he would have known. He tried to think that he could run in with his load and come back for her, but he knew that he would not have time. Even now it would be all that he could do to cross through the furious water that a gale kicks up in a shallow bay and get back to the canal with fair wind.

He put his boat into the storm and started across. The first big wave took every shrimp he had. Into the cataract that broke over the pilot house he steered by compass until he reached the smoother water under the wind. Finding the mouth of the little bayou where the camp was he made fast to a rickety wharf.

Lalie answered his poundings on the door. She uttered a cry that he heard above the roar of the storm. In the gloom he could see that her hair was disheveled and that her eyes were heavy. Probably she had been crying from terror. The camp was swaying on its foundation posts driven in the ground.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I was trawling on the other side of the bay. I thought of your being alone in the camp, and I have come to take you to the River."

"You lie. People don't trawl in this kind of weather."

"I tell you that I was trawling. I lost a whole deck-load of shrimp to come here."

"Another lie. One doesn't catch shrimp in a storm. You came for a bad purpose. You knew that my husband is in the hospital and you thought it a good time to slip over here. You made a mistake. Get out before I take Alcide's gun to you. Get out."

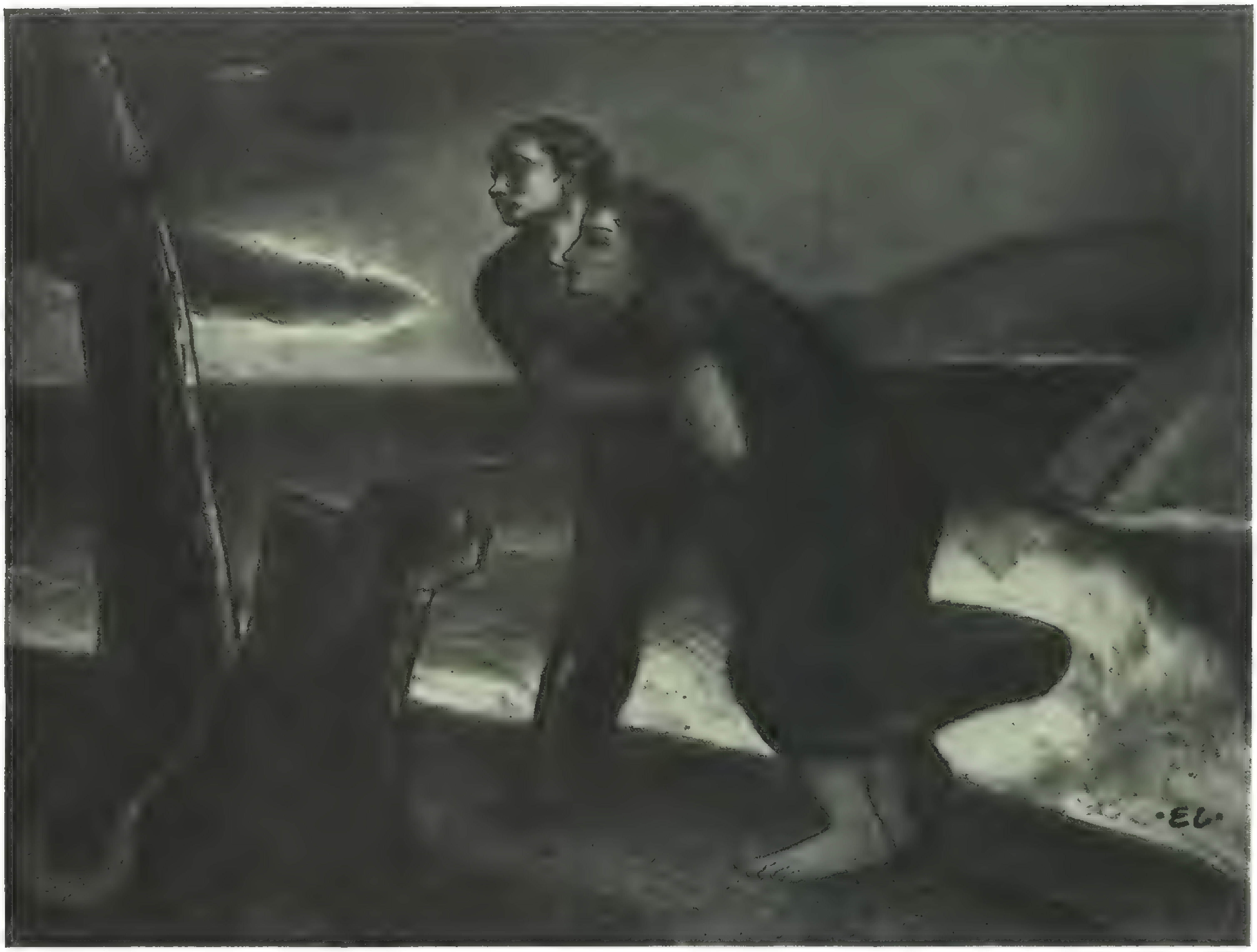
"You are wrong, Lalie. Every word that I have told you is true. I lost enough shrimp to take me out of debt and give me money beside. You can't stay here. The camp is about to go. Come with me. As it is we can hardly make the mouth of the canal."

"Yes? What would the people say to see me getting out of your boat? Where would my good name be? I would rather die here than go with you."

Henri saw that she was frantic and beside herself. He grabbed her. She shrieked, kicking him and scratching his face. He carried her down the steps of the camp and raced before the wind with her to his boat. Throwing her in the bunk behind the wheel he rushed on deck and cast off. The tide was over the marsh. Fearing to strike something with his propeller he let the boat drift into the bay before starting the motor.

The air was as dark as at midnight. When he had fastened the door he lighted a lantern and set it upon the compass box. He knew that he could not make the canal. To try and miss it would be certain disaster.

At the upper end of the bay was a long point. Behind it he might grope his way into a bayou that ran behind a clump of oaks upon a mound in the marsh. If he could get a long rope around one of the trunks and check the boat he could tie up



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

and ride the storm out behind the trees.

Lalie lay in the bunk as if she hadn't a care as he struggled with the wheel to hold the boat upon a course that he had selected. They spun in the smother of water. One moment the boat seemed lifted to the sky, the next the bow was pointed for the bottom of the bay. Only when the waves subsided a little did he know that he was behind the point.

He did not have to find his way into the bayou. The tide was running into it like a millrace. He had barely time to get an end of his best and longest rope fastened to a bitt in the bow when the shadow of the oaks loomed before him. Dark as it was his trained eyes could see them. He leaped ashore and raced ahead of the boat. The first trunk was too large. He got two wraps around the second and braced himself. He had to stop the boat. If he failed Lalie would be carried away to God knew where while he would be left behind. The turns slipped. He set his feet against the trunk and pulled against the strain. The rope burned his hands. When the bow turned and the slipping stopped he had only a few feet of rope left, barely enough to tie around the cable that was as taut as a fiddle string.

He worked like a beaver, swimming to the boat, tying other ropes to towing mast and stanchions, getting them ashore and making them fast. When he felt sure that the boat was safe he climbed aboard, his flesh quivering with fatigue.

Lalie had not left the bunk. He was resentful. At least she could have made coffee. The light of the lantern shone upon her. Her face was drawn, her eyes closed tight, her hands clenched. Her whole body seemed rigid. The only explanation that he could make was that she was in despair at the situation that she found herself in. Pity welled within him.

"Listen, Lalie, there is nothing for you to worry about. As to me, you know that you have nothing to fear. I would not harm you for anything in the world. Your good name is safe. Tomorrow, when the storm is over, I will take you to your camp. If it is there, good. If it is not I bring you back and put you in a tree. You saved yourself. Then I go to the Front. I haven't seen you. A rescue party finds you. Isn't that a smart idea?"

She did not answer. He went into the engine room and put water on to boil for the coffee. He put on dry clothes. When the coffee was made he brought a cupful and bread to her. She sat up and stared at him.

"Have you any water? The last in my barrel went the night before you came."

She drank the coffee and munched the bread.

"There was nothing to eat in the camp. They forgot to send me anything."

Henri brought her another cupful and more bread before he helped himself. She lay back in the bunk again. He thought that she would say something but she did not. He grew drowsy sitting on the high stool. He realized that he couldn't sleep in that position. "Lalie," he said, "there is room for two in the bunk. Move over. I am dying of exhaustion."

She made room and turned her face to the wall. He lay by her side. It was a strange situation. She accepted it well. No doubt she trusted him. Well she could. After all he had gone through for her he had no intention of acting dishonorably. Of course, if she offered . . . There was no chance of anyone finding out . . . What an experience that would be, with the storm roaring overhead and the boat pitching like a wild tethered thing! . . . But she never moved . . . He dropped off to sleep.

Some time in the night the storm blew itself out. When he opened his eyes it was too dark to think of moving the boat. No doubt the bayou was full of debris floating out. His wheel would be fouled sure. He must take no chances for his plan to succeed.

Lalie was lying on her back. She had pulled the sheet over her. Its folds were draped around her limbs. Her josie was open and her breasts showed. They were very white, round, and plump.

He got out of the bunk and went into the engine room. He put water on to boil for coffee and some salt meat to soak. The boat was lying close to the bank. Rolling up his trousers he stepped ashore. It was some work untying all of the ropes but one and bringing them aboard. When the east began to gray he loosened that one and let the boat drift out.

He wondered if Lalie would come to the engine room. Surely the smell of the frying

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Plant of Heaven

Rescuing tea from women's clubs, and restoring it to its rightful, warm-bellied, full flavored status

by T. R. CARSKADON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I WANT no smirks in the back row when I announce that the subject of today's little discourse is tea. What we have done to this drink in America amounts to nothing less than a major crime in gastronomy. We buy it ignorantly, prepare it abominably, and do our living damnedest to convert a pungent, warm-bellied brew into a tepid gullet-wash for the delectation of middle-aged ladies.

I protest. I am here to rescue the beverage of emperors and kings from its American connotations of a muslin bag swimming in lukewarm water, served amid high-pitched cackle and accompanied by sandwiches with squishy insides. Good God, men, that's no way to treat the tipple of explorers, lumberjacks and philosophers. If you fall in with the monstrously perverse American notion that tea is a sissy, I'll have no patience either with you or with that attitude. It shows your own damned ignorance, and there is no better place to get a little enlightenment than right here and now.

If you have the courage of your palate, I invite you to find out for yourself what the great teas of the world are like. I would have you explore the smoky richness of a vintage Lapsang Souchong (beloved of J. P. Morgan); the crackle and bite of a lordly Darjeeling; the pure elysium of a properly cured Formosa Oolong. Truly these are exalted brews, and lest you approach them with soul unshriven let us dip for a moment into the basic lore of tea.

Realize first that all the teas in the world are divided into three main classifications—black, oolong and green. This is roughly comparable to saying that most of the whisky consumed in America is divided into rye, bourbon and Scotch. The point is that while there are three main types, the variations within a type run all the way from masterpieces to rotgut.

The three types of tea arise from the way the leaf is cured. The plant itself is the same the world over and as soon as the leaves are picked they are withered or lightly crushed to bring out the juice that is in them. What happens to this juice determines the type of tea. If it is allowed to ferment fully before the tea is "fired"—that is, oven-heated and rolled into the dry, tightly curled leaves of commerce—the result is a fermented or black tea. The fermenting takes approximately twenty-four hours. If the fermentation is interrupted in mid-flight, the result is a semi-fermented or oolong tea. If no fermentation at all is permitted, the dry leaf emerges as an unfermented or green tea.

Keeping these types firmly in mind, let us now enter the territory of the tea connoisseur. Within a given type the variations between teas result largely from the region in which they are grown. Soil, climate, altitude and season all affect the quality of the leaf. Naturally, some regions excel others. Indeed the products of certain districts are as eagerly sought for by tea fanciers as are château bottlings of vintage wines. Genuine rarities—such as a high-grown Darjeeling miraculously come to maturity in the cold fog between the monsoons—will bring fabulous prices: ten, fifteen and even twenty dollars per pound.

You will never approach any such Olympian teas as these merely by going to the nearest grocer and saying meekly, "I want a half-pound of tea." In nine cases out of ten he will shove at you a jumble labeled "orange pekoe." That one phrase has done more to paralyze experimentation in tea in the United States than any other development of the past forty years. The ladies think it is just too, too romantic for words. Regardless of what other teas there may be in the world they go right on demanding the tea they fondly imagine has something to do with orange blossoms, orange peel, orange color, orange extract—or God knows what, just so it has orange at one end and an exotic-looking "pekoe" at the other. (The latter word, incidentally, is pronounced "*peck-o*" and not "peek-o.")

Now let's dispose of this phrase once and for all. I can't expect dumb-witted females to get it straight, but the next time the Little Woman comes in gurgling over some "orange pekoe" just quietly brain her with the facts. "Orange pekoe" has nothing whatever to do with either the kind or quality of the tea and refers solely to THE SIZE OF THE LEAF. I put that in Brisbane caps and reiterate that it means absolutely nothing more than if you were buying inch-and-three-quarters tea as compared with two-inch tea.

Here's where the phrase comes from. In picking tea, only the small tender leaves out at the end of the branch are taken. Usually the tip of the branch itself and the first four leaves are picked. These four leaves are individually named according to size, the leaves getting larger, of course, as you work back from the tip of the branch. There are two systems of nomenclature. In China the tip itself and the first tiny leaf are called gunpowder, and the next three leaves, in order of increasing size, are called young hyson, hyson and imperial. When tea-planting was imported from China into India by the British in the early nineteenth century, a different but equally arbitrary set of names was chosen for these same four leaves. The British nomenclature now governs all teas grown in India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra—which together supply about 80 per cent of the tea imported into America. Under this system of names, the tip and first tiny leaf are called broken or flowery orange pekoe, while the three larger leaves are called, in order, orange pekoe, pekoe and souchong.

By this time it should be obvious to anyone above the mental level of the president of a woman's club that the size-rating "orange pekoe" may contain anything from a really noble tea to something pretty awful. In current trade practice the name is usually applied to a blend of black teas from any one or any combination of the four countries, India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra. The usual blends in America range from fair to good. I don't want to disparage the tea sold as "orange pekoe," but the point is that if—connoisseur fashion—you are looking for a really great tea, you must go beyond mere size of leaf to find it.

If a producer has a truly fine tea he will name the district from which it came—and there's your real guide to tea buying. The general rule is: the higher the altitude in which the tea is grown the finer its quality will be. This is true simply because the plant grows so fast in lush, tropic lowlands that its leaves are inclined to be a trifle pithy and woody and they frequently lack the savor and point of the more slowly maturing leaves of the uplands. Darjeeling, perched high on the slopes of the mighty Himalayas in Northeastern India, is regarded by many connoisseurs, particularly the British, as producing the finest tea in the world.

Let anyone who imagines—because of sad experience with women's party dishwater—that tea is lacking in character, body and lift, brew himself a proper cup of Darjeeling. Try it yourself; make it strong enough and hot enough and you will sip a great, full-bodied brew, keen as the flash of a cavalry saber, clear as the air on a mountain-top, the true and literal drink of the empire builders. A fine Darjeeling is noted for its strength

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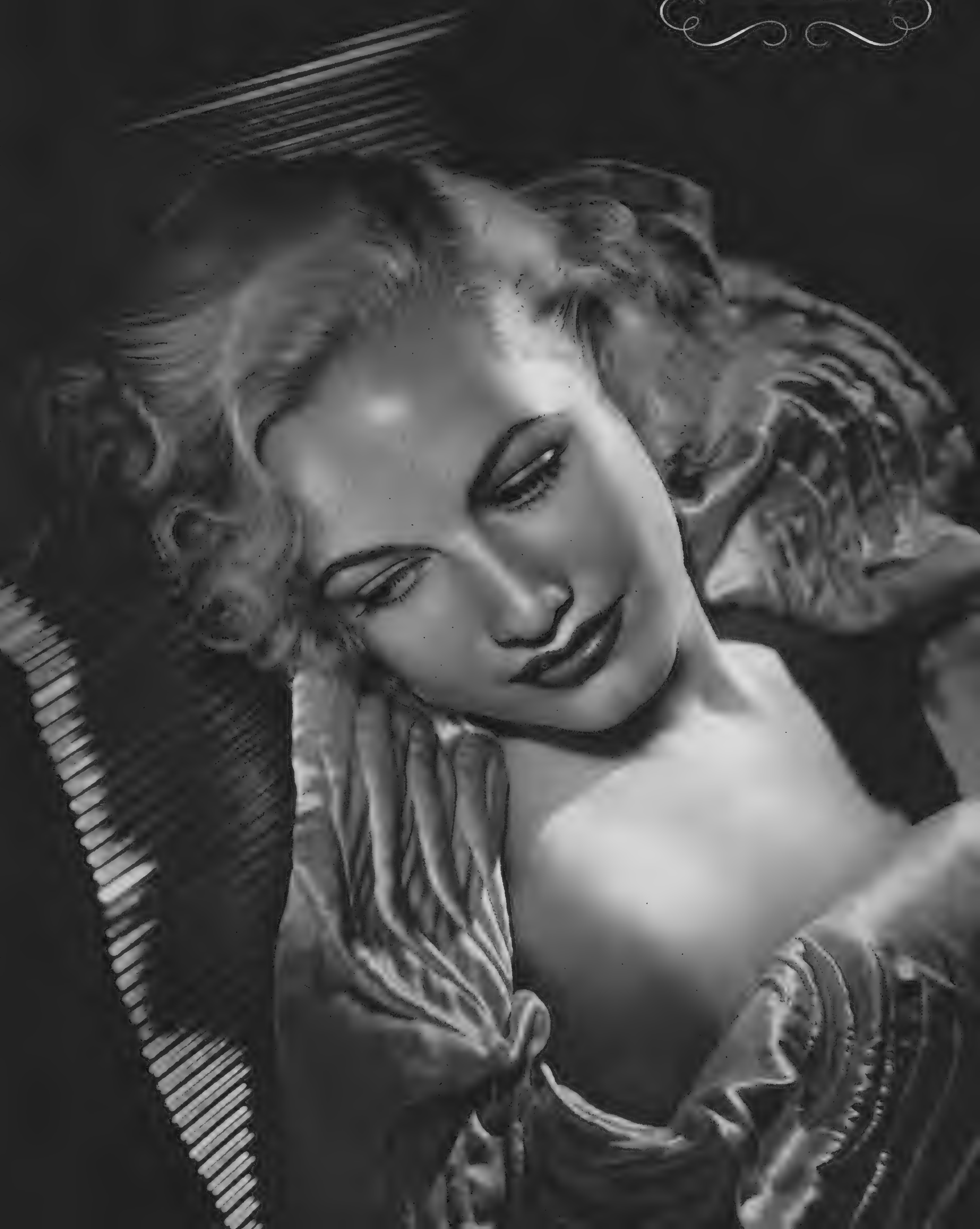


GLORIA DICKSON
Hurrell Photograph

LOUISE HOVICK
Hurrell Photograph

Miss Personality

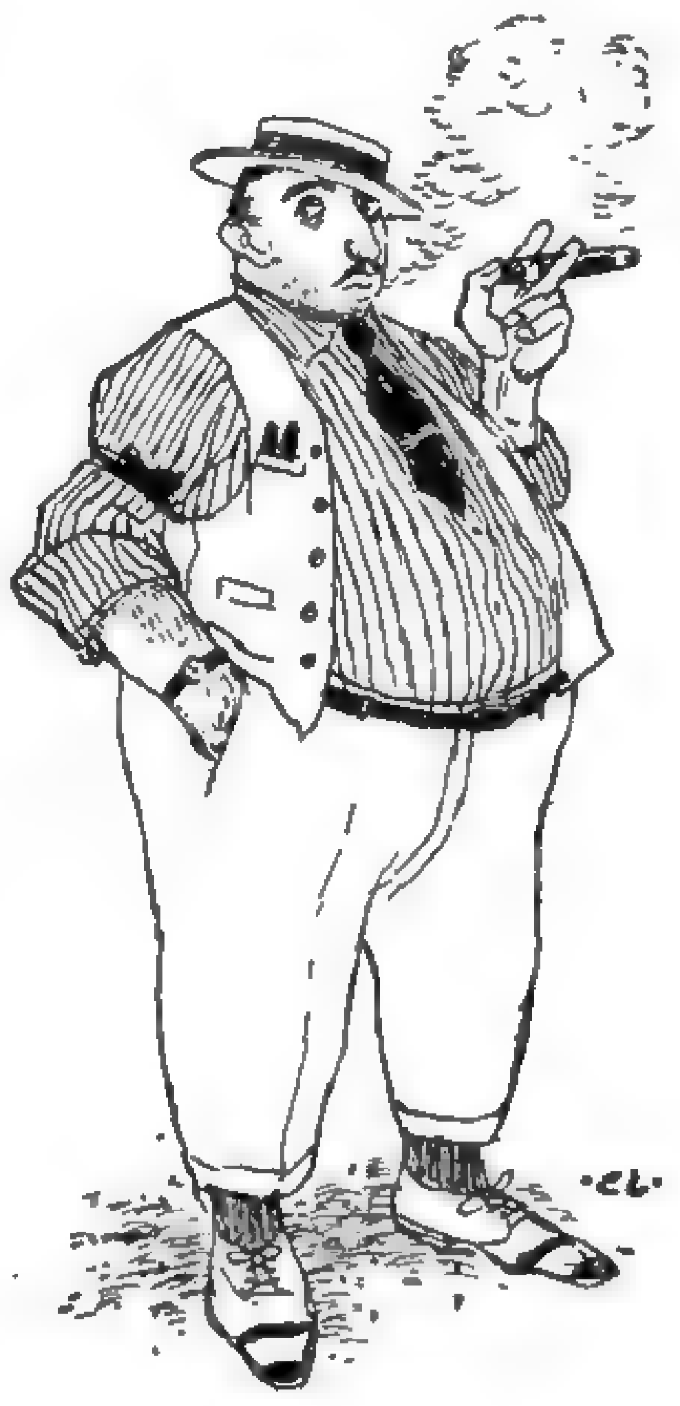
The man who owned the concession knew that the kid could draw, but he was just a little suspicious

by JACK IAMS

• FICTION •

If they were at all pretty you labeled them Miss June Rose or Miss America, alternating, and if they were ugly or wore glasses you labeled them Miss Personality. Miss Personality was a safety play.

"I see," said the new sand artist.



"It don't pay to try and be smart," explained the unshaven man who owned the sand art concession. "Just stick to them three names and you won't get into no trouble."

"What about older women?" asked the new man.

"Miss Personality's all right."

"What if they've got kids?"

"Listen," said the man who owned the concession, "you're just makin' trouble for yourself. The only ones that want their picture made are girls out with their fellows. If some old dame with kids is damn fool enough to want drawn call her American Mother."

"All right," said the new man.

"All right then," said the other man. He went under the boardwalk and lay down in the shade beside the gin bottle he had left stuck in the stand.

The new artist was a young man with wavy brown hair that stuck out through the visored skeleton cap that he wore. He stood beside an easel in front of a semi-circle of painted sand and cement statues representing Maggie and Jiggs and Cleopatra in State and kindred subjects. A thick sheaf of brown paper was clipped to the easel and as fast as you finished one picture you tore it off, rolled it up, handed it to the subject on the end of a pole and began another one.

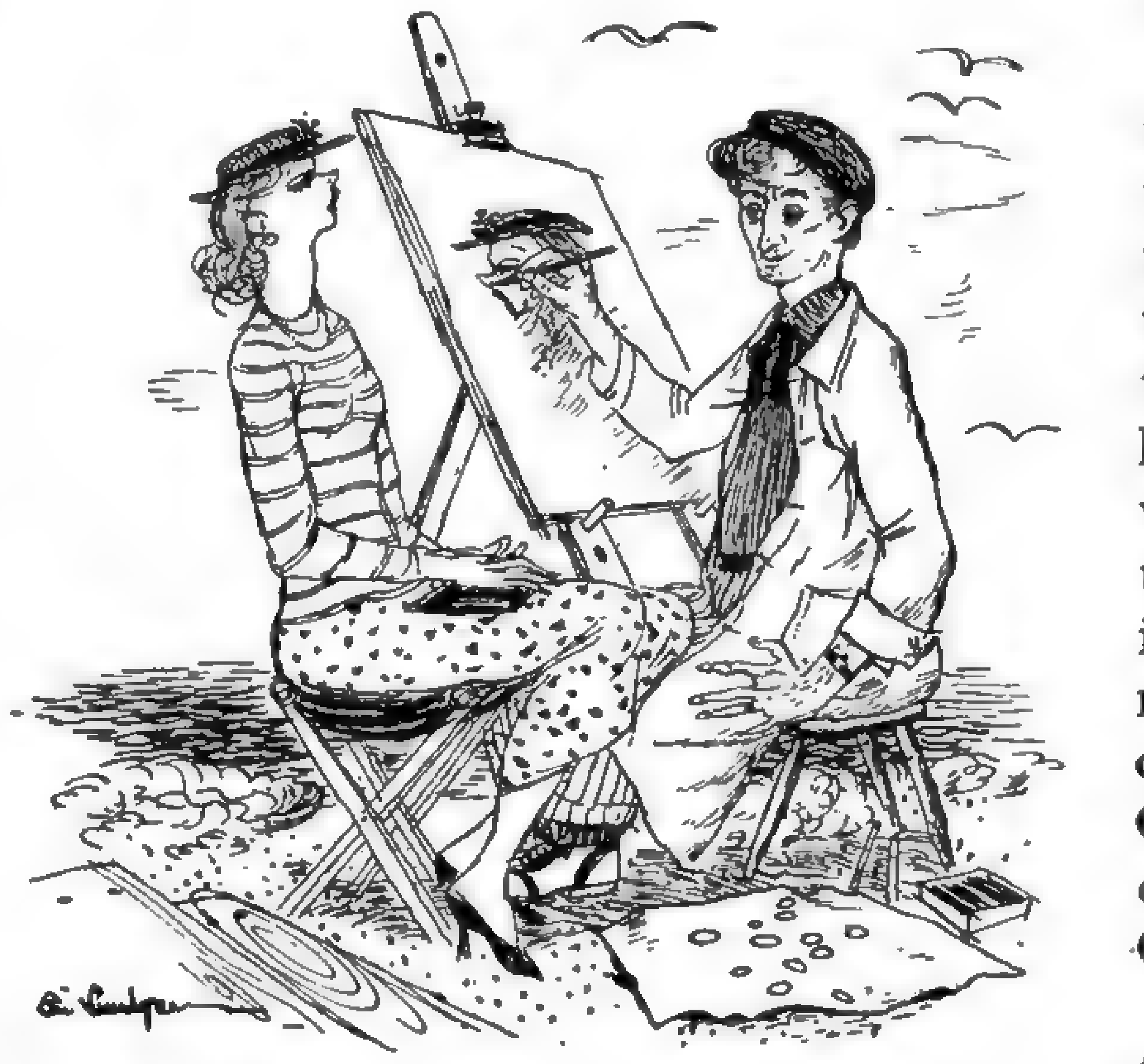
That was what you did if the subject stayed until you had finished. Lots of times, though, you would begin some girl's picture and her fellow would pull her away and you were left with a half finished portrait, looking a little foolish. Then you tore that sheet off and threw it into a box and waited for another prospect. If they stayed and took the picture, they were expected to chuck at least a quarter down onto the square of canvas in front of you, littered with decoy quarters and fifty-cent pieces.

You always drew them in profile and didn't make much effort to catch likenesses. The man who owned the concession had shown the new artist how to draw the profile: rounded forehead, straight nose, curlycue for the nostril, short upper lip, slightly pouting lower lip, chin rounding gracefully into a swan's neck. Then you tried to copy the style and color of their hair and their hats. You drew the outline with black crayon then colored the lips and the hair and the hat and stuck a daub of pink on the cheek with chalks. Then you labeled it and it was done. After you got going you could do the whole thing in a minute and a half.

The man who owned the concession lay on his back, smoking, watching to see how the kid made out. It wasn't just what he'd wanted. The best men were out-of-work commercial artists who would do what you told 'em. He was a little suspicious of this youngster who had explained that he was just out of art school and needed money so he could go abroad and study some more. Still, the kid had ability. He lifted his head from the cool sand to watch him. Yeah, the kid could draw all right.

He reached for the gin bottle, red-rimmed eyes still watching the easel. From the shadow of the boardwalk it was like watching a play to look at the artist in his blue smock and absurd cap standing in the bright sunlight.

The kid finished a head, chalked in the colors and added a pair of spectacles or rather one spectacle and the top curve of the other one. Then he scrawled Miss Personality across the bottom of the sheet, ripped it off, folded it up, clipped it to the end of the pole and thrust the pole upward out of sight. The man waited expectantly, holding the gin bottle in one hand, until a coin hit the canvas. The man waited a little longer and then called softly, "How much?"



"Two bits," said the kid noiselessly with his lips.

"O.K.," said the man and he lifted the gin bottle to his mouth. The artist smiled at him, then turned and began another picture.

The man who owned the concession opened his eyes, ran his tongue over his dry lips and wondered how long he had been asleep. The sunlight had turned pale and slanting and beyond the sand statues he saw only a few bathers bobbing in the purple water.

The kid was just finishing a picture. His sweaty hands and face were streaked with chalk and occasionally he wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his smock. Spectacles again. The man waited for the Miss Personality label then he frowned. The kid had called her Miss Intellectual.

He rose heavily to his feet and came out from under the boardwalk just as a coin dropped. "What's the big idea?" he asked, running his tongue over his lips again.

"You mean the name?" asked the kid cheerfully. "What the hell. She kicked in, didn't she?"

"Never mind about that. I told you not to get smart."

"Christ, you can't call 'em all Miss Personality. That was the third one in a row with glasses."

"That don't make no difference."

"Oh all right," said the kid. "When do I knock off?"

The man looked thoughtfully at the blazing western sky. "'Nother fifteen or twenty minutes," he said. He lit a cigarette and went back under the boardwalk.

"Miss June Rose, Miss America, Miss June Rose, Miss America, Miss June Rose, Miss America, and Miss Personality. My God." The kid pounded his glass rhythmically.

"A job's a job," said the bartender, wiping his hands on the bar rag.

"Yeah, I know," said the kid. "Somebody told me Cézanne used to work in a picture factory where they passed the pictures down a long table and one man would put in a tree and the next man would put in a stream and the next man would put a cow in the stream. Cézanne put in the cows. Or maybe it was Corot."

"Who?" said the bartender.

"Some French painter."

"Oh," said the bartender nodding wisely.

The kid heard them quarreling before they paused on the boardwalk to look down at him. He had heard the man's voice say, "Go ahead and go. Don't think I give a god damn."

The woman's voice was husky. It said, "Don't think you're going to get off that easy." The kid looked up at them. The

Continued in center of page 174

Are You a Phony?

How to get right down to your ego without laying it bare to a psychiatrist's prying gaze

by DANIEL LUNDBERG

• SATIRE •

If you go about in a mental turmoil; if you haven't caught up with yourself yet, and if other psychological tests have left you cold, or out in it, this one should answer your problem exactly. You may take it without fear that your *spiritus erectus* will be stultified (or even nipped) since our score system is absolutely guaranteed to defy detection. Thus you are assured of finding that hidden self, that powerful personality that lurks somewhere behind it all; the *real* YOU, let the grades fall where they will.

Grade on a basis of 92 to 100 per cent. Your score will be inversely proportional to your intelligence, but quite commensurate with your ability to make out your income tax return or any simple timetable. Simply get yourself a pencil, turn to the last page, read all the answers, then begin:

1. Have you the sort of muscles that don't bulge up, but are like "steel springs?" yes...no...
2. Do you ever neglect to slap the phone coin box after completing a call? yes...no...
3. Before you married Henrietta did you find out for sure that Mabel was through? yes...no...
4. When the sign says "no tipping" do you inwardly rebel? yes...no...
5. Do you honestly like Arnold Schoenberg? yes...no...
6. Do you ever get lost in thought? yes...no...
7. Did you *really* have money before the depression? yes...yes...
8. Were you calm when you saw how they'd spelled your name? yes...no...
9. Are you careful in your habits? (e.g., did the little woman ever come across it?) yes...no...
10. Are you making a psychological test of this test, people who take them, and the author? yes...no...

II. Word Choice

Underline the word or phrase that fits your case.

Examples: *a.* Dogs like to chase: old legs, cats, poison ivy.

b. Babies cry for: martinis, spankings, Blastoria.

1. I always remember ....., but never...: faces, names, names, faces. (Give yourself a double check if you don't remember either.)
2. Life begins: at sweet sixteen, when you're in love, at forty, when the old hag finally kicks off and leaves you that little mint.
3. Love is: the sweetest thing, where you find it, just around the corner, ... (Fill in the blank with a new one and you'll have songwriters hanging on your neck.)
4. College never taught me anything I did not already know, how to earn a living, how to face Life, anything like that, Mr. Murtragroyd.

III. True And False

How many of these are yours?

1. We must get together sometime, old man. Just let us know when you're coming. T...F...
2. After all you just pay for the advertising. T..F..
3. No, but he took my name. T...F..
4. What have you got for less? T...F...
5. Yes, even as a kid I was always the ringleader. T...F...
6. No, even as a kid I was always pretty thoughtful, never cared much for the crowd. T..F..

7. Yessir, I've lost plenty on the ponies. T...F...
8. Just give me two, I'm checking the speedometer. T...F...

Would you show her these?

9. I just take out carfare and smokes. T...F...
10. We keep a joint account. T...F...

Now then! Add up your score. Any score. The fact that you've come this far makes it evident that you are far, far above the average, so now let's find out just how average you are: 100 per cent. Good for you! Type A.

This makes you an EXTRAPHONY, man's man, and if possible his wife's. You are something of a social lion and enjoy entertaining frequently, most frequently at other people's homes. That one faithful cobwebbed flask has made its periodic début through lean years and flush; where is the man who would dare to call those venerable contents by their true and youthful name? First three rows at the burlesque, (astigmatism)—balcony for the symphony, (sounds better up there with people who really enjoy music).

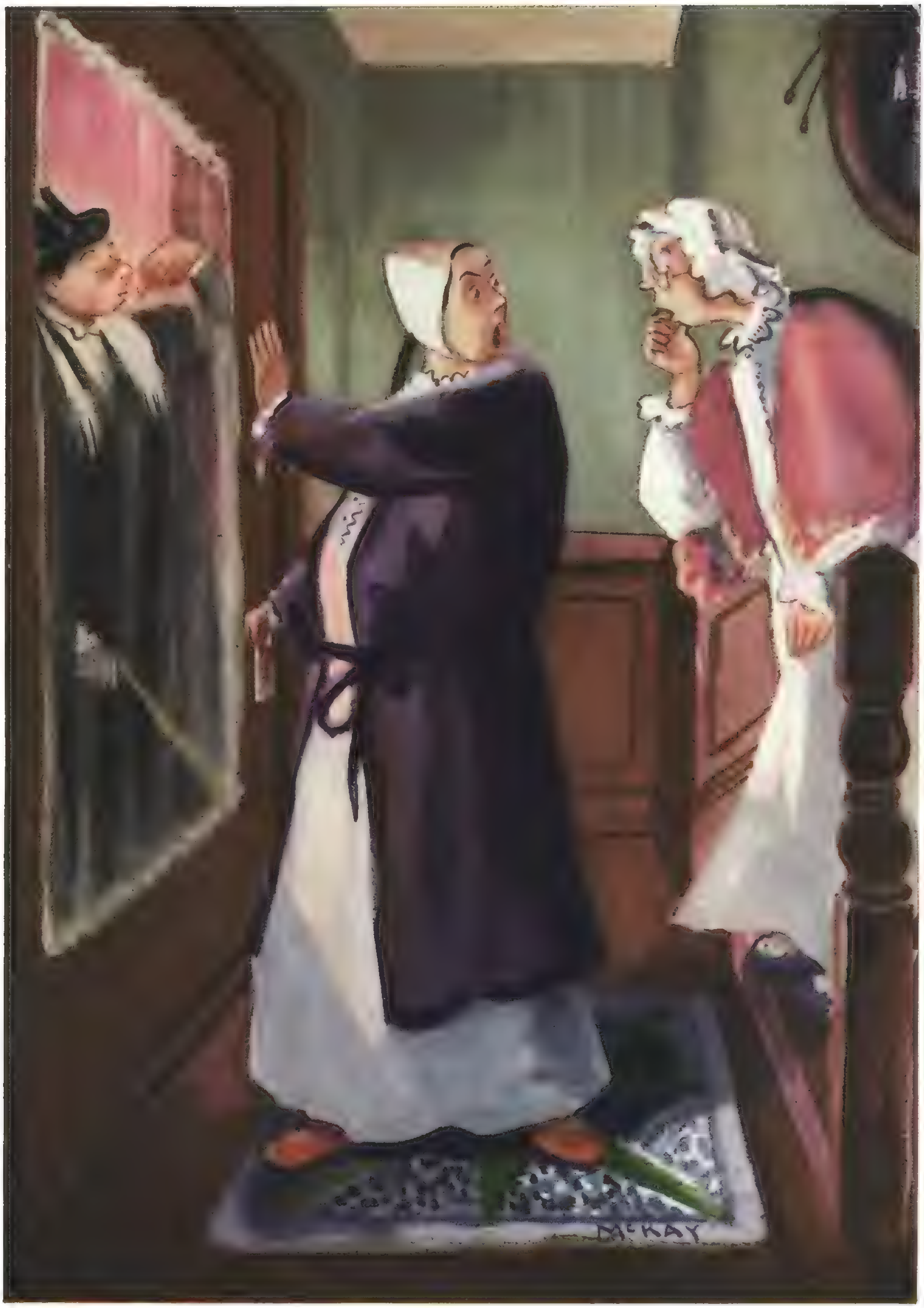
You were born under that sign of the Zodiac known as the Aard-vark. Your horoscope isn't quite clear either.

99 per cent. Not so good. Type B.

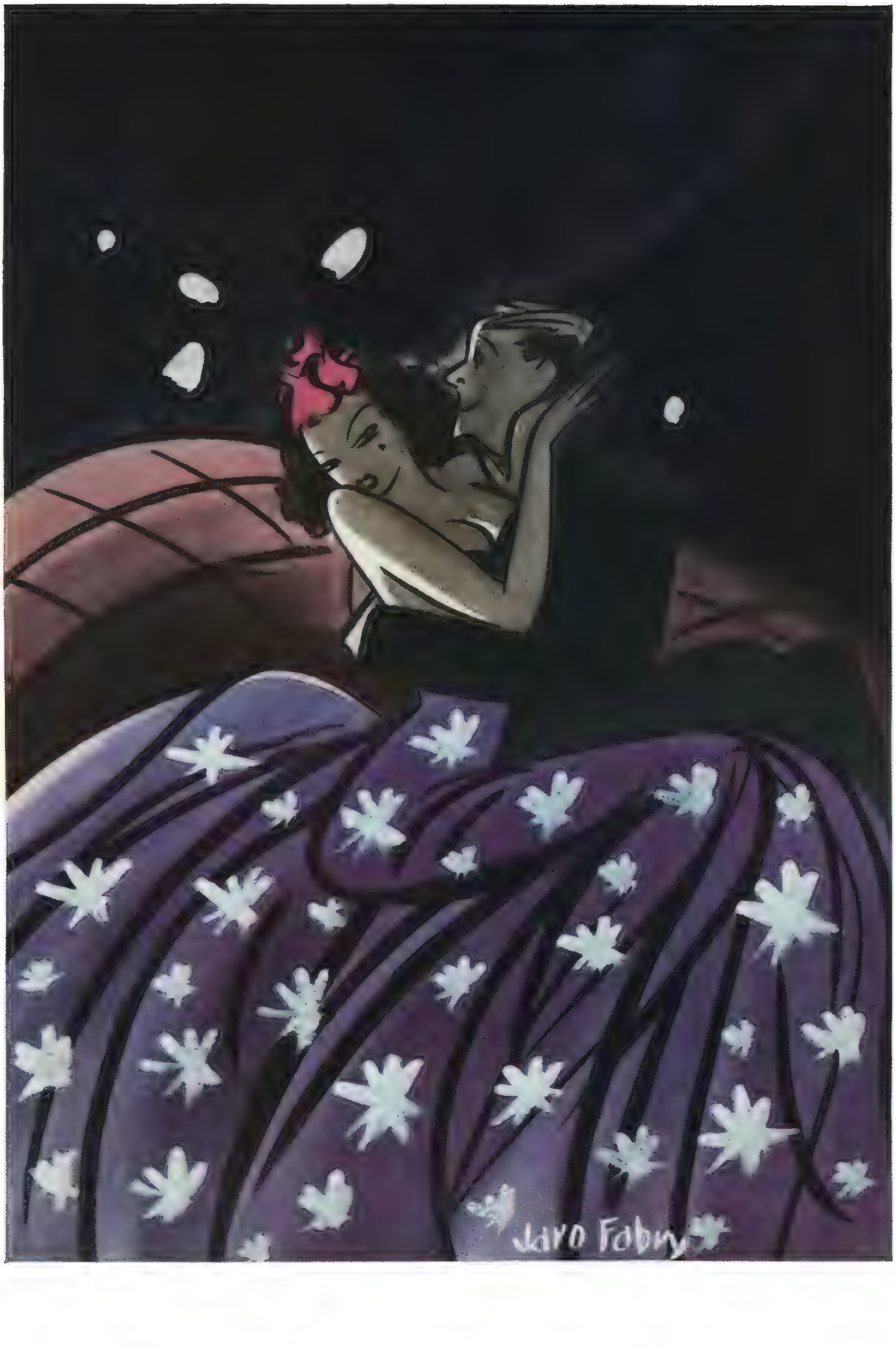
You are an INTROPHONY, (recluse—especially at benefit affairs). You are a shy enthusiast at the gentle game of polemics, being the sort who *looks* through ESQUIRE. Your servants must be all close relatives, because the gardener looks like your chauffeur and they both look like your valet. (His combined salaries are tending to make him class conscious.) You openly call your wife's attention to *this* pretty face or *that* nice build so she won't think you looked and thought.

98 per cent and under . . .

Try adding up your score again. ⌗



"I told you a red light on the veranda wouldn't do, Matilda!"



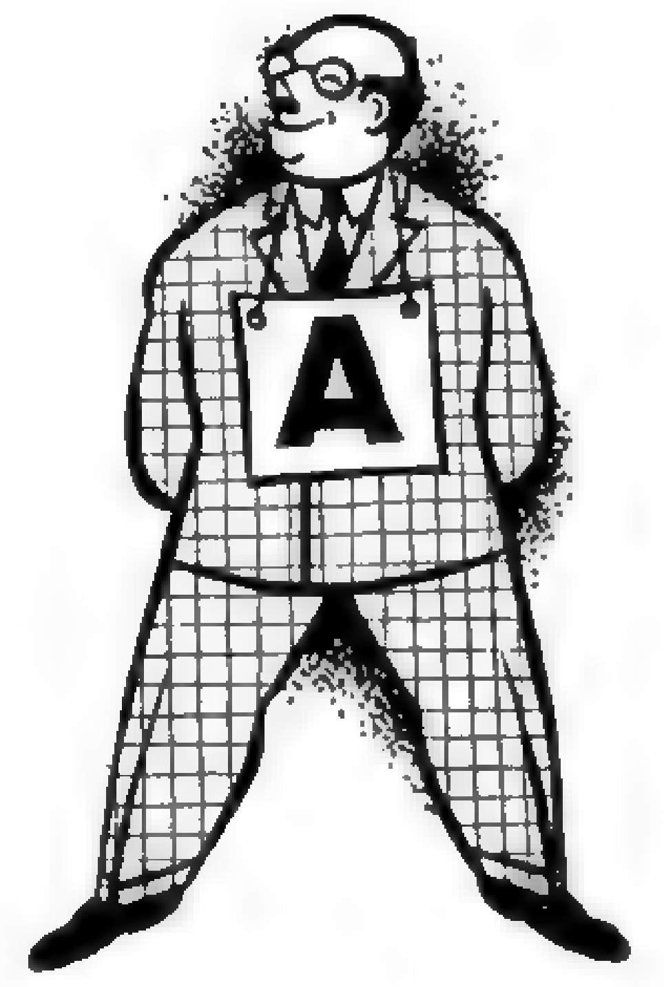
"Please remember Mr. Botz—that I'm not enjoying this one bit!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

When a critic goes soft he ranks a play as adequate Class B or C drama instead of saying it stinks

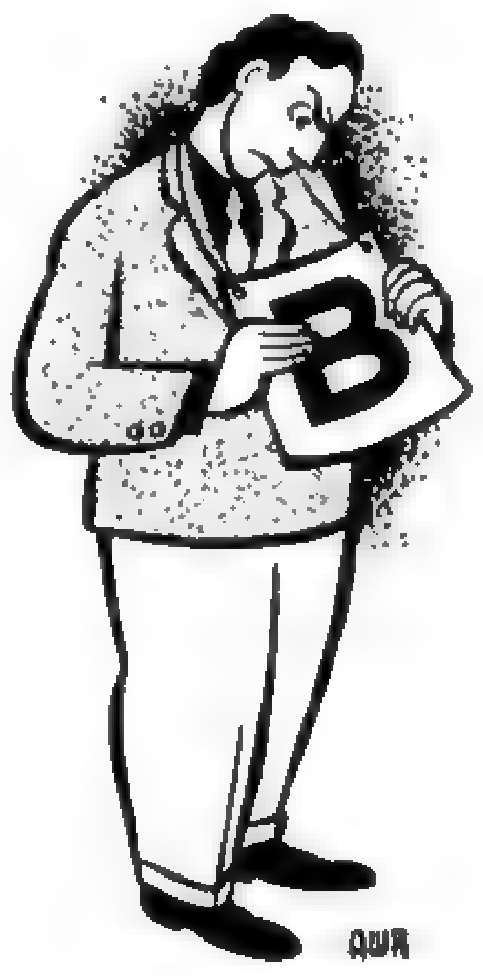
by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪



At the dawn of another season the thought again assails me that altogether too much of theatrical criticism, my own sometimes, alas, included, goes only half—or at best three-quarters—of the way into complete and forthright truth. What you read may be, and usually is, basically honest in its opinion of drama and often even basically honest as regards certain of its productional adjuncts, but a great deal nevertheless remains politely and scrupulously unsaid. And what remains unsaid is frequently more relevant, trenchant and illuminating than what has been said.

It is the misfortune of us critics that we have seen fit to inherit an indiscriminate punctilio, and it is our double misfortune that we have allowed ourselves to inherit it not from the better critics of the past, who seldom were over-concerned with it, but from the excessively dubious. The result is a body of writing and criticism that often, in its politely suppressed details, makes not only the producers, directors and actors chuckle obscenely but that equally often makes the critics themselves, when sufficiently introspective with alcoholic liquor, secretly ashamed of themselves. Deplorable though the situation may be, there is perhaps no way out of it, particularly in a nation that is so overgiven to chivalry that it regularly has to apologize to itself for meting out capital punishment to a female murderer, for declining to offer alimony to a wife who has permitted herself various extra-legal rolls in the hay, and for gently suspecting that Southern boys and girls tending toward a slightly brunet shade and with even, white teeth are in all probability the result of miscegenation. It is, as I say, too bad, but doubtless it can't be helped. And it is because it can't be helped that a liberal portion of our theatre criticism today reads—to anyone who has laid a clear, sharp eye to the proceedings with which it deals—much as if it were written by some nervously cautious lawyer, out on parole and under surveillance by the police for complicity in a narcotic ring.



I do not refer to such obvious and transparent things as the bogus politesse displayed toward actresses old enough to have voted for Millard Fillmore who ridiculously insert themselves into youthful rôles, English actors of falsetto genitals who seek to portray the bulls and stallions of classical and modern drama, producers (with idealistic press agents) who try to pass themselves off as artists with a passion for the finer things of the theatre by putting on third-rate blank verse plays mounted by the higher priced scene designers, and other such frauds and mountebanks, all of them immediately recognizable for the idiots and charlatans they are even by the theatrical critic on a farm and poultry journal. Nor do I allude to the oppressive punctilio and good manners vouchsafed to playwrights whose poetic competences apparently reach a level not much higher than Will Durant and Karl Marx limericks but who are endorsed as men of exalted aim and intention simply because they expand the limericks into three-hour anthologies. More, I dismiss as much too self-evident the hospitable critical reception regularly accorded to visiting foreign players who in their own lands are often correctly denounced as decorous hams, to say nothing of the grace of allowing to any young playwright who doesn't wear a necktie and who offers himself as a revolutionary Mind by rewriting the second Mrs. Tanqueray in terms of Michael Gold the title of white hope of the American drama.

These lapses are too palpable to be reindicated. As are also such devious quillets as being disproportionately endorsive of expensive musical shows simply because of the great amount of money invested in them and the disinclination to be too severe with producers who have taken such chances, and as charitably letting down easily and at times even praising performances by the members of various semi-amateur group organizations that, were they to be offered by professionals, would be treated with cruel contumely. As I say, no need again to go into such hypocritical shiftings and evasions.

What I have in mind are other matters, and matters less readily recognized by the critics' readers. I refer specifically not to the critics' reviews of plays and players, but to the unscrupulous suavity of their attitude toward various extra-stage manifestations. When they write of drama, they are, as I have noted, more often honest and truthful, according to their various personal lights, than any other body of theatre critics currently operating anywhere. When they write of actors and actresses they are perhaps less often honest and forthright, even allowing for understandable difference in tastes and opinion. But when they write of other matters pertaining to the theatre, I have the personal poor manners to accuse them of being frequently guilty of some of the damnedest shuffling, guile, cowardice, malingering and general equivocation seen in the world since the days of Tartuffe, Pecksniff and Lucky Luciano.

I give you a few delicate illustrations.

Several months ago, at the opening session of the American Theatre Council's first national convention in New York, Mr. Brock Pemberton, a theatrical producer, arose in meeting and introduced what he termed a five-point program for the improvement of conditions in the theatre. The chief of his five points was that it should be optional with a producer to have his plays reviewed by the drama critics or covered by reporters as news events. "If plays can run without being destroyed by the critics, why not let them? There are plays produced that audiences would like to see if they had the chance. It can't be any worse if they fail themselves than by the slaughtering the critics can give a play when they don't like it. Why must we have them in? What is wrong with me saying, 'They've slaughtered the last one; I won't let them see the next one?'" Thus, M. Pemberton.

In their comments on and answers to the producer's lamentably ungrammatical strictures, the critics once again indicated the curse of greasy politeness which so often makes their utterances indistinguishable from those of French headwaiters and British diplomats. The simple and forthright truth is that Mr. Pemberton was and still is a sorehead from having suffered three prompt and dismal failures in as many weeks during the last season. The three plays were very bad plays despite Mr. Pemberton's juvenile delusion to the contrary; the critics properly announced them to be very bad plays; and if Mr. Pemberton believes that if reporters had been assigned to cover them in place of the critics the reporters would not have recorded the very evident fact that the first-night audiences were bored to death by them and that what little applause there was clearly emanated from friends of the management, with maybe a sprinkling here and there of undoubted congenital back-patters, if Mr. Pemberton believes that, Mr. Pemberton is pretty insulting to the craft of reporting.

Does Mr. Pemberton believe that the reporters on the New York newspapers are all fools? Does he believe that if one of them is sent out to cover a fire and when he gets there finds it is a false

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Grogan on Tradition

Archery is a religion in Japan, and a foreigner who makes light of its traditions is most unwise

by WESTON MARTYR

▪ SATIRE ▪

Tradition is a fine thing; a grand thing. Or is it? I know a lot of fine people who were bred and brought up on tradition; very fine people, who cherish their traditions as the greatest things in their lives and wrap them up for safety in ceremonious observances. On the other hand, I know Grogan.

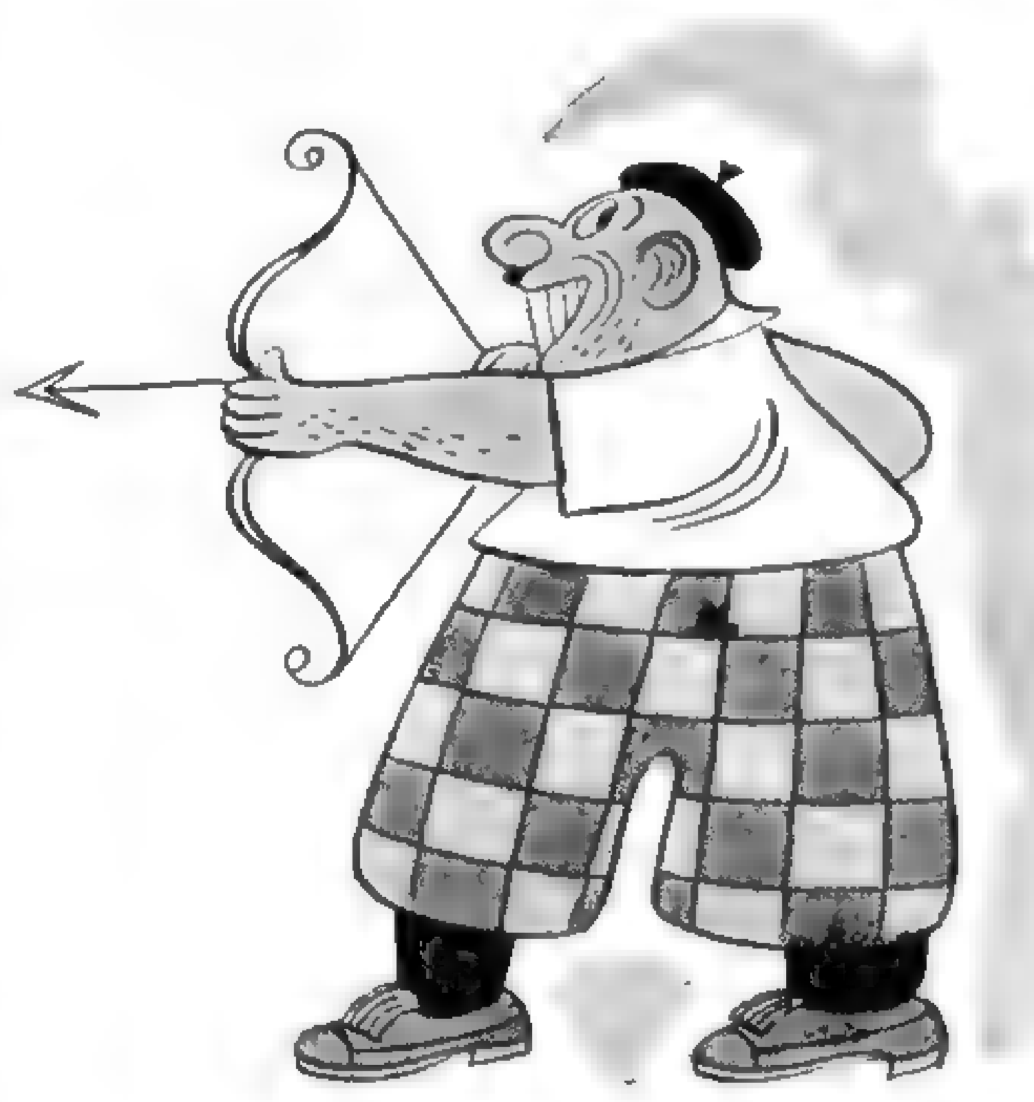
I know Grogan to be a very fine man indeed, and he has certainly made a success of his life; but when I spoke to him about the glories of tradition, Grogan said, "Hell! The old school tie stuff? Forget it. Face reality, and you'll get results." As Grogan attains most of the results he aims at, including a lot of happiness and a deal of money, it seems unwise to sneer at his views.

Yes. Grogan is very apt to hit what he aims at. Grogan's business is the building of skyscrapers in New York City, U. S. A.; but the first time I saw him in action was at our Southern Counties Championship Archery Meeting in the cathedral city of Winchester, Hants, and his arrows were hitting the middle of the target much more frequently than mine were.

If there is one thing more than another which we English wrap up in tradition and ritual it is archery, that most ancient of pursuits. We take all our sports seriously. If one of our county cricketers turned out at Lords in what Grogan calls a Derby and I call a bowler hat, who can doubt that the foundations of Empire would be shaken? I hesitate to hint at a joke about golf; but, supposing some misguided fellow attempted to play round the Royal and Ancient Course with a niblick, he would undoubtedly be lynched. Now, cricket and golf are but games, invented by men who wished to amuse themselves. But Archery! Archery is no game; archery is prehistoric. No sporting outfitter ever made a flint arrowhead. Man did not play with the bow and arrow; he fought with them. Archery was the only means, for thousands and thousands of years, of collecting a dinner which was otherwise beyond arm's reach. Archery is, therefore, no mere game to us. We remember that, until some ass invented gunpowder, archery was as much a part of a man's life as his right arm. A golf club is a sporting tool, a tennis racket is a toy; but the bow and arrow are weapons.

RODNEY DE SARRO

Archery is a Tradition, and we treat it with reverence and practice it with ceremony. When we think of the English bowmen at Agincourt and Crécy, we take off our hats. Robin Hood is a national hero. So we never dream of loosing a shaft from our own longbows unless we are properly dressed. If a sacrilegious ruffian attempted to shoot an arrow on the grounds of The Royal Toxopholite Society attired in anything but a suit of green—and Lincoln-green at that—every member present would cut him dead and the secretary would ring for the police. It should be understood from all this that we were surprised when Grogan appeared on the hallowed playing fields of Winchester to compete for our Archery Championship, wearing cream colored plus fours and a canary-yellow polo shirt.



As Lieutenant of Target No. 1, I was preparing the score sheet, when I heard old Colonel Boyle-Bindon give tongue. "Good Gad!" he cried. "What's *this?*"

I saw the polo shirt approaching and I said "Gosh! There's a Lyman G. Grogan, Skeatakit Archers, on my list to shoot on our target. That sounds American and, this looks like Lyman G. himself."

Boyle-Bindon's blue blood obviously mantled. He said, "But, good God! the fellow's indecent. I don't know what or who he is, but if he's President T. Roosevelt himself, he's not going to shoot on my target improperly dressed. Gur-r-r-umph!"

Some years before, some Americans had practically given me, a stranger, the whole of New York State, especially Long Island. I had, therefore, some arrears of hospitality to repay, so I took a shot at what I judged would be the Colonel's tenderest spot. I said, "Hold your horses. Don't forget the man's a stranger in a strange country. He may not know the ropes here, but he's practically our guest. And, as Captain of this target, *you* are his host."

Boyle-Binden reacted as I hoped. With him it was an old and honored tradition that a guest can do no wrong. He said, "Good Gracious! I suppose I am." He then introduced himself to Grogan most charmingly, and took him under his wing.

Grogan was a bit of a strain, though. It was not only his polo shirt that shook us. We shoot, according to tradition, in silence. Grogan does not. Grogan is the only archer I have ever seen who could and did shoot, smoke and talk all at the same time.

We carry our arrows, properly in a quiver. Grogan stuffs his arrows in the pocket of his pants. We have a tradition that a bow should be made of yew; we regard a good bow as sacred and never let any one else touch it, let alone shoot with it. And when I asked Grogan what his bow was made of, he said, "Oh, Osage-orange, or something. She's an old cow until you get used to her. Like to try a shot?"

We are even more particular about our arrows than we are about our bows. And with good reason. It is no use having a good bow and being a good shot if your arrows will not fly true. Our arrows are handmade, of course. The fletcher's craft is exceedingly ancient and hoary with traditions, and it is held by us in high honor. A good fletcher can make a set of arrows of exactly uniform length, weight and degree of stiffness; but it is too much to expect these arrows to fly in exactly the same way. Some fly high, some low, and some flirt to the right or left. Arrows are as unpredictable as women, and it is the archer's job to find out which arrow does what and to discover three arrows which do precisely the same thing. And unless we are very lucky, we have to shoot a lot of arrows a great many times before we find a set that synchronize. When we do discover three such arrows we mark, number and treasure them as pearls beyond price and we use them only at tournaments and other such high occasions. But Grogan had his pockets stuffed with arrows which he used indiscriminately. Marking this strange behavior, I marveled. I said, "You don't seem to care which of your arrows you use, Mr. Grogan." And Grogan said, "Why should I? All my arrows are matched and guaranteed to group inside three inches at a hundred yards. They're machine-made."

"Machine-made!" I cried. And it was a cry of horror.

"Right," answered Grogan. "Can't see myself using any rule-of-thumb, handmade stuff when I can get a scientifically pro-

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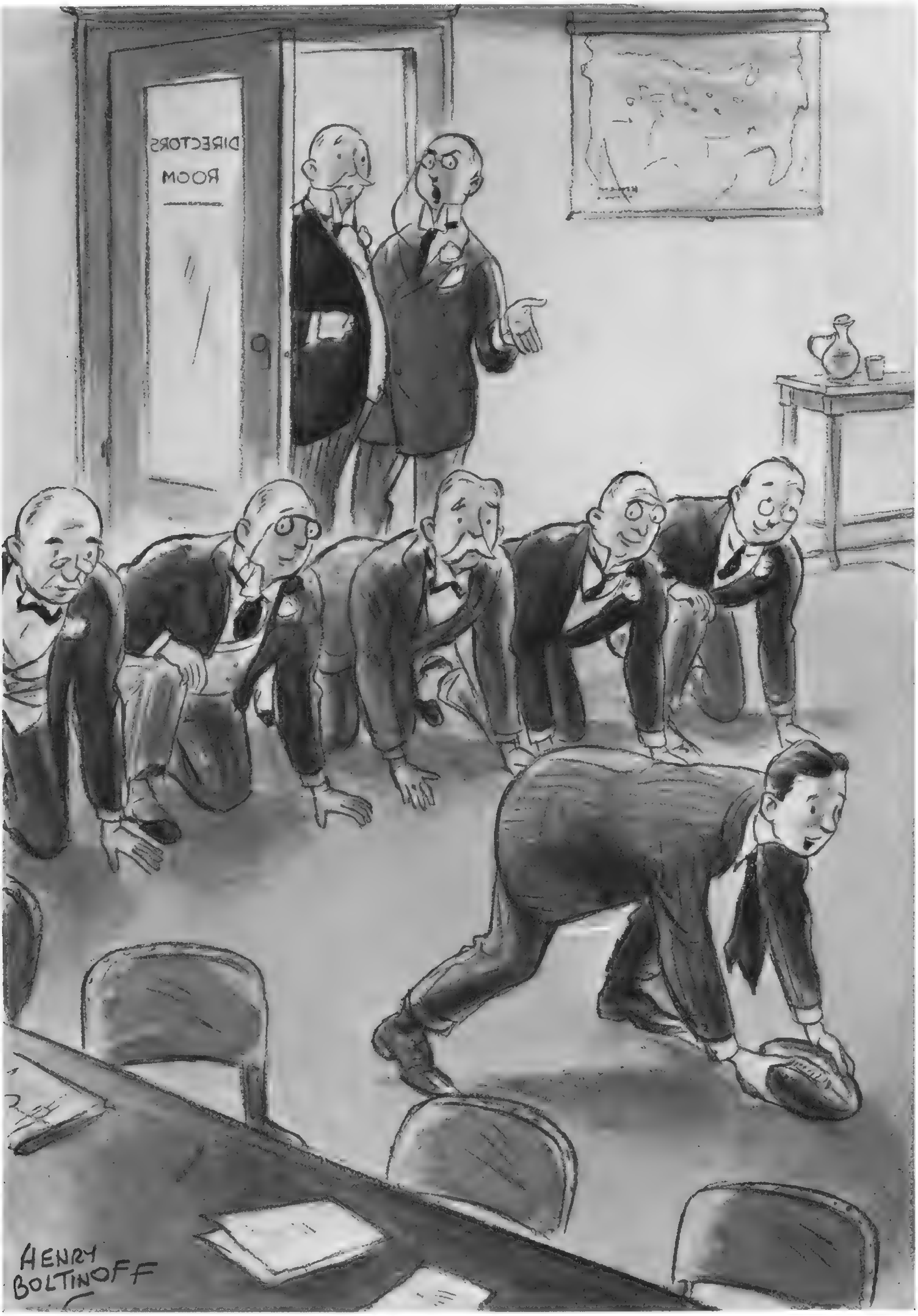
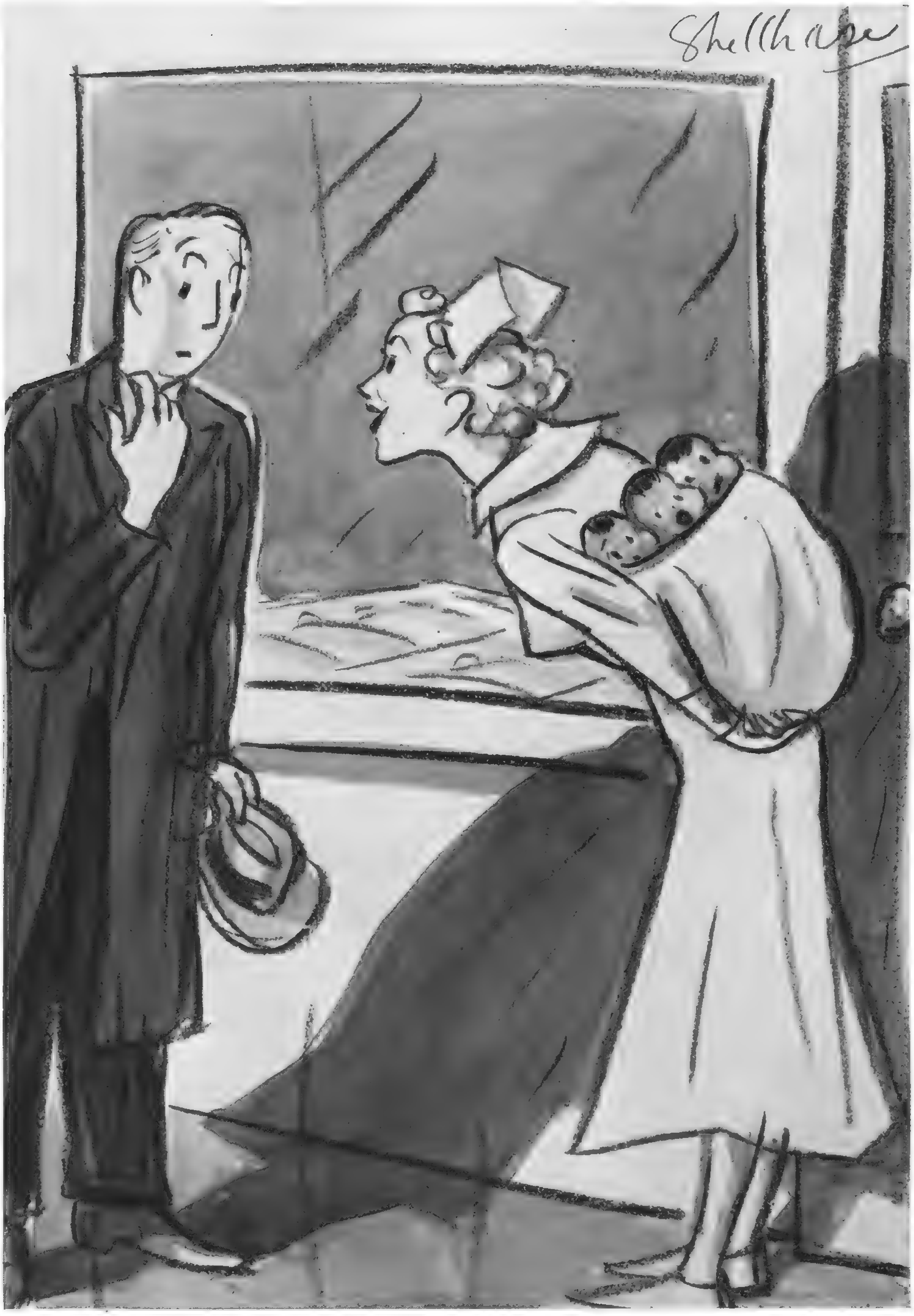

DIRECTORS ROOM
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I warned you against taking young Wellington into the firm!"



"Nope! Guess again!"

Stimulating Snacks

How to please your hop head friends, stain your teeth red, or improve cheap chocolate by adding the blood of a pig

by BOB BROWN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A shark's palate is as rough as a steel file, so it makes a fine natural grater for guarana. And the guarana of Brazil is put up in the hardest roll we've ever encountered. It's tougher than any German *erbwurst*, but much easier to take, because instead of being just peas or beans compressed for soup-making, it's the quintessence of a spicy seed from the guarana bush, affectionately known to the Professors as *Paullinia Cupana*. Just step into the nearest health store and buy yourself a chocolate-colored roll of guarana, about half the length and thickness of a policeman's club and similar to it in every other respect. Get a shark's palate, too, and then you're set for a couple of weeks' stimulating drinking. Sit you down and scrape the seed sausage with the shark's taster just as you would grate a wooden nutmeg, until you've got a nice little pile of fine, powdery shavings. Sweeten to your own taste, not the shark's; and infuse it like any tea in boiling water. You can drink it hot, but it's better cold.

Or you can just stir the brown powder into a glass of plain or charged water and drink demnation to alky, for there's a kick in this seed beer that's more subtle than that in any root or spruce beer we know. It refreshes; stimulates because it's got caffein, but positively does not inebriate. Besides, it's an aphrodisiac.

In Brazil guarana is sweetened, mixed with carbonated water, bottled and sold as extensively as Coca Cola here. Several merchants have thought of bringing it to this market, where it would suit anybody's taste, but it would cost millions to introduce any such new drink on a national scale.

If you want to go Paraguayan, get yourself a package of maté, a maté gourd and bombilla and watch your tummy shrink. This leaf tea from a tree that grows wild just south of Brazil is sold with full sucking equipment by most herbalists and food-faddy stores. But maté-drinking is no fad, for probably 20,000,000 South Americans have regularly subsisted on it and jerked meat since before Columbus accidentally stumbled upon us Americans.

Maté is a calming substitute for those who can't take coffee or tea, because it doesn't excite, or invite insomnia. It's easier on the heart, too, than any alcoholic drink and strangely enough maté-drinkers never get drunk, but that's mostly because they don't care to drink anything but this herb tea. So it's a painless Keeley Cure. Food and drink in one; taking the place of both bread and vegetables in a stretch of cattle country where the only other available ailment is dried beef. Indians and cowboys in Southern Brazil, all Paraguayans and inhabitants of Matto Grosso wake up and go to bed on soothing maté. When making long trips they pack along enough of the ground leaves for a ration of an ounce a day, and on this they can ride or run for weeks without craving any other food.

The astringency of maté actually draws the stomach tight and fools it into thinking it's well fed.

Once in an Argentine mining camp we attended a maté party where the Indians sat around in a solemn circle, passing a single silver-decorated maté gourd and bombilla from lip to lip like a peace pipe. A most unhygienic custom, which the fastidious avoid by carrying their own sucking equipment. The tea is put in the gourd with sugar and furiously boiling water poured on, though some prefer it bitter, without the sweetening. After it's steeped for a minute, the communal bombilla is stuck in—that's a long tube of pure silver with a perforated bulb at the end through which the tea is strained by the successive suckers, making a great saving in teaspoons, cups and saucers. But it's bad form even to wipe the tip of the metal straw after the last drinker.

Both bombilla and maté cup are works of art, just as the saddles, sombreros and sticking knives of all gauchos. Infinite pains go into their decoration, and some are miniature art galleries with a strong appeal to collectors. Though usually silver, both gourd and sucking stick are sometimes banded with gold.

German colonists in Southern Brazil substituted maté for their daily beer a full century ago; but to make the drink more stimulating, they took to seeping the powdered leaf in rum, kirsch, and all sorts of schnapps. So when they returned to the old country, they took the habit with them, and now anybody in Naziland can buy brandy-flavored maté. It's even exported to this country in several mildly intoxicating flavors. But here we have known plain maté as Paraguay tea and Garfield tea for almost a century ourselves. Garfield tea used to be a popular parlor medicine, the same as China tea still is in South America, where it's drunk chiefly to relieve headache or some mild ailment. The taste of maté is very pleasant and after you get used to it you begin to crave it; so it's a mystery why more reducers don't use it, since it's both a stimulating and satisfying liquid snack that cuts down the consumption of food so quickly you notice it on your waistline in a week's time.

Like maté and guarana, coca is another of those gloom-lifters and hunger-stayers; yet in another way totally unlike them, for it's a drug. In fact, if you drink enough coca you'll be a hop-head and suffer from nothing but gloom and coca hunger after the effects wear off. So don't mix coca in your morning cocoa. Even if the words do vary only one vowel, they're as different as pimento (allspice) is from pimiento (sweet pepper).

The coca of Peru and Bolivia is nothing more nor less than the plant from which cocaine is made. Its leaves are brewed into a potent drink, non-alcoholic to be sure, but a plenty powerful narcotic. The leaves are chewed, too, the same as betel-leaves with the areca nut that packs a kick like a white mule. True coca does give tired bodies a lift, but it lets them down afterward with an awful thud. It staves off hunger likewise, but with a barrel stave. So even if addicts do chew some 50,000 tons of it a year, and it does make them momentarily happy and less jumpy than either tea or coffee, it's best to stick to the old breakfast cocoa.

Everybody knows that chocolate is richer than mere cocoa from which all the luscious cocoa-butter, starches and things have been painlessly extracted. But chocolate as drunk in South America is something else again, for it's as thick as thick soup or custard, and in a cup of it the spoon will stand up alone. It's spiced, too, with other things besides vanilla, sometimes pepped up with a pinch of cayenne pepper, perfumed with honey and was even served in golden goblets in Montezuma's day.

That ardent old herbalist, Linnaeus, named chocolate "Theo-broma," Food of

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The Horse Without a Heart

It isn't enough for a gelding to go along quietly winning races—he's supposed to play to the grandstands

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

"Off-color" was the name of this peculiar horse, a chestnut gelding, if I remember correctly, who won all his races, but never became a popular favorite. He was simply the best horse that ever ran. He started out at a good swift pace, left all but two of his competitors behind after a few furlongs, then kept the lead until he came in first. It was as simple as that. He had better legs, a greater capacity for using them longer, than any other horse of his time. Once in a great while a horse kept right beside him until almost the last hundred yards of the distance to go, but in the end, "Off-color" (out of Offside, by Color Sergeant) kept right on running and was still in front when the flag dropped. In his non-professional life, he knew what other horses looked like, fore and aft; but during a race, horses were those animals of which he could see the heads and forequarters if he bothered to turn a little (which he didn't); the south end of a northbound horse, he had never seen while running.

That's the entire history of "Off-color." When I say that he never became a popular favorite, I do not mean that he wasn't odds-on at every race; toward the end of his spectacular career, only the desperate and the foolhardy bet against him; place and show were the gamble, on the nose was a sure thing. But "Off-color" never stirred the imagination of the millions of fans who never see races, but love the radio. He was, you might say, a Gene Tunney among horses, or a Bonar Law; or a Woodrow Wilson. There he was, at the top of the heap, but no one cared about him. It was repeatedly asserted that Clem McCarthy lost fifteen per cent of his pace when reporting a race in which "Off-color" ran; his "And it's 'Off-color' by four lengths" had none of the "It's a boy!" quality of his usual announcements; and at that, the rumor was that McCarthy used to close his eyes during most of the race, because he had no feeling for "Off-color." His indifference communicated itself to the public. All the dislike which high-spirited lovers of horseflesh usually have for a nag which fails to win, turned into a concentration of dislike for "Off-color." The horse had no heart.

It happened that "Off-color" died in slightly suspicious circumstances and a postmortem was held, at which the vet found no poison, but discovered that in actual fact, "Off-color" had a remarkably good heart, or "pump" as he called it. That engine, the expert said, was responsible for so many of the triumphs "Off-color" had had on the tracks. But this did not alter the feeling of the sports writers, the bookies, and the public.

The trouble was that "Off-color" had never come from behind. He had never made one of those bad starts, slow recoveries, and dashing finishes which lead sports commentators to cry out, "What a heart!" To these experts, the proof that an animal (including human athletes in that description) has a heart lies only in what the performer does at the finish. A horse running just as fast as he can run, giving everything, for the first half of a race, and then being beaten by another horse doing the same thing, is virtually a coward in the estimation of the sports-writers. I look at the movies of these races (God only knows how many linear miles of film I have seen on the subject) and the first horse, the third, and the twelfth, all seem to me to be running as fast as they can. I used to think that that was the idea of a horse race, the end of which simply proved which of the assembled horses could run fastest on that particular occasion. But what I read and listen to, about these same races, is totally different. I discover that certain horses have courage, nerve, iron will, a determination to win—and above all, a great heart.

Now if you stick a dart into a bull, and the bull turns and runs, *you* may call him a coward, because you, stuck with a pin, think it cowardly to run away. The bull lacks our moral standards. If the bull, after being harassed and irritated and seriously hurt, turns and tries to kill his oppressor, *you* may call it courage—because the onset of the bull is physically very similar to the onset of a human being in the same conditions. But the bull may never have heard of courage. He may be goddamned mad, and crazy with pain, and a little inclined to defend himself by goring the nearest movable object. When a bull manages to throw a man, the unfortunate fellow may describe a pretty arc in his flight; but you don't credit the bull with any particular aesthetic sense. The man who delivers the death thrust may do it neatly or fumblingly, with or without perfect style; the bull, like the running horse, does the best he can. That's all. Heart is as alien to them as art.

The slopover sentimentalists of the sports page have always annoyed me. The methods differ from country to country, but the base is the same. A cricket match described in the London *Times* is a masterpiece of dullness and dignity and *importance; le knockout* as reported by a good French newspaper seems to have a higher grade of drama than anywhere else; and in America we throw everything else to the winds and simply make heroes out of athletes or horses. Heywood Broun (having flunked in French) used to get the Gallic touch of drama into his reports; half a dozen sports writers are downright, honest, and realistic. But the bulk of the work has that phony worship of "heart" to which I can't get reconciled.

Prizefighters, now. Some men can take so much beating before they go down, some more, some less. A man trains for many weeks to resist punishment (as well as to dish out a bit) and the night comes when, if his training has worked, he will earn fifty thousand dollars, if it hasn't, about twenty thousand. His adversary, trained for the same purpose, slams away; of course it isn't pleasant; if it were, the cash customers

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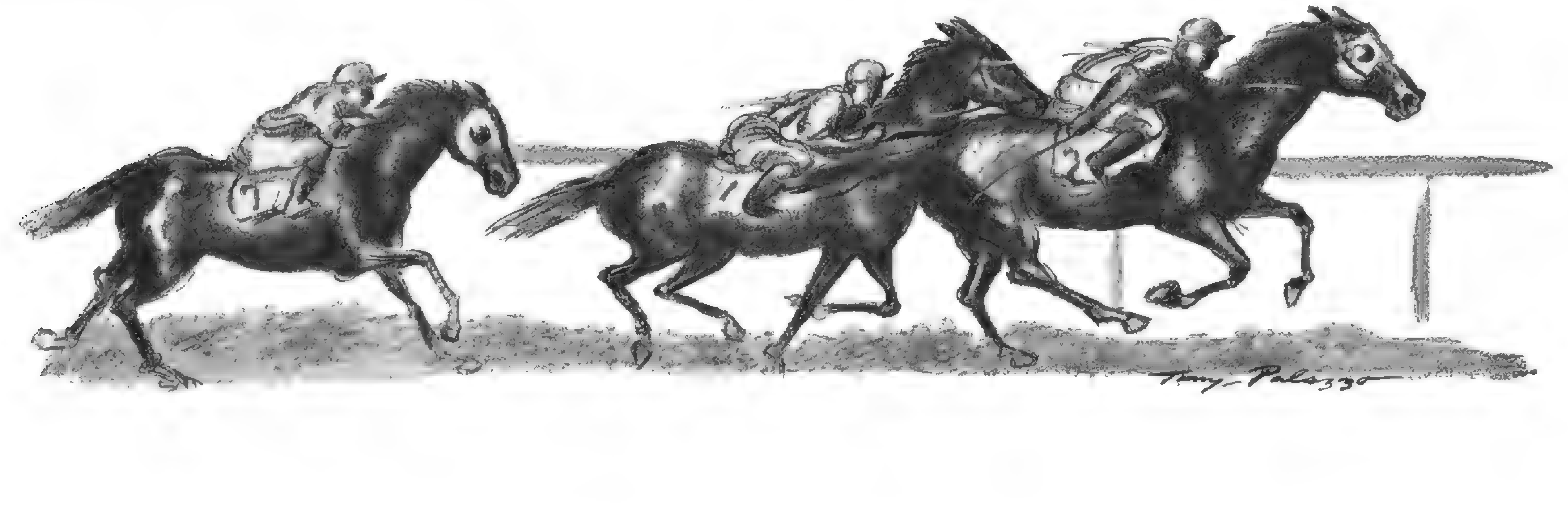
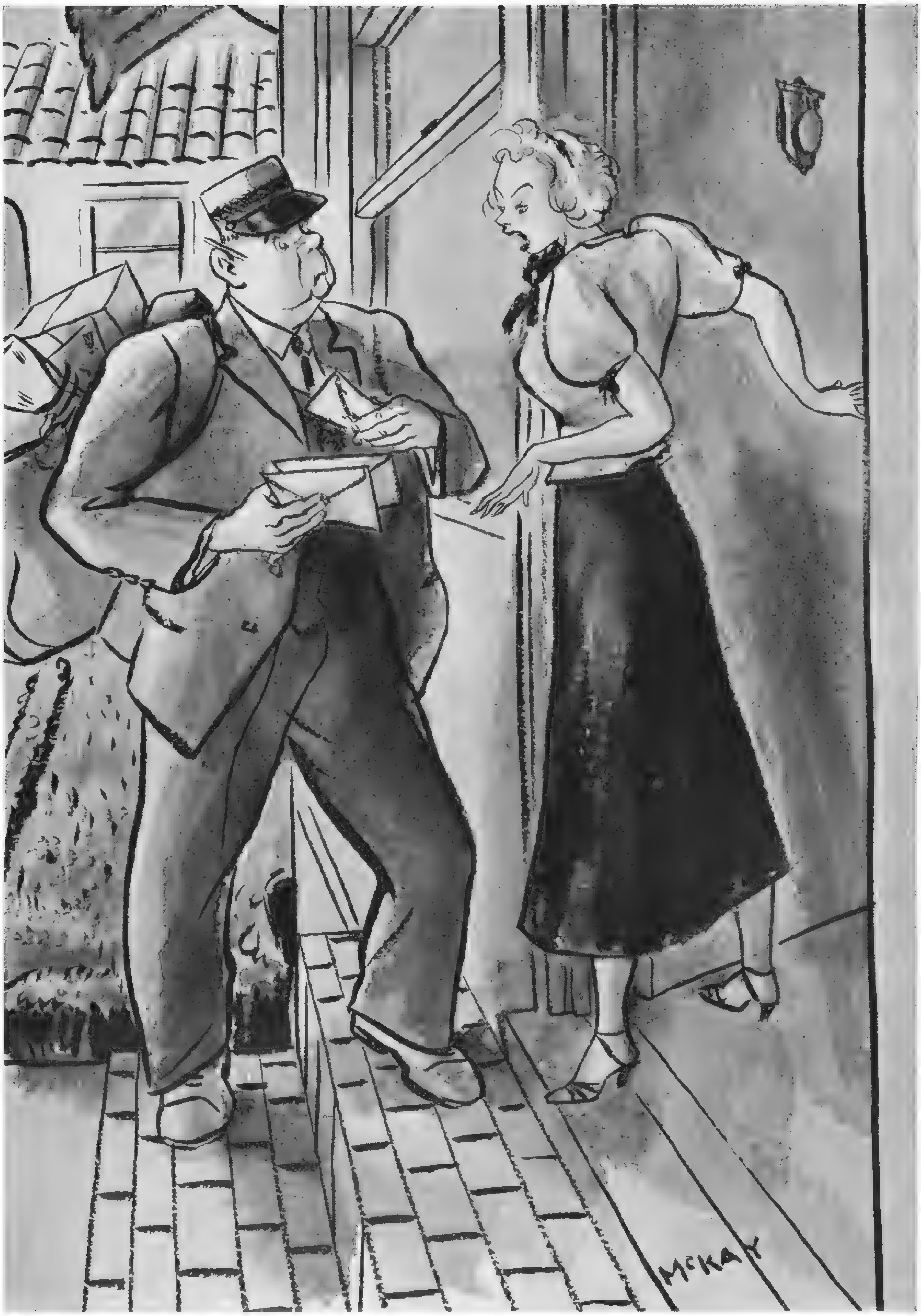




"If it's bills—we've moved!"

She Had Good Legs

Claudia got quite a glow that day, thinking that in one thing, at any rate, she had the edge on most women

by ROBERTO FÉLIX SALAZAR

• FICTION •

CLAUDIA knew that her face was homely. She knew that her body was not everything it should be. But those things she had known for the longest time, and they no longer affected her in any way. However, there was one thing about her anatomy she had but recently learned; and this was a thing to thrill any woman: She had good legs!

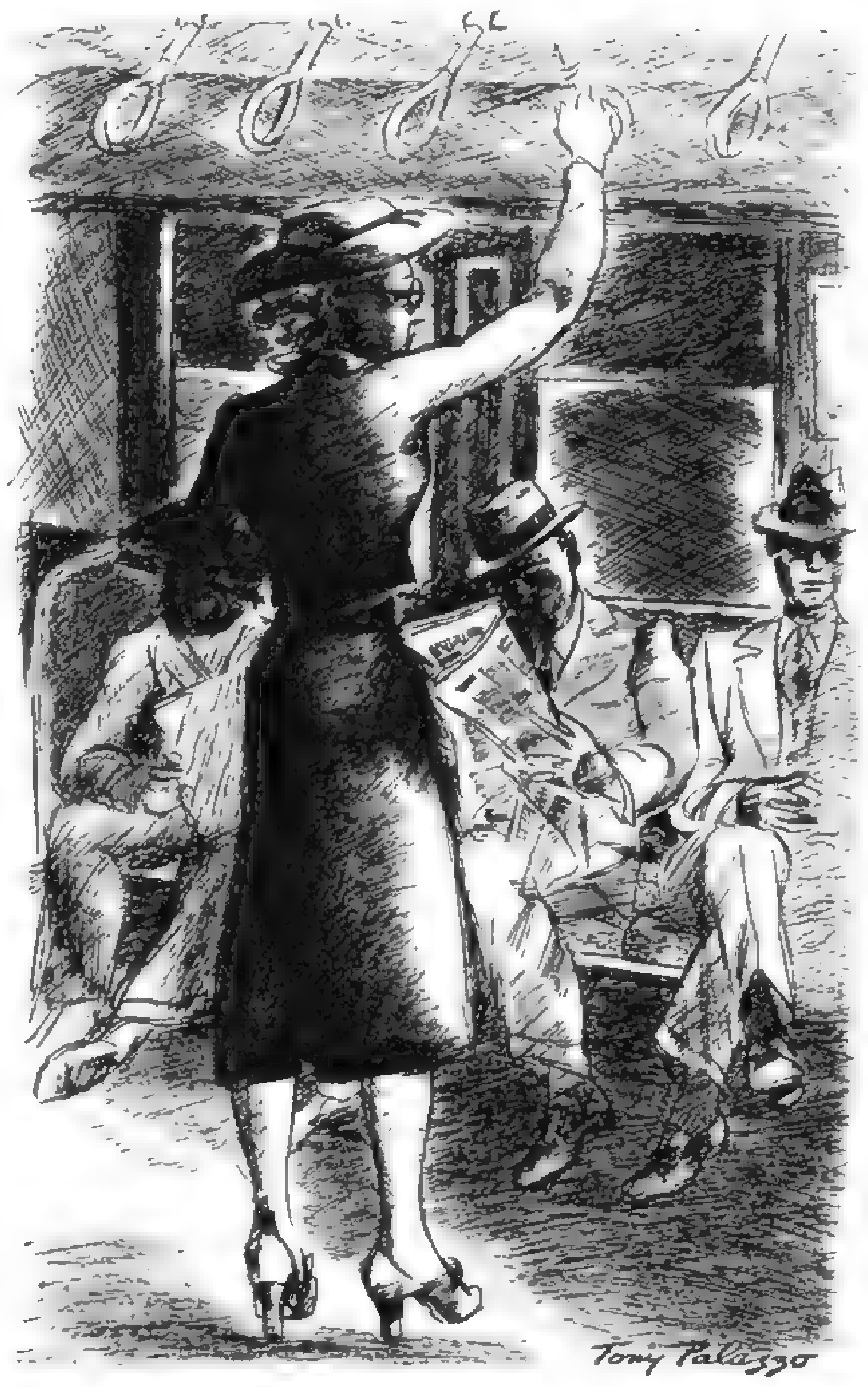
Many were the magazine articles Claudia had read about making the most of one's best features; but because she knew she did not possess anything so outstanding as a best feature, she had allowed such articles to go with the wind. That, however, was before she went into Galles' to buy a pair of stockings, and before a new, ingratiating young clerk shook his head sorrowfully when she asked for beige stockings at fifty-nine cents a pair.

"You don't have any more at that price?" she had asked.

"It is not that only—" The young man looked at her legs. "Will you pardon me if—"

"Well, what is it?"

"Perhaps I should not say this—"



What on earth was the matter with him? Shoe store clerks were usually fresh. "Please give me the stockings—if you have them."

"We do have them, but with your legs—" Again he halted.

"Well!" So he was going to insult her.

"—with your beautiful legs, it would be a crime to wear those cheap things."

She knew she ought to be angry. Maybe she ought to slap him. But she did not feel angry at all. He was handsome, and really—she did not smile, but asked, being as dignified as possible, "What would you suggest?"

He smiled, relieved. "We had a shipment today. A new shade. Lani, it is called. But let me show you."

He hastened away to the back of the store, leaving her strangely elated. Why, he had actually complimented her on her legs. Moving as inconspicuously as possible towards a mirror, she surveyed her legs. And, yes, they were good legs. She smiled inwardly. How funny that she had never noticed it before. Little rings of happiness formed around her heart.

"This is what I meant."

The clerk had returned. She turned quickly from the mirror. How foolish he must think her. She looked up to see if his face betrayed him, but he seemed concerned only with the beautiful stockings he held in his hands. They were of the sheerest silk, of a lovely shade, somehow like last year's paprika, a little like the year before's suntan, and yet so different. "Oh!" Claudia exclaimed.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" the young man said.

She touched them.

"The only thing to do you justice."

Claudia knew she should not allow this to go on. He had no business referring time and again to her legs. He—and yet why not? If he had sense enough to see they were beautiful. . . .

"We got only a hundred pairs. This is the last one left."

Claudia looked down at her legs; the beige made her shudder. The new stockings beckoned temptingly. Oh, why was she being so dumb? Surely he was just trying to make a sale. But—"How much are they?"

"Just one-fifty. And worth much more—on the right person, of course. If you had only seen some of the ugly women who bought them, hoping—" He laughed.

He had a nice laugh. But it was talk, talk, talk. Had she ever known such a fresh clerk? One-fifty. Almost thrice what she always paid. But was it too much—now that she knew? If some attractive young man. . . . "I'll take them," she said.

And now it was morning, morning of the day she was going out into the world conscious that in one thing she was superior to most women. Last night Claudia had tried the stockings on, and the mirror of her chiffonier had told her the clerk had not lied. Repeated inspections had shown her her legs were—well, perfect was really the only word. What a fool she had been not to see that for herself! How long she had mistreated her well-formed legs by encasing them in cheap beige!

Her heart beat loudly as she pulled up the stockings. She would wear her new pumps. Near her window someone was whistling. What a day this was going to be!

"Claudia!" Her aunt was calling from downstairs. "You'll be late if you don't hurry."

"Coming!" She danced down the stairs, letting her high heels play a gay tune on each step.

Her aunt watched her quizzically. "You look happy this morning," she said when Claudia had finished her hurried breakfast.

"I *am* happy!" Claudia whirled about in front of her aunt. Surely the kind woman would notice her new legs—new legs; she laughed.

But her aunt only said, "Be careful not to get any of that nasty typewriter black on your nice white collar."

Claudia ceased dancing. Oh, well! Her aunt was not one to notice such things. She kissed the older woman, grabbed her bag, and left the house.

Several persons were waiting for the bus at the stop where she would get in. Claudia knew some of them. "Good morning," she said sweetly. She waited for the women to comment on her stockings, for the men to glance surreptitiously at her legs.

"Did you read the latest on the terrible Hardin kidnapping? Really, my dear—"

Claudia listened and nodded. When the bus came, she would be the first to get in; then they had to see.

The bus came. There was one empty seat only. Men and women scrambled to get on the car, and Claudia could not make her grand entrance. "Kidnapping indeed!" she told herself; and then, panic-stricken, "I must watch against runs."

She managed to get downtown and to the place where she worked with her precious hosiery intact.

Two girls worked in the outer office with Claudia: Mazie, a blonde, and Zita, a redhead. They were not there yet when Claudia arrived. "Well," she thought, "here's where they get an exhibition of what's what."

"Claudia, darling," Maizie would say. "How perfectly beautiful!"

And Zita would follow with, "Where on earth? That glorious shade!"

Then would come her turn. "Lani, it is called. It's quite the latest thing." Should she tell them what the clerk had said about her legs? It certainly would make Maizie sit up and take notice. And Zita would surely cease boasting of her string of boy friends long enough to acknowledge she *did* have beautiful legs.

But about eight-thirty Zita flew in, alone Maizie, she said, had a cold and was not

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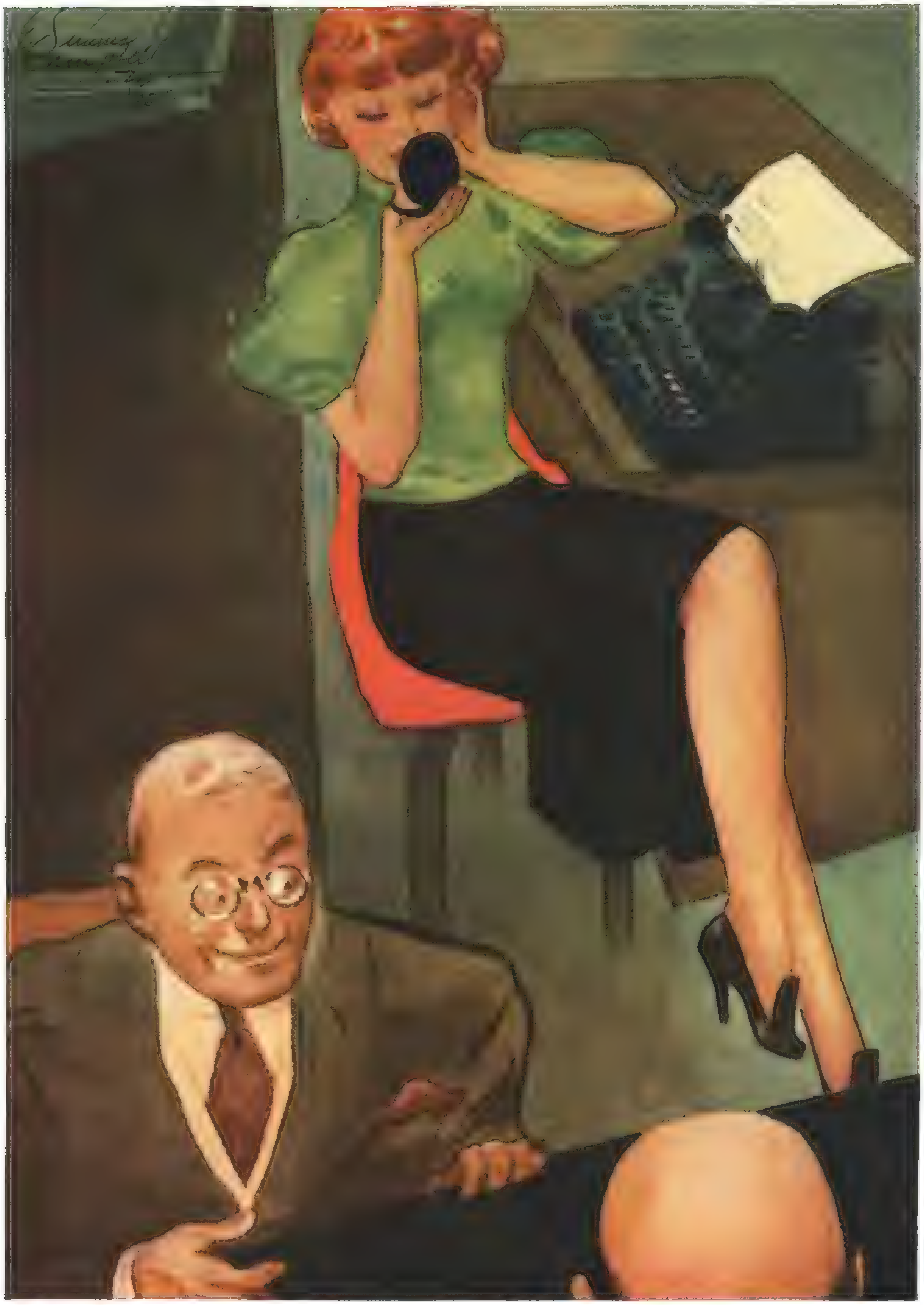
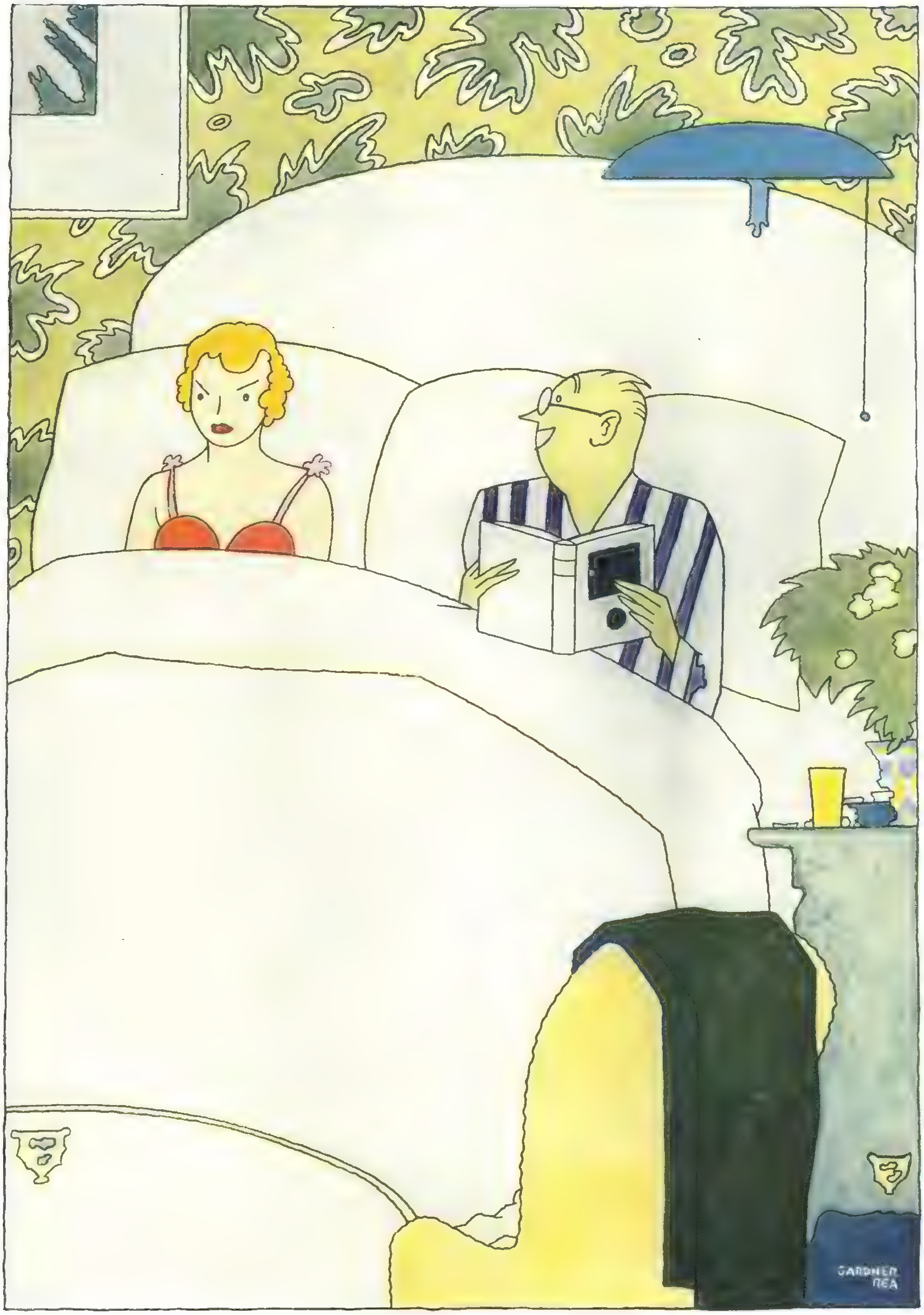


"My wife hired her for me—I phoned Ripley about it."


GARDNER REA

"You know, sometimes I wonder what we ever did before we got the reading light."

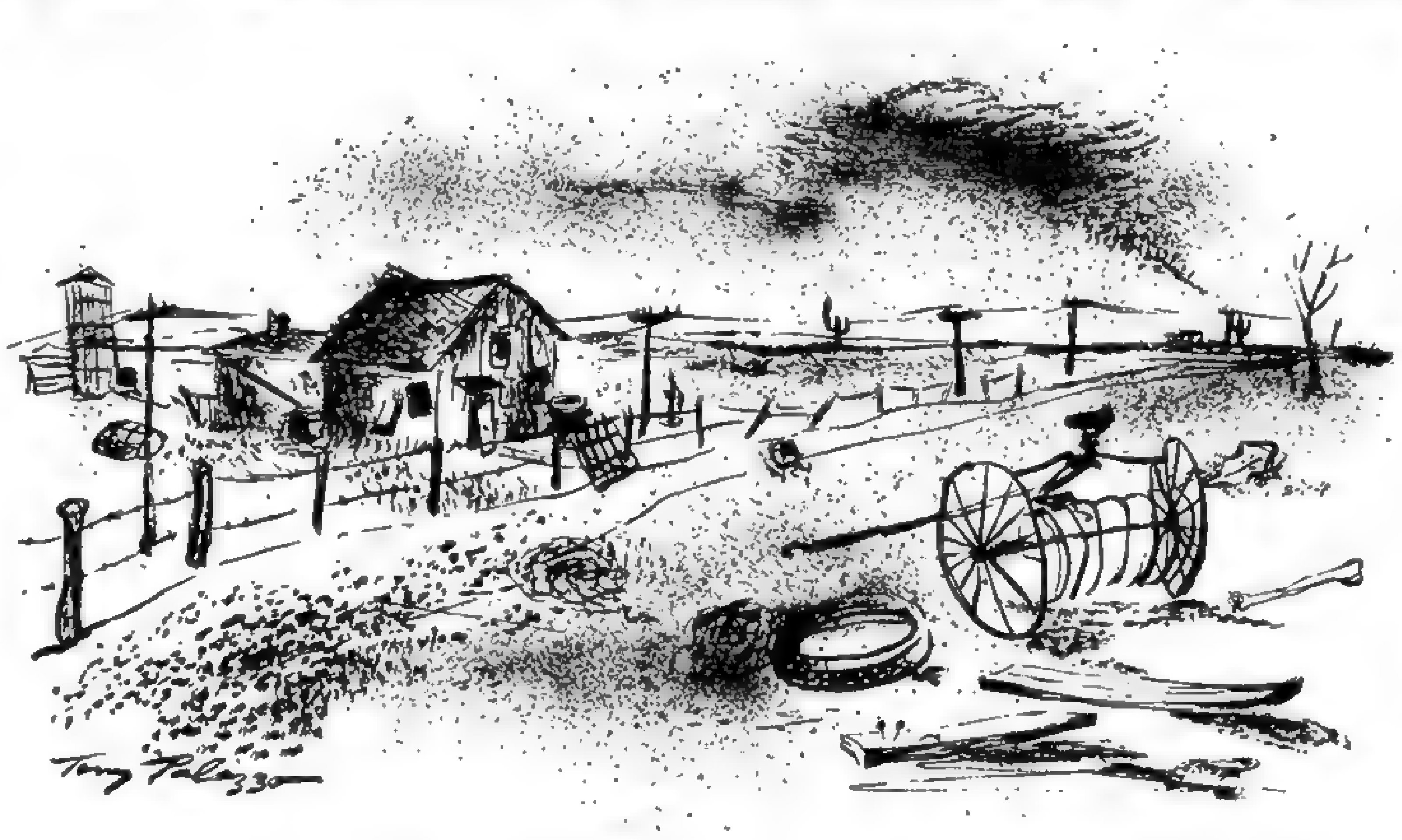
Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Notes of a critic in search of info about how the other hundred and a half million live; and notices of some new books also

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

Jottings from the notebook of your critic, correspondent and author (of, among other books, *Before I Forget*, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., three smackers postpaid, on sale at the more solvent, wide-awake and dependable bookshops, a volume very well spoken of by the press as well as by members of my immediate family and dependents) in a vain search for rest from authorship by a leisured and extended trip in my automotive conveyance, Bucephalus IV, from one coast to another and up and down, during which time I could not help noticing certain people, scenes, manners and customs:



To read about tragedy, about suffering, about a man's unequal fight against odds he has no chance of overcoming is one thing; to experience any one of these, or to see any one of them close at hand, is quite another. That is why, perhaps, a work so ominous, so magnificent, so essentially dramatic as *Deserts On the March*, a study of soil erosion especially along the broad sweep east of the Continental Divide, failed to draw many readers to it in spite of the awed and respectful commendations it got from reviewers. It warned of a condition affecting us all—but remotely.

It is human nature, after youth's first inexperienced curiosity and eagerness for experience, to avoid, not merely unpleasant things, when we can avoid them, but even unpleasant subjects. Only a raw youth, I believe, can *enjoy* Dostoievski's *A Raw Youth* or read *The Idiot* with sensations akin to delight; only raw youth and the sated, the callous, the cruel and the half-alive who demand new *frissons*. Only young collegians brimming with health or an ascetic who has scarified his desires can find anything attractive in the Suetonian legends of Nero and Heliogabalus or in the rhymed whispers of "strange sins" and luxurious debauchery celebrated in the 'Nineties by the too-carefully brought up offspring of virtuous Victorian good citizens. Only the young can go to war as if it were on a lark or in obedience to a high ideal of glorious duty, discounting the experience of generations before them, heedless of horrors related by the survivors of other wars, because a horror is not to them a horror unless it is one they have experienced.

With an Eastern city-man and suburbanite's remote concern, I had read about the droughts of the prairie country, the blinding dust-storms, the devastated farms, the stricken cattle, the death and desolation in the wake of deserts on the march; I had seen newsreels and scanned pictures of this terror with an occasional fatuous boast of personal experience to the inexperienced that in my boyhood I had known what these dust-storms were and then would describe how the storms would come up, my mother would close and lock all windows and doors, and yet dust and sand would sift in under the high pressure of the swirling winds, leaving layers of dust half an inch thick on the sills and carpeting the floors and blanketing the furniture with stifling, eye-smarting, cough-provoking irritants. But I spoke then of a major tragedy in the light of my experience with an ephemeral, infrequent, disagreeable weather condition. But if this unpleasant symptom of thirty years ago had been taken, as it was, like the warning of an aching tooth, that infection is present and may spread disastrously, the then arable portions of the country might not now be the ghastly wastes they are.

That cheerful, neat oasis, Lincoln, Nebraska, in which culture, good taste, friendliness and an air of well-being thrive among fine trees, clean, wide streets, air-conditioned shops, green lawns, civic pride and the spectacular modern architecture of a state capitol which arises from otherwise untenanted ground with the surprising suddenness of an attractive, incredibly tall Jack-in-the-box, was not many miles behind us on the paved southern highway through the state when we drove into a gradual realization of what deserts on the march are like.

A terrific dry heat began to parch us; small whirlwinds which were entertaining at first as they appeared out of nowhere, danced capriciously alongside and before us like mischievous carnival attendants tossing confetti at us in the form of dust particles, bits of seared grass and other debris from the roadway, soon gave way to great, angry blasts of dust and sand; unmistakable black cyclones appeared threateningly on the horizon; the road ahead would be obscured as in a heavy fog, making it necessary to slow down to a snail's pace; that cloud of dust would lift or disappear somewhere behind us, the road would be clear for a time and another cloud would impede progress.

There would be miles of clear, still heat without dust, but where for miles also there was not a tree, not a shrub, not a patch even of starved sage brush to relieve the dreary, dun-colored flatness that reached everywhere to the rims of the horizon; where even a tumble weed took on the endearing, pathetic aspect of a lost lamb and the riffled surface of a yellow sanddrift, blown against the side of a gulley or draping a lone rock like the skirt of a kneeling ballet dancer, would be as welcome to the eyes as would the sudden patter of rain drops to the ears.

Occasionally gaunt cows would be lined up against each other on the lee side of a lone and leafless dead tree. Grey, disintegrating, windowless, abandoned farmhouses, surrounded by swaying and crippled picket fences, tumble-down cribs and farm machinery, like the skeletons of a junk-yard, would be seen in a depression which had once been so watered by spring rains, soaked by winter snows, and re-soiled like a delta by the effluvia from rain-washed surrounding terrain, that there had flourished shady trees which now were dry and hollow stumps, green grass where there was now only caked hard-pan, and a pump for drinking-water in a well long dried up.

Oppressed by hours of travel through this desolation, passing through treeless villages where the bank, the general store, real estate and farm loan and lawyer offices would be closed under the unremitting glare of the mid-day sun and only a drug store would remain open for the sale of Popsicles and chocolate coated ice cream bars to discouraged loungers in farming clothes, I wondered how fared now those hardy and colorful Bohemian peasants among whom Willa Cather spent her dreamy and apparently melancholy girlhood, peasants who had brought Czech folkways, farm knowledge and determination to these steepes which were laden with deep snows in winter, were fertile and green in spring and properly dry in summer for the fine growing of wheat. Even then, Miss Cather's fiction relates, the monotony of the prairie landscape frayed and snapped the nerves of stolid peasants, inflamed passions, deepened hatreds, stirred cruelty and brought tragedy. How fared the

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There Were Giants

It was a swell break, getting to stay right there on the inside, swinging the towel for the Champ

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

▪ SPORTS ▪

Like a lot of other people in New York who don't know anything about the prize fight business, I read about and am interested in the fights. How can you help it, if you look at the newspapers at all? Somebody is always fighting somebody, in the Garden or the Hippodrome, and quite often for a title. Moreover, you can usually get a good enough seat cheaply, because this is the pugilistic center of the universe and even the smaller clubs present young men well advanced in the profession of busting each other up.

So I should see a lot of fights, but I don't, and the other day I got to wondering why. I thought about it for some time, and then it came to me. What you see around here is not the real prize fight business.

I am speaking now only for myself, and I do not pretend that what I say makes sense. All right, then. To me the fight game consists not of champions and near champions but of those other gladiators whose immortality rests in agate lines at the bottom of sports pages. (*Bad News Smith stopped Soldier Jenks, 6 rds., Denver.*) So that is why I do not go to the fights in New York, and so I am crazy.

I stood there that early summer morning on a street corner of the little Montana town that I knew like the back of my hand. Only now I did not seem to know it at all. Overnight the red-and-yellow poster had blossomed, a gaudy promise of impending carnage. It said, in effect:

The Kilkenny Kid, Minneapolis, pride of the Northwest Irish, contender for the welterweight title, versus Wildcat Simms, St. Paul, likewise a welterweight aspirant. Ten rounds of slashing combat on July 4 at the local ball park. Two boys who hated each other's guts, from the Twin Cities that frothed by habit at the mere mention of each other.

And then, terse and terrible, a single line of heavy type:

This Is a Grudge Fight.

It might have added, there is a God. It was a fine thing to be fifteen years old and living in Montana. It was even finer to be copy boy on *The Register*, and not much else to do but read the sports pages of the eastern papers and cut out pictures of your favorite fighters and paste them on the wall above the table in a corner of the office. And yet, until now—

It was one thing to read the eastern papers and cut out the pictures. It would be another to see and hear for yourself. There had been other substitutes, not altogether satisfying. Once Bob Fitzsimmons and young Bob had come to town in a vaudeville act, the old man with the spindly legs, huge shoulders and bald head, and crafty murder lingering in his hands. And down the valley lived a rancher, Maurice Thompson, better known in other days as the Montana Kid who twice beat the young Stanley Ketchell. And there were men in town who had watched Aurelio Herrera go twenty rounds in Butte with Battling Nelson and seen Jim Jeffries slip to one knee before Jack Monroe, the fighting miner.

There had been giants. But all that was a long time ago, and the giants' successors had not been so good. By persistent splashes in the tank they had brought shame, boos and finally a state-wide ban on a noble art.

But now, standing here in the early summer sun, you could feel history trembling in the air. I might have known something like this was going to happen, because only last spring the Legislature had said it would be legal again. Still, it was too good to be true, and I kept looking at the poster.

The Kilkenny Kid, muscle-knotted, tough —a slugger, I guessed, one of those fighters who take two to land one. By comparison the Wildcat seemed almost frail, his left arm extending upward from a crouch, his right hand cocked at the shoulder.

"Class," I said out loud to myself, casting one vote for the Wildcat. "He'll stab the Kilkenny crazy with that left hand and polish him off with the right." The phrases, out of fight stories in the eastern papers, rang in my head as I walked on downtown.

The boys, their managers and stable mates, arrived that night. Life began.

Life began, specifically, when Wildcat Simms' manager spotted a willing slave in the audience assembled in the training quarters over the Gem Pool Room. The Wildcat's manager was Gus Schultz, small, sharp-faced, dapper in a checked suit, a breath of metropolitan sporting life in the high, dry Rockies.

"You," he said, and I looked over my shoulder to see if he was talking to someone else. He wasn't. "You c'n carry the Wildcat's sweater on the road an' watch the water buckets. Maybe the other boys'll let you carry their stuff, too," he added. The other boys were the Wildcat's sparring partners, who would appear on the supporting card, three young men whose predominating features were broken.

The three young men said I could work for them too.

The inner circle, at last. The solid crash of leather on the big bag. The hearty talk. The good, stinging smell of arnica and sweat. Suddenly, miraculously, I belonged. The years of mere placid living fell away. Watching and listening, I knew that I was in the right camp. Anybody could see the Wildcat looked good even when he was toying with a sparring partner. That picture on the poster had come alive with a dazzling left hand. He was rangy, fast, grim. This was like knowing Dempsey before Toledo.

It was Mr. Schultz who did the talking. Sitting beside me at the ringside, he grew confidential. "There he goes. The Dempsey shift. The first time he dropped Lew Tendler with that—"

"He dropped Tendler?" For God's sake, I thought. A picture of Tendler was pasted reverently on the wall above my desk in the office.

"Maybe it was Leonard. I forget," said Mr. Schultz. "Who was it, Wildcat?"

The Wildcat, his left hand flickering in a sparring partner's face, said: "Greb."

The audience drew a sharp breath of wonder.

A stir at the door was Mr. Bick, promoter of the fight, proprietor of the Gem Pool Room, abdominal, pompous; Mr. Bick, who on the night the boys arrived and the articles were signed, had proclaimed: "Gentlemen, the Treasure State has returned to the greatest glory of its early sporting history, the manly art of self-defense."

"Just a little trip of inspection," Mr. Bick said now as he entered, flanked by a committee of leading citizens and sportsmen.

"Okay, gents," said Mr. Schultz. "There he is, gents, the contender the champ is ducking, an' you're getting him for $750."

"Against a percentage," Mr. Bick reminded him. "It might be more than $750."

"We got ten times that for beating Mickey Walker last month in Cleveland," Mr. Schultz went on.

"He beat Mickey Walker?" Vast possibilities for exploitation welled up in Mr. Bick.

"In twelve rounds," said Mr. Schultz. "You won't never see it that way in the records, because what chance has a boy like this got with a guy like Walker unless he puts over a k.o.? But ask anybody that seen it except the sports writers that was bought off anyhow like they always are. Tell 'em about it, Wildcat."

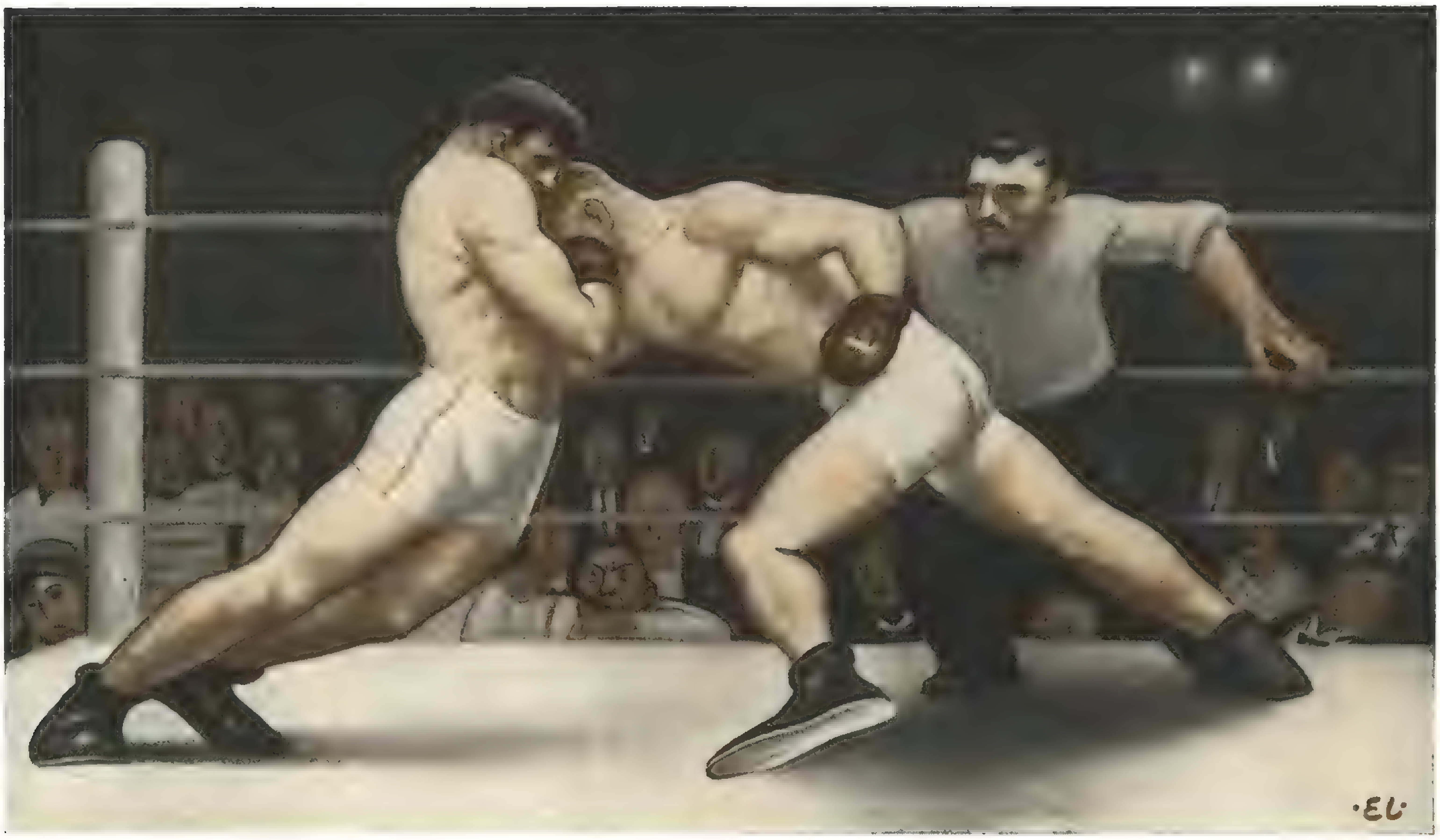
The Wildcat just then was leaning against the ropes. He seemed to be asleep, standing up, but at Mr. Schultz's question he stirred, a lithe killer awakening from a nap.

"He was out'n his feet in the twelfth. I'd got him in the next."

"There you are, gents," said Mr. Schultz, while the leading citizens and sportsmen nodded approval.

"All I can say is, we're mighty lucky, Mr. Schultz," said Mr. Bick, beaming. "Lucky to have you other boys on the card, too," he told the three sets of broken features.

"We're all one big happy family," said



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Mr. Schultz, looking at his boys. "Pals."

"When do we eat?" asked One Punch Jones, a member of the stable. The One Punch was a featherweight, a little fellow with an old man's shrewd face.

"Shut up," said Mr. Schultz, and explained: "Always kidding."

"Well, we'll be going along to the Kilkenny's camp," said Mr. Bick after a moment.

"Ask him did he leave his fight in the day-coach coming out here," Mr. Schultz suggested.

There was general laughter.

The old days were back. The veterans said so. Less than a week before, this had been a town of 10,000 relatively peaceful souls. Now I heard the veterans saying that the women and children had better keep off the streets, because this was a man's world.

If there were a few more housebreakings than usual, what did that matter to men of sporting spirit?

What mattered was a kind of nervous excitement increasing as the great event grew nearer. By day the ball park resounded to the building of the ring. By night the fight talk hummed along Water Street, which wandered away into a small but efficient red light district. The leading citizens and sportsmen gravely manipulated cigars and weighed chances. A slugger against a boxer—always a hard problem. And something else that you couldn't exactly put into words, but there it was: two bitter rivals settling a grudge beneath a Montana sky a thousand miles from home.

In Water Street I listened with the aloofness of superior knowledge. The surrounding valleys, whence only dairy products issued in normal times, were sending in Irishmen—lumberjacks and miners. They actually thought the Kilkenny had a chance. Hell, they thought he would win. They talked loudly in the bars, but they hadn't seen him work. They had been looking at Mr. Bick's inflammatory posters.

The fact was, nobody at all had seen the Kilkenny work. He had not even been on the road. The road was Main Street to the edge of town and back, and our camp had covered it daily at a dogtrot, crowding from the sidewalk ladies I vaguely identified as friends of my mother's who were trying to do their marketing.

But the Kilkenny—a swaggering, black-haired, barrel-chested boy—I had seen only at a distance, and then Mr. Schultz had said: "There he goes, Kilkenny, the bum, and Duffy, who owns him, also a bum, and some other guys who'll be bums if they work at it long enough."

It was about then the whispers started. Go up along Water Street a little way, rumor said, and you'd see what kind of work the Kilkenny was doing. Nor did Mr. Duffy, his manager, seem to care. Mr. Duffy and his fighter were training at Madame Lena's, buying beer for the girls, and whatever road work the Kilkenny was doing was up and downstairs.

One Punch Jones, who seemed to get around a good deal, quoted Mr. Duffy as saying, "A boy that lives clean and fights regular don't have to sweat his head off to keep in shape; he only has to keep loosened up."

"An' be good to his mother," Mr. Schultz said.

The odds kept lengthening.

"What are they now?" Mr. Schultz asked me every morning, because it was my duty to find out every night.

"Seven-to-five on the champ," I was able to tell him on the day before the fight.

"H'mm," said Mr. Schultz thoughtfully. Then, "You been a good kid, an' you'll swing the Wildcat's towel between rounds tomorrow night."

After that, the least a fellow could do was to go down to Water Street and bet a week's salary. Ten bucks, at seven-to-three.

To watch the weighing-in ceremonies the next afternoon at the Gem Pool Room leading citizens stood on pool tables. Sportsmen hung off the rafters. *The Register's* photographer, who was also sports editor, held his camera poised for the traditional squaring-off picture. The prologue to a murder, I was thinking.

The Wildcat, having stepped off the scales, was leaning against the wall; once more he seemed to be asleep, standing up. But Mr. Schultz was very awake. He looked at the little bulge of beerfat over the Kilkenny's tights.

"Is your tramp in shape?" he asked Mr. Duffy.

It was the Kilkenny who answered. He moved, shuffled, toward the Wildcat, his voice a snarl like nothing I had ever heard.

"I'll hang one on him right here," he said, "the lousy—"

Mr. Duffy pulled his boy back amid uproar. "Yuh crazy?" he demanded. "Wanna bust the hands?"

"I'll kill him," the Kilkenny said.

"Save it, boys!" Mr. Bick shouted happily.

The Register's sports editor, rushing to a phone, made the last edition with a front-page story. All seats were sold out in another hour, insuring both boys a good deal more than their $750 guarantee.

Here it was, the dream come true: the night drawn close around the white-lighted ring, and the sea of faces stretching away in dim shadow across the park; the last pre-

Continued in center of page 184

The Cement Arm

Codeine's all right for small time punks but guys like Chick Haley go to the big town and get a real bang

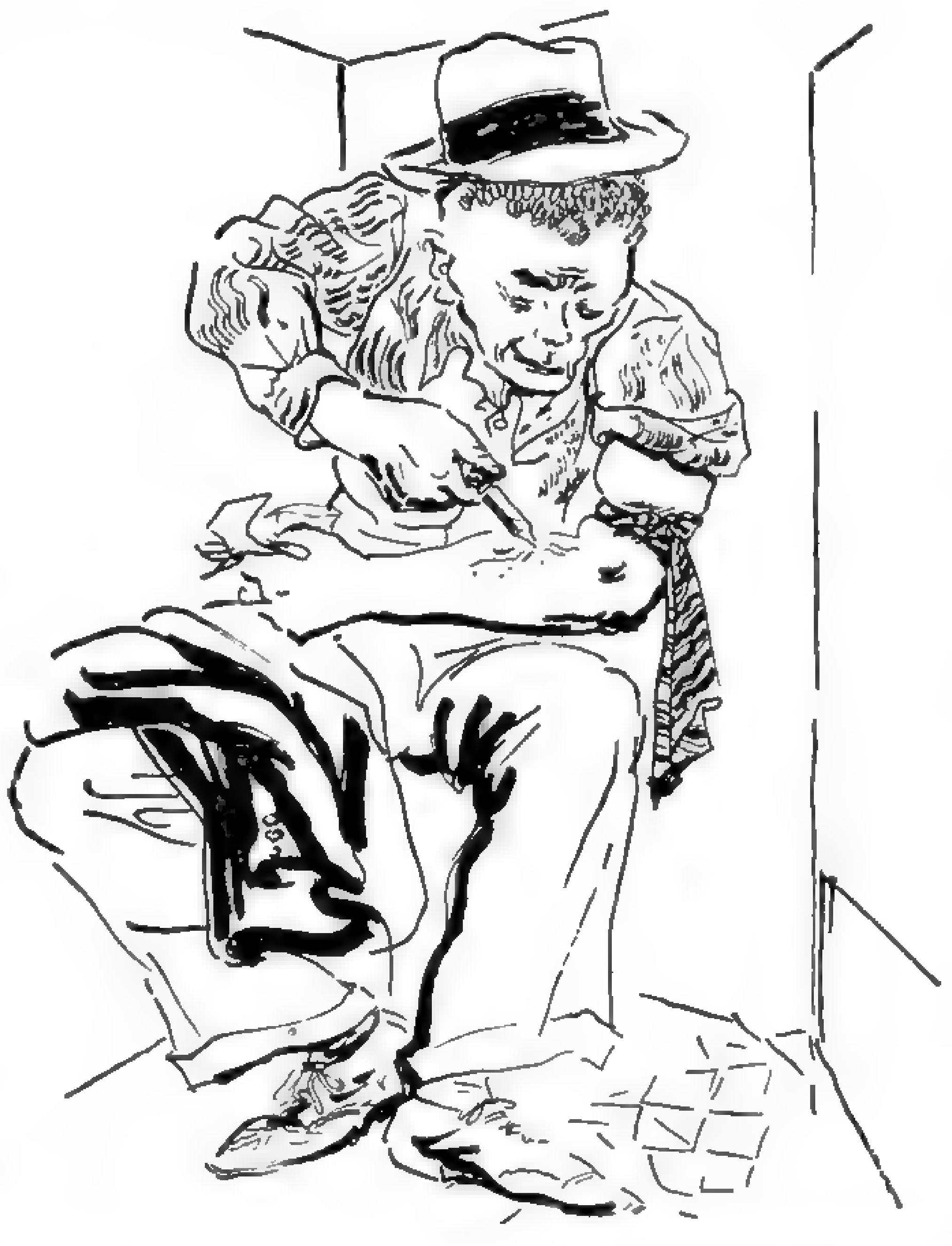
by CLARENCE WOODBURY

FICTION

When Chick Haley got off the train at Grand Central he was feeling pretty nice. Narrow shoulders squared, little white Irish face thrust upward like that of a perky bird, he walked boldly right across the main lobby. He even looked a big bull straight in the eye. And why not?

He had a right to feel nice. After three years he was back in the big burg again and he was going to get rid of his cement arm. Codeine was okay. It was okay for a punk in a punk's town like Buffalo. It was okay as a carry-over from a heroin or morphine habit. It would stave off the horrors all right. And in Buffalo, where it was smuggled over the Canadian border, the stuff was cheap.

But codeine didn't have any real lift and the hell about it was it turned you to cement. Every time you took a pin-jab of the lousy stuff a hard lump formed under the skin and stayed right there. His whole left arm, from shoulder to wrist, was a mass of those lumps now—cement. If he kept on shooting codeine he would have to start on his right arm soon, then his legs. Before he knew it, he'd not only have a cement arm, he'd be a cement man.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Not for Chick Haley. He wasn't that kind of a punk. That was why he had left Buffalo. That was why he was in the big burg now and feeling pretty nice. He was going to get off codeine and on to the real joy dust again. Then he'd pull himself together and get to going places.

Out on bright Forty-second street, Chick looked at a big clock. It was ten p. m. and he did some figuring. In the men's room of the smoker, just before the rattler pulled into Grand Central, he had taken a last bang of codeine. That would carry him till one or two a. m. By that time he would have made a connection for some real good white stuff. If he didn't, well, he still had a little codeine in a Bull Durham sack sewed inside his shirt—enough to carry him for a day or two.

Not that he ever meant to use codeine again. The big burg was full of real dust and he wouldn't have any trouble getting a wire. Not with dough on him. He had all of eight bucks in jack on him and a queer twenty he had bought in Angelo's place in Buffalo for six bits. He'd been leery about shoving it in Buffalo but, hell, after he got a little real dust rumbling inside of him he'd shove it all right.

Chick was hungry as a bitch wolf so he went into a one-arm joint. The thought of solid food made him feel sick as it always did when he had a habit but he bought a cup of coffee and a hunk of chocolate cake. He shoveled six spoonfuls of sugar into the coffee, then broke the cake into it and ate the mixture with a spoon. Still hungry, he picked up a bar of chocolate on his way out and munched it as he strolled west to the Stem.

On Broadway he stopped and rubbernecked at the Wrigley sign for a minute, then moseyed north keeping his eyes open. The bright lights bothered him some. Nobody was likely to make him from his pan or his gait but the coppers in the big burg, he knew, were plenty wise and plenty tough. Not like the bulls in Buffalo.

He had to laugh when he thought of Jim Riley. Jim Riley was a good copper as coppers went. Jim had shown him how to make a buck the last time he got out of stir. He had let him polish cars in front of the post office as long as he kept his nose clean. But what the hell did Jim Riley think? Did the thick mick think he was going to stick in Buffalo all his life and shine muddy cars at fifty cents a throw and turn to cement?

At Forty-sixth street, Chick saw a tart who was on the stuff. He could tell it by her walk. She was out trying to pick up a Johnny and she was walking on mattresses. For a minute he thought of following her, getting acquainted and asking her to give him a tip on a wire, but he decided not to. You never could tell about a broad when she was as charged as that. She might not take him right and she might have a tough cadet tailing her who would haul off and clip him one before he got a chance to explain he was on the up and up.

At Forty-eighth street, he saw a little guy leaning against a building reading a racing sheet. He was a junker, too. Chick could tell it by his eyes. But the little guy was all dolled up with a hard hat and spats and Chick didn't go up to him. Wearing a shiny old brown suit like he was, the little guy might figure he was a small-timer and not want to have anything to do with him. Then, too, there was something funny about the sporty little guy showing himself in the bright lights that way. Maybe he was stooling.

At Fiftieth, Chick paused before a clothing store. There was a nifty suit in the window. It was a gray suit with pin stripes and it had class all right. When he got a connection and got rid of the cement arm, he might buy that suit. Wearing a suit like that and a new hat with a snap brim, he'd just as leave go up to anybody as not.

But now time was getting on and, first of all, he had to get a connection. The bright lights still made him uncomfortable and he hesitated between going to Harlem or heading over to Ninth avenue. Finally, he decided on Harlem and grabbed a subway.

He liked Harlem better. Lenox avenue was not so light as Broadway, but you could see there was plenty going on. After he'd walked along a couple blocks, just strolling, a coffee-colored guy fell in beside him.

"Lookin' for a good time, brother?" he asked.

There was a time, when he was a kid in the old Irish neighborhood, when Chick wouldn't have let any dinge call him brother, but nuts to that stuff now. He was looking for a connection.

"What do you mean good time?" he said.

"A nice little cabaret," said the steerer oilily, "hot music and plenty of high yaller."

Chick was interested. Colored hotsies, he knew, did like their joy dust. "I ain't got much on me," he said cautiously.

"Don't need much," the steerer told him. "A dollar cover, that's all. Then if you want to buy drinks for yourself or the girlies that's up to you."

"Oke," said Chick.

The steerer led him into a small night club which occupied the basement of an old brownstone house. It was crowded with all shades of humanity and the air reeked of liquor fumes, cigarette smoke, perfume and sweat.

Chick sat down at a table near the dance floor, ordered a Manhattan and watched copper-colored girls shake their bellies to the taunting music. But he wasn't interested in wine, women or song. You couldn't drink when you were on stuff and he hadn't wanted a dame since the last time he took the cure. Junk affected him that way. It affected everybody that way.

He kept his eyes open, studying face

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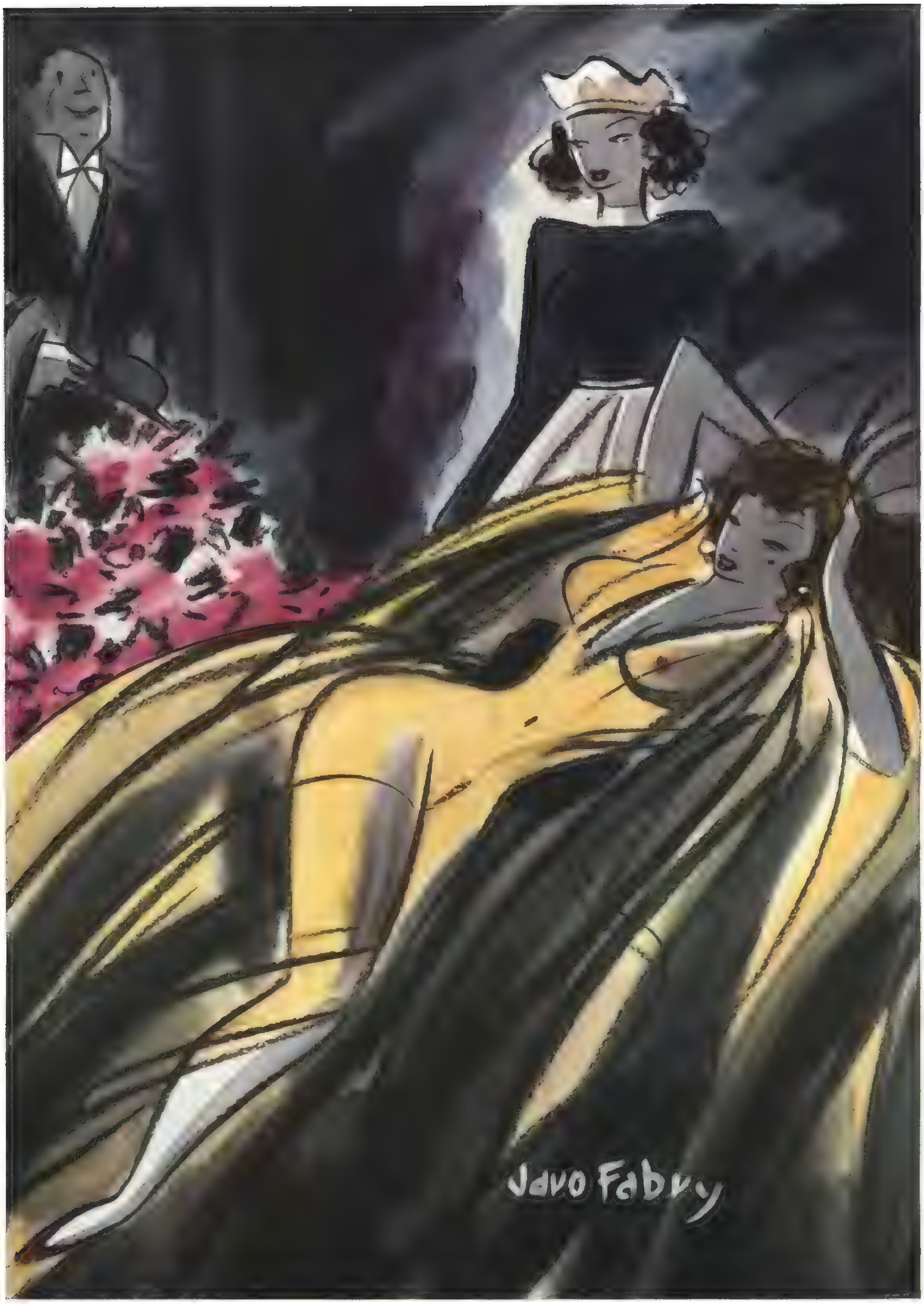
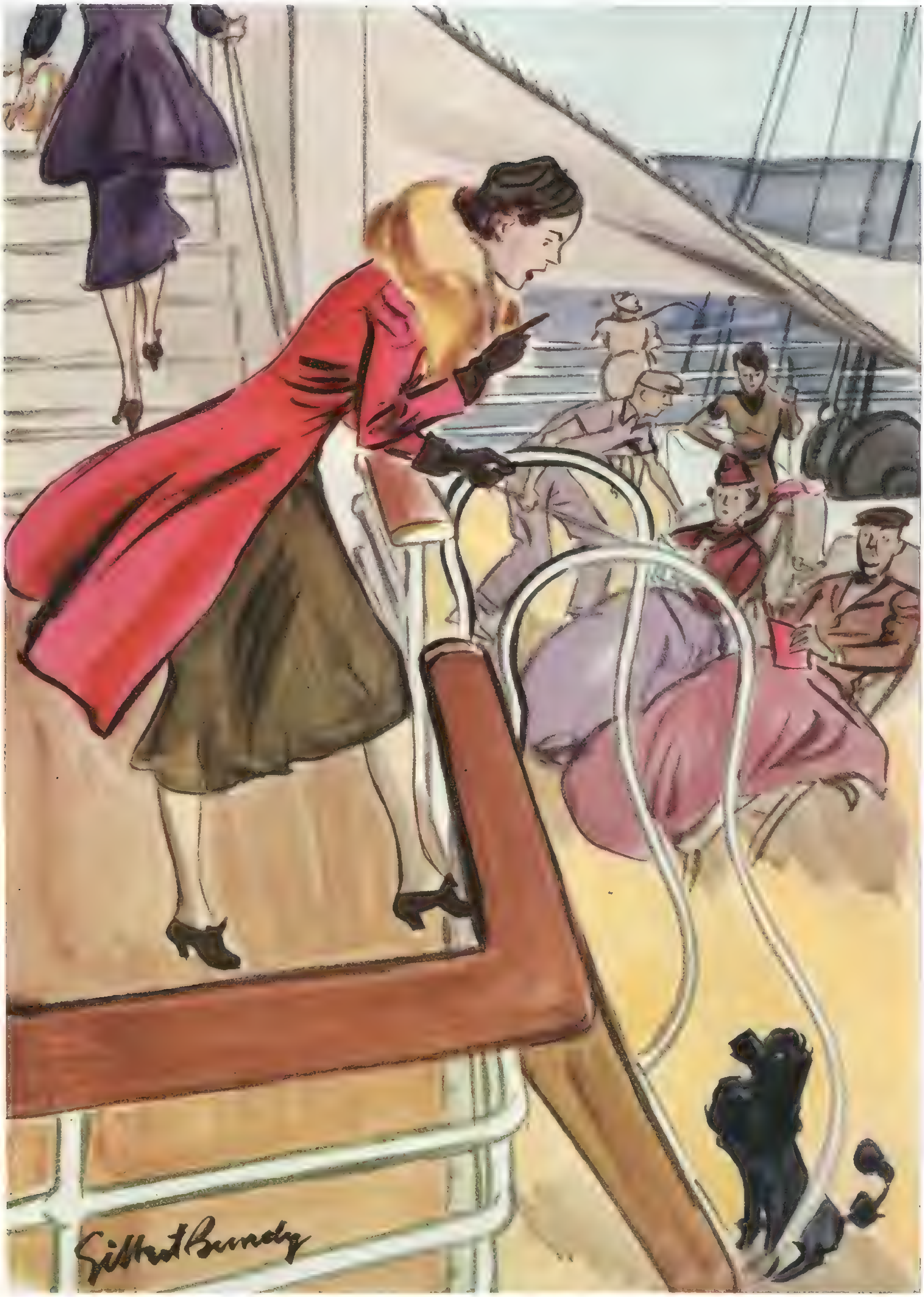


"I know your wages are small, Marie—but after all, you're learning"


Gilbert Bundy

"Come back! That's second class."

Roulades and Cadenzas

The English play their operas backwards so late-comers do not miss the overture

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

POSTERITY deserves a chronicle of the recent London music season. For posterity, God preserve it, will never hear another like it. Full-fledged symphony orchestras, deep-bosomed opera companies, double-jointed, iron-toed *corps de ballet*, were transported from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Philadelphia, and other outposts of civilization. Chirpers from Gigli to Rudy Vallee, Flagstad to Libby Holman were set twittering in all the halls of the town. Celebrities of the baton gave chimpanzees Boo-Boo and Jubilee of the Royal Zoo their stiffest competition in two reigns. Toscanini, Furtwaengler, Bruno Walter, Reiner, Busch, Beecham, Barbirolli chased each other around the circuses. Artur Rodzinski and four soloists were imported from America for two concerts and no acceptable orchestra could be found anywhere. Piano tuners were so rushed that not one could be located to put Artur Schnabel's instrument in tune with the Vienna Philharmonic.

This was a summer of Bacchanalian carousing. Sponge-soaking and guzzling took place on a scale unprecedented since Victoria's accession. It was not possible to sit down anywhere on extension night. As a gesture of friendliness to the visitors from overseas, a special license for gin and tonic was granted on odd Mondays if it was consumed before breakfast and along with kipper herring.

The commotion was almost disquieting. A maharajah in shark's teeth and crimson paced the pavements of Mayfair. The *Times* doubled the sale of editorial space on its society page. The Imperial Conference for the Perpetuation of Moths met nightly at Covent Garden. Anyone in a tall hat risked being asked for an autograph. Their Majesties were mobbed by a gaping stampede at their first Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

Whitehall made the most of its muddling attempts to deny everything. The politicians' chant was a litany of brotherly love. The horses at Aldershot had been trained to neigh in tune. Steamboat whistles, trumpeters, and cheering masses were exhorted to stay on pitch. Bow bells and Big Ben attempted to chime as one. Skiffs in the regatta at Henley rowed in tempo. The Royal Air Force planes at Hendon serenaded in consecutive fifths.

The pontificating press described it as one harmonious symphony and conceded that the English, alone of all people, could put on a successful parade without elephants. During the summer I heard only one discordant note and that was at Madame Tussaud's. The wax model of Hitler kept crunching its mustache.

London music critics, of course, set their teeth, shrieked, averred, swore, insisted, asseverated, and made clear that what might be good enough for Germany or Italy or America was not good enough for England. Toscanini nearly made the grade, but his intensity was "fierce, almost frightening." Madame Flagstad was "cold, unable to project the psychology of her parts." "The fanning of Gigli was extraordinary, not to say embarrassing." Lawrence Tibbett "of the American movies" (variously spelled as Tibbet and Tibet) appeared well-washed, hearty and simple, with a tenor or a bass—not a baritone—voice, "somewhat harder than gold . . . which seemed to lack quality where quality was needed." He had the effrontery to add encores before the end of his printed program and he exhibited other Americanisms such as commenting on the extra numbers. He informed the audience, for example, that he would sing "a beautiful Handel air." The London public (unlike the American) needs no explanation of the song literature.

Ernest Newman found the Covent Garden *Otello* "rather flat . . . the *Ring* undistinguished . . . *Don Pasquale* little more than an exasperation from first to last."

The discord became so riotous at Covent Garden that finally critics were banned. Productions crowded one on top the other until their sets became mixed up. The new opera, Eugene Goossens' *Don Juan de Manara*, was mostly rehearsed in a small foyer with the atmosphere of a crowded milk bar in the Grand Central Concourse. Singers couldn't hear the piano for the clatter of dishes and silverware and the humming waitresses.

Artistic Director Sir Thomas Beecham, having taken on more scores than could be managed, disappeared. Prima donnas and ballerinas waited in vain. When he did show up, he spent his time developing a newly discovered talent for stage directing. He tinkered with lights, moved pulpits, designed costumes, changed table cloths.

No one prepared a choreography for the second act of *Orphee*. And so the ballet did its customary setting-up exercises. The orchestra might as well have been playing *The Volga Boatman*. To top off the evening, Strauss' *Beautiful Blue Danube* followed the opera. No question about it, the London public is fond of ballet and digests it in large quantities like barley water.

Borodin's *Prince Igor* was revived and, to celebrate the occasion, was played backwards. The overture to the opera came in the middle of Act II . . . not a bad idea for all overtures, for then the boxes could hear them. The prelude to Act III was played as introduction to Act II. In the middle of Act III we were switched back to Act II, where we had left off earlier. To while away a little time, an extraneous orchestral composition of Borodin was inserted. The curtain went up and down at odd moments with no apparent reason. The scenery was mixed, some held over from the time of Edward VII and some designed for use by Mickey Mouse. The confusion was so marked that Their Majesties, this being the first visit of their reign, got mixed up in the Royal Box, the King waiting in the corner customarily occupied by the Queen. Needless to say, they were promptly switched.

At Covent Garden other operas were not the slightest like themselves. Sir Thomas swam his way through *Tristan*, drawing new tempi from the stratosphere and completely losing the singers. Lauritz Melchior, singing the rôle for the one hundred and twentieth time, apparently did not know it well enough to follow Sir Thomas. At one point in the third act, they were so many measures apart that the performance came to a dead stop with Tristan yapping inaudible sounds. It seemed certain that Kurvenal was pacing the rocks at the back of the stage only to see if Isolde was bringing a score.

On the credit side, Covent Garden lists good intentions. It was more experimental than it had been in decades. It tried, if it didn't succeed, to revive great music. Early performances, I am told, were not so rough. *Parsifal* conducted by Fritz Reiner received top comment. Of what I hear, *Don Juan de Manara* was the best produced.

The hero of this opera is not the same guy as Mozart's. He is a concoction of Dumas, Arnold Bennett, and Goossens. He is a positive rather than a negative hero. He seeks perfection in woman: "one who can make longing eternal and divine." That he murders a friar, hastens his father's death, has his brother whipped, drives women to murder and suicide, are all justified by the end he seeks. He is an idealist, not a sensual-

Continued on page 230

A Little Suggestion

If you aren't receptive to this, you're a senseless dolt and don't deserve to be hypnotized anyhow

by MARTIN PANZER

• ARTICLE •

HAVE you ever been hypnotized? Have you? Think. Have you ever been hypnotized? You can be hypnotized. You can be. Yes, you can be hypnotized. Even *you* can be hypnotized. Do you know what it means to be hypnotized? It means that you act under someone's direction by a process of suggestion. It's as simple as that. Someone suggests something and you do it. The more you concentrate on the suggestion the more the intensity of the hypnosis. I can hypnotize you. You can hypnotize me. Before today is over you are going to touch your left elbow with your right forefinger. You are going to touch your elbow with your forefinger. You are going to touch the elbow of your left arm with the forefinger of your right hand. Have you got it clear? Before today is over, if you read this article through, you will touch your left elbow with your right forefinger. The more you try to resist the urge, the more likely you are to do it. If you touch your left elbow with your right forefinger today, you will have been hypnotized by me although I may be hundreds of miles from you. You may not do it right away. You may not do it for hours. But if you are really reading this, there will come a moment today when you will be unable to resist touching your left elbow with your right forefinger. Perhaps you will feel silly after you have done it. Perhaps you will feel silly while you are doing it. But the point is that you will do it. You *will* do it. Unless you are completely scatter-brained and have a minimum of the power of concentration, you will touch your left elbow with your right forefinger sometime within the next twenty-four hours.

Tony Palazzo

You are going to try not to think of this article. Or you are going to think of it and try not to touch your left elbow with your right forefinger before the day is over. Or you will sneer and laugh at this article and say, "Christ, Esquire is getting away with murder these days. Do they pay money for tripe like that?" But if you read all the way through, you are going to touch your left elbow with your right forefinger some-time today. It doesn't matter what your reaction to this article is right now. You are going to do as I say before twenty-four hours are up. And if you do it, you can say that you have been hypnotized. I cannot make you do it against your will. But it is not against your will. Once you concentrate on these words *it is your will* to touch your left elbow with your right forefinger some-time today.

Some folks are more sensitive to the power of suggestion than others. I have seen men permit pins to be stuck deep into their flesh when they were in a state of hypnosis. They gave no sign that they felt pain. The punctures did not bleed. I have seen women do the most outlandish things under similar conditions. They were more intensely hypnotized than you are going to be after you read this article. But if you *really read* this article, you are going to be hypnotized. Just a little bit, perhaps, but really and truly hypnotized.

That's all hypnotism is: merely suggestion. There's nothing mystic or supernatural about it. Everything you do is motivated by suggestion. When you react to suggestion that is out of the ordinary for you in particular, it may be said that you are hypnotized. The only difference is the difference in intensity.

Ordinarily you would not touch the elbow of your left arm with the forefinger of your right hand. But sometime today you are going to react to my suggestion that you do it. And then you will have been hypnotized. If your powers of concentration and your sensitivity to suggestion are very high, you may even pause in the reading to touch the elbow of your left arm with the forefinger of your right hand. If they are not so high, you may take hours to act upon the suggestion. But you will act. You *will.* The very fact that your mind is already working on the suggestion is almost a guarantee that some-time today you will touch your left elbow with your right forefinger.

You may be working or eating sometime today. Or you may be talking to a friend. But you will have this on your mind and nothing will stop you. You will touch your left elbow with your right forefinger. You may do it casually as though to hide the fact, even from yourself, that you are doing it. But you will do it. You MUST do it. It has been suggested to you very forcibly and you will react to the suggestion. Then you will be able to say that you have been hypnotized. You may even hold out until you go to bed. But you will not be able to close your eyes in sleep tonight until you have touched your left elbow with your right forefinger. The thought will hound you, make you toss in your bed if you have not already touched your left elbow with your right forefinger. But you will not sleep until you do it.

Understand, I do not say that I can hypnotize you against your will.

But if you have stuck with me this far, it will not be against your will. The job is practically done. I have hypnotized you.

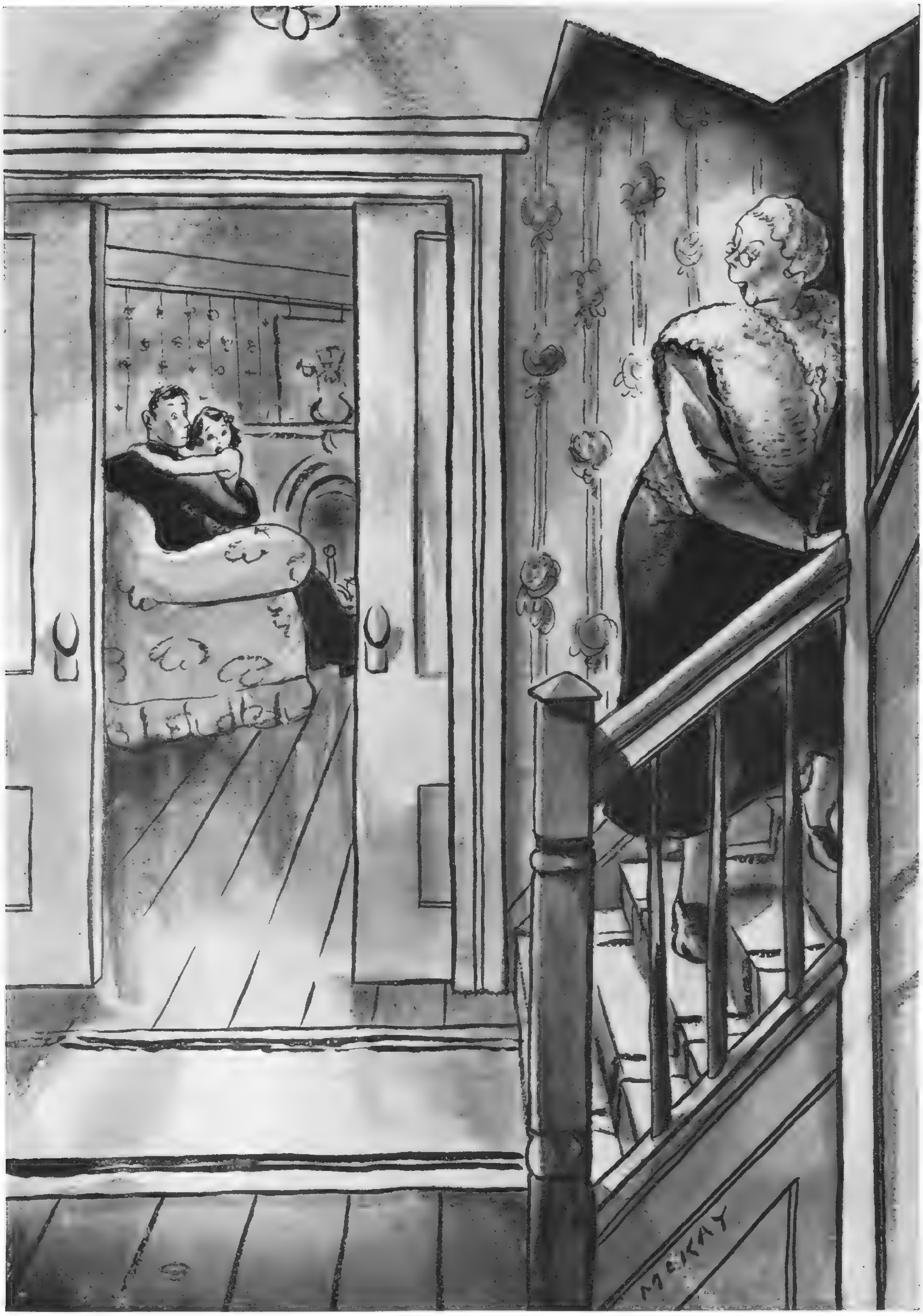
The methods I use do not count. Perhaps the words sound Gertrude Steinish. Perhaps you will say that I have created such a jumble in your mind that you must touch your left elbow with your right forefinger just to get rid of the stupidity and fogginess of my words. But it doesn't matter why *you* think you are doing it.

The fact remains that you *are* touching your left elbow with your right forefinger when you do.

And that is all there is to it.

> SOME TIME TODAY YOU WILL TOUCH YOUR LEFT ELBOW WITH YOUR RIGHT FOREFINGER.

When that happens, know that you have been hypnotized. #



"Why don't you and Mr. Templeton make fudge, dear—it's good fun!"

Behold the Canny Scot

Only a Scotchman can drink pure Scotch, from a single still, and remain to describe his hangover

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

One good thing about wars is that the conquerors always bring back the best habits of the conquered. When the English invaded a little green island to the north of them in 1170, they found a strange race talking a strange tongue and made valiant by a drink they had picked up from the Latins several centuries before. The drink was called "uisgebeatha" which was the natives' corruption of *eau de vie*, water of life. The English never learned to pronounce the Celt's version of it but by careful listening finally managed "oosh-ku." It wasn't far from that to whisky and there the name has stood ever since.

Fortunately the English brought along some prisoners who knew the magic formula and the business of brewing malt and making whisky from it, got under way. As most of the grain of the British Isles was grown in Scotland, and the early distillation was a family affair, the industry took root along the northern coast and near the lochs of the Highlands. A good many barrels have passed under the bridge of time since then, but the canny Scot has held on to one of the world's essential industries.

Needless to add that a competitive world has made efforts to take the industry, or a share of it, away from him but the lads in the short skirts have only winked and gone about their brewing. Scotch whisky is still Scotch. Even the English, a persistent race, gave up, and in the Finance Act of 1933 decreed that liquor labeled Scotch must be distilled in Scotland of grain and aged at least three years.

There are four very good reasons why Scotch has remained the heritage of one country: air, water, peat and barley. These are geographical, hence not transplantable, and by now the world has accepted the right of the heathered hills as it does the districts of the vinelands of France. To realize fully the validity of these four reasons you ought to follow through the processes of distillation and manufacture.

But before we go into that, it is interesting to note what factors confiscatory taxes and prohibitions have been in furthering an industry. We of the late and unlamented noble experiment are wont to think that the bootlegger and his tricks were something born out of the prohibition era. But smuggling is as old as trade and as soon as you slap a tax on a much wanted commodity you encourage the hardy souls to furnish a supply sans tax. And our recent rum barons probably had bright sons who read Scotch histories and told them of some of the fine points of their trade.

Take for instance in Edinburgh. In 1505 the Royal College of Surgeons had been given a grant to distill whisky for medicinal purpose. By 1707 it seemed as if the whole nation had caught cold. The Government saw a fine chance for revenues and hiked the tax. That year there were eight licensed stills in and around the town and only four hundred illicit ones. And one of them, in the heart of the city, tapped the city water main for its water, and to get the fumes out of the reach of any prowling "revenoors," ran the chimney from their still through a couple of adjacent buildings into the flue of an iron foundry several doors away. (Paterson, New Jersey papers, please copy.) Even the expression "the real McCoy," attributed by contemporary savants to dealers on rum row was originally the real Makay, that Scot being one of the honest distillers of the seventeenth century.

Another parallel factor was old Mother Sea. The early Scotch smugglers found that they could escape taxes more easily if they loaded their kegs on ships and transported them by sea to foreign ports and coves near the English ports. The distilleries, then, clustered around the sea and later it was found that the sea air itself had a lot to do with the excellence of the product.

The distillation of Scotch differs from the making of other types mainly in the matter of tradition and old-world economic factors. Just as wines in the older vineyard countries are largely made by primitive, manual processes, so Scotch largely depends on the human element. Some few of the Scotch plants have gone in for the "patent" still to increase the output, but the majority of them cling to the sacred and traditional means, handed down from father to son. Chemists, as a rule, scoff at all the lore connected with the romantic phases of the trade but the chemist cannot shake the faith of the old-time distiller. The chemist will tell you that any water distilled is like any other water and alcohol from barley is no different from alcohol distilled from other cereals. The distiller shakes his head and refuses to believe it. Most of the Scotch-drinking world shares the distiller's opinion.

The distilling season follows much the seasons of other lands, October to May. The barley matures late in the Highlands and from harvest on until spring the plants are busy with the output. The rest of the year is devoted to repairs and cleaning for the next season. As a rule the distillers own their own farms, reducing the chance of varying markets and also varying quality of grain.

First the barley is malted, thrown into a cistern with water at a warm temperature. After two or three days, depending on the heat, the weather and unchartable factors, the grain has started to germinate. It is then spread on a stone floor and turned constantly by men with long wooden cradles, or rakes. This is to keep the root within the husk and not allow it to break through. This is done for eight to twelve days, the expert distiller knowing the right moment when the grain has undergone enough breaking down of the cells. An old adage among the masters is that the grain is ready when you can write your name with a stalk of it on the wall.

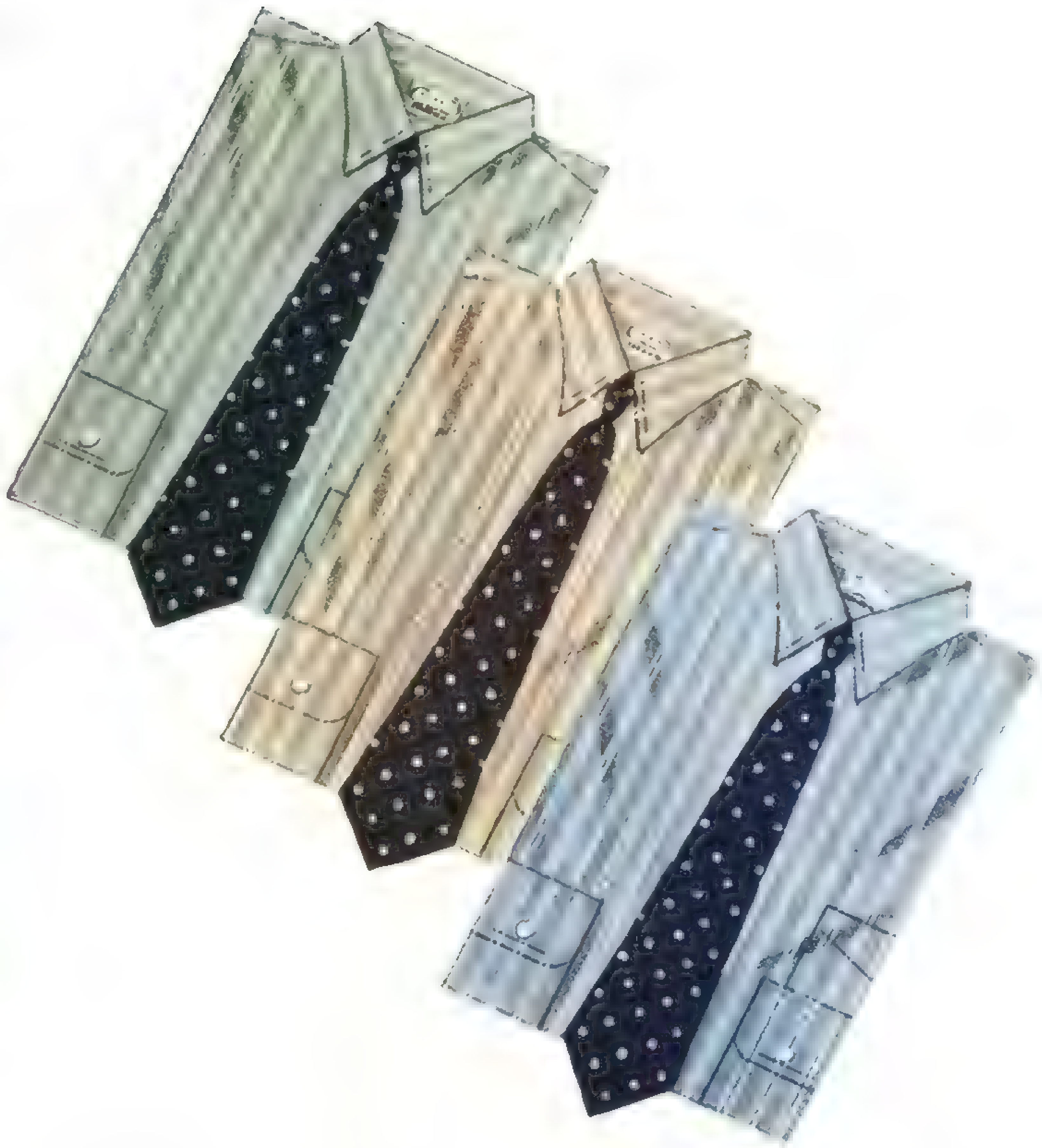
The stuff is then put into a kiln and dried slowly over a peat fire. That is the second secret of Scotch, the quality of the peat used. Some peats have too much mineral, some have other deleterious foreign substances. It is the peat smoke coming up through the drying grain that gives to Scotch the smoky taste, so beloved of real drinkers. When the grain is crisp it is ground and put into copper boilers with water at a temperature of 155 degrees F. Chemically speaking the albuminous bodies convert starch into sugar and dextrin.

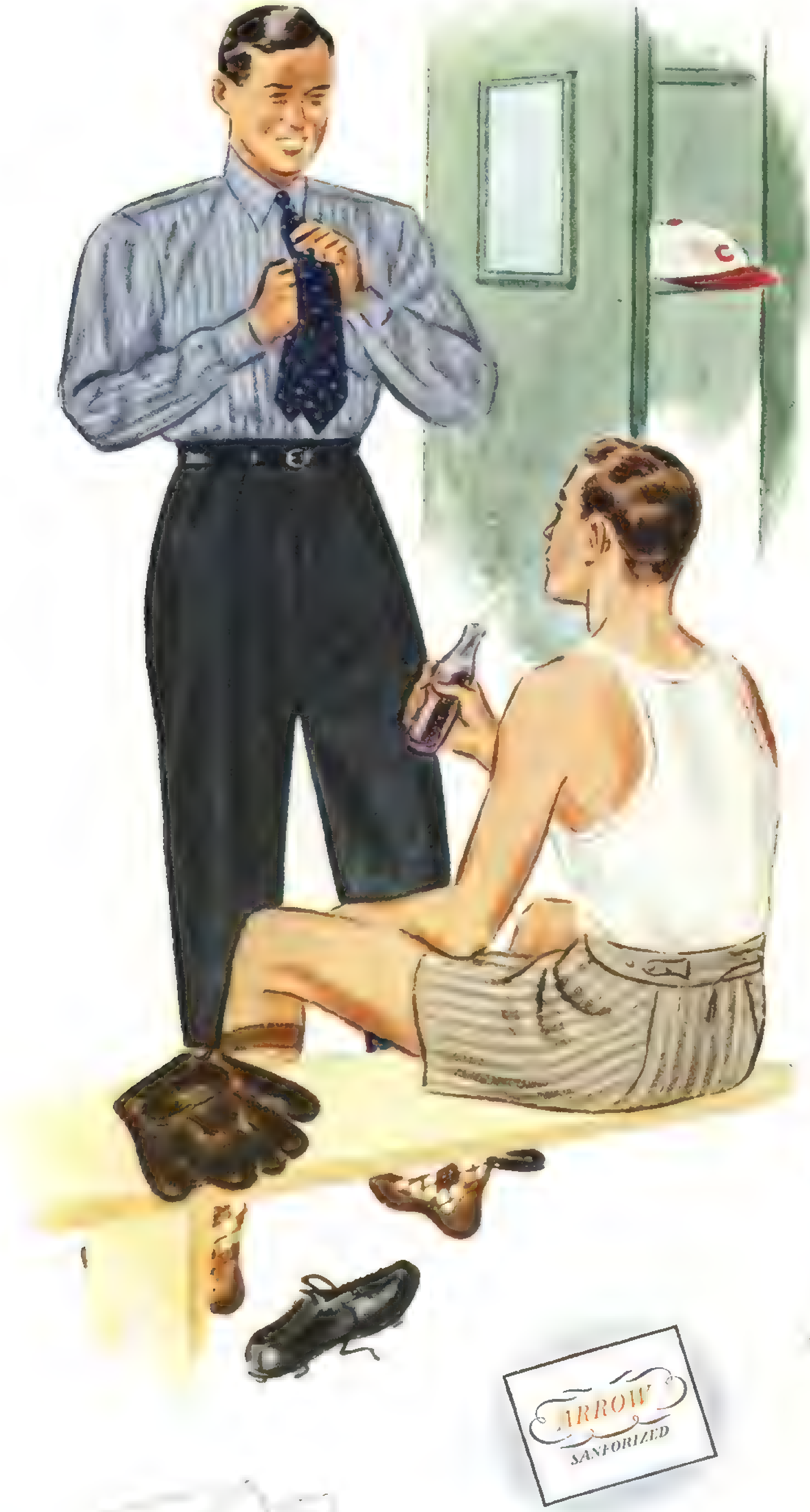
The next step is to draw off the liquid and bring it down to 70 degrees. The yeast is added. The yeast cells, in order to multiply, must have oxygen. When it is taken from the sugar, the resulting liquid is alcohol. This wort or wash is now ready for the last process, the distillation. The retorts are not as large as those used in this country but the process is the same. The heads, or low wines, are run off and are thrown back with the tails for redistillation for commercial uses. This last step takes a week, Monday to Saturday, as the Scot must be home for his Sabbath.

There is a lot of misinformation about aging Scotch. The law requires three years. The pure alcohol is brought down to the proper proof by the addition of water and stored in oak casks. There are three kinds of aging: in plain oak, in oak treated with various wines and in casks that have been used for sherry. The connoisseurs vary as to the proper age for the greatest delight in drinking, running from seven or eight to ten years. At fifteen years, most agree, it has seen its prime and from then on begins a process of deterioration, much the same as champagne.

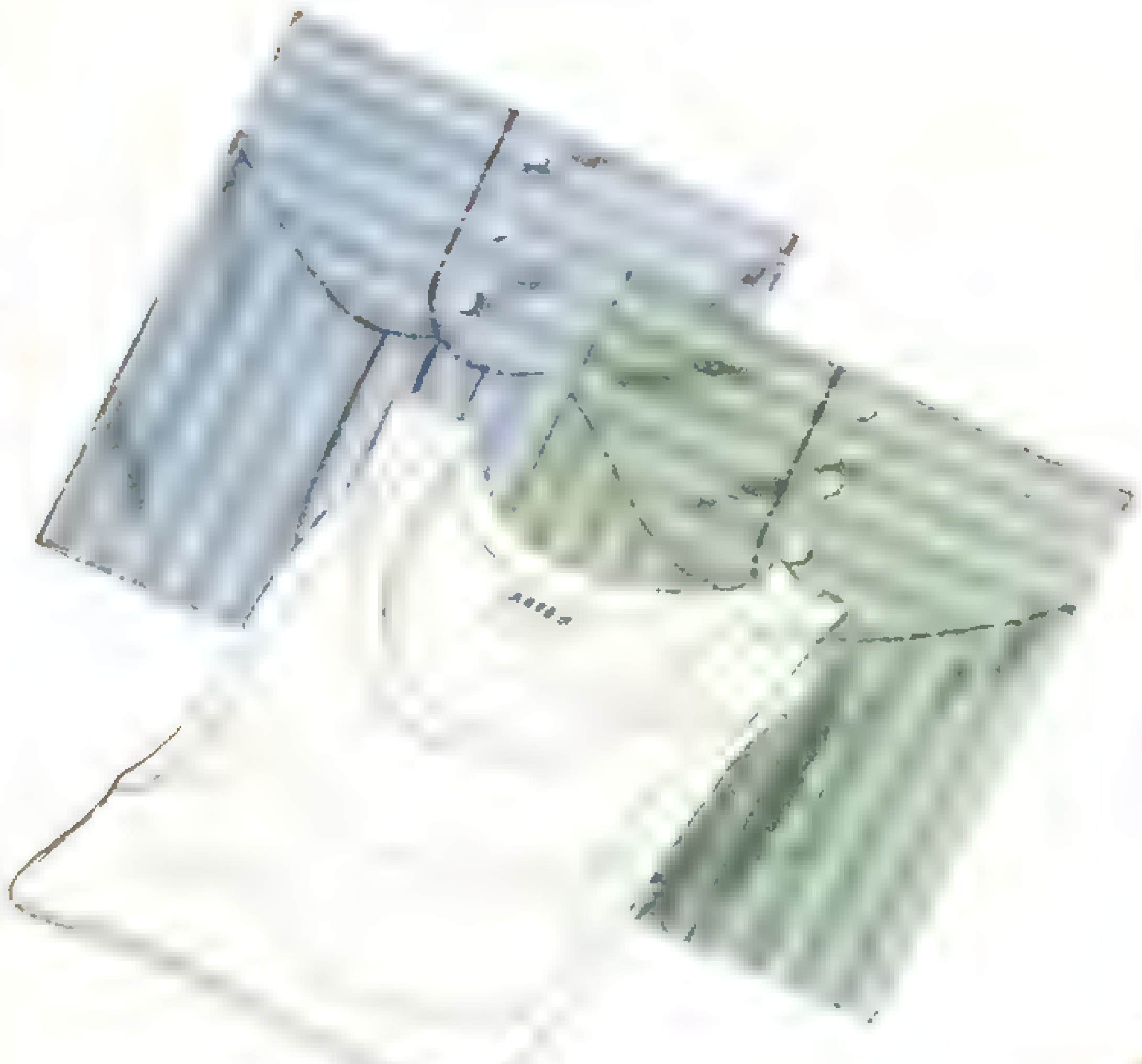
Continued in center of page 217

Soft, grayish, "stone" colors are a Continental shirt fashion. So are sateen stripes. Arrow combines the two in "Graystone" Stripes, a new, very dressy shirt. Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. $2.50

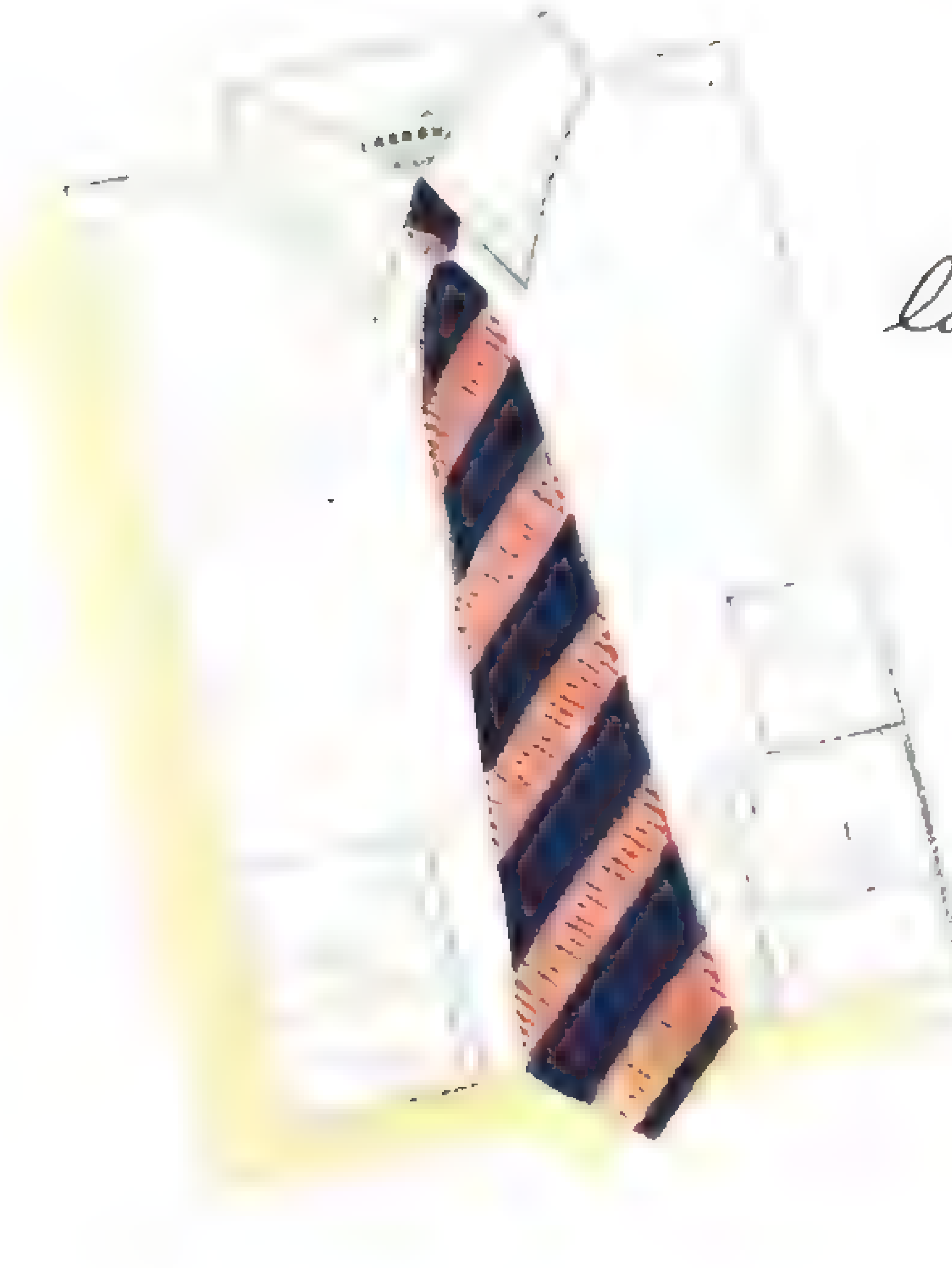




Arrow works out a special tie for each Graystone shirt. The shirt's sateen stripe is re-echoed in satin dots... and the stonecast shades are repeated in deeper tones. $1.50

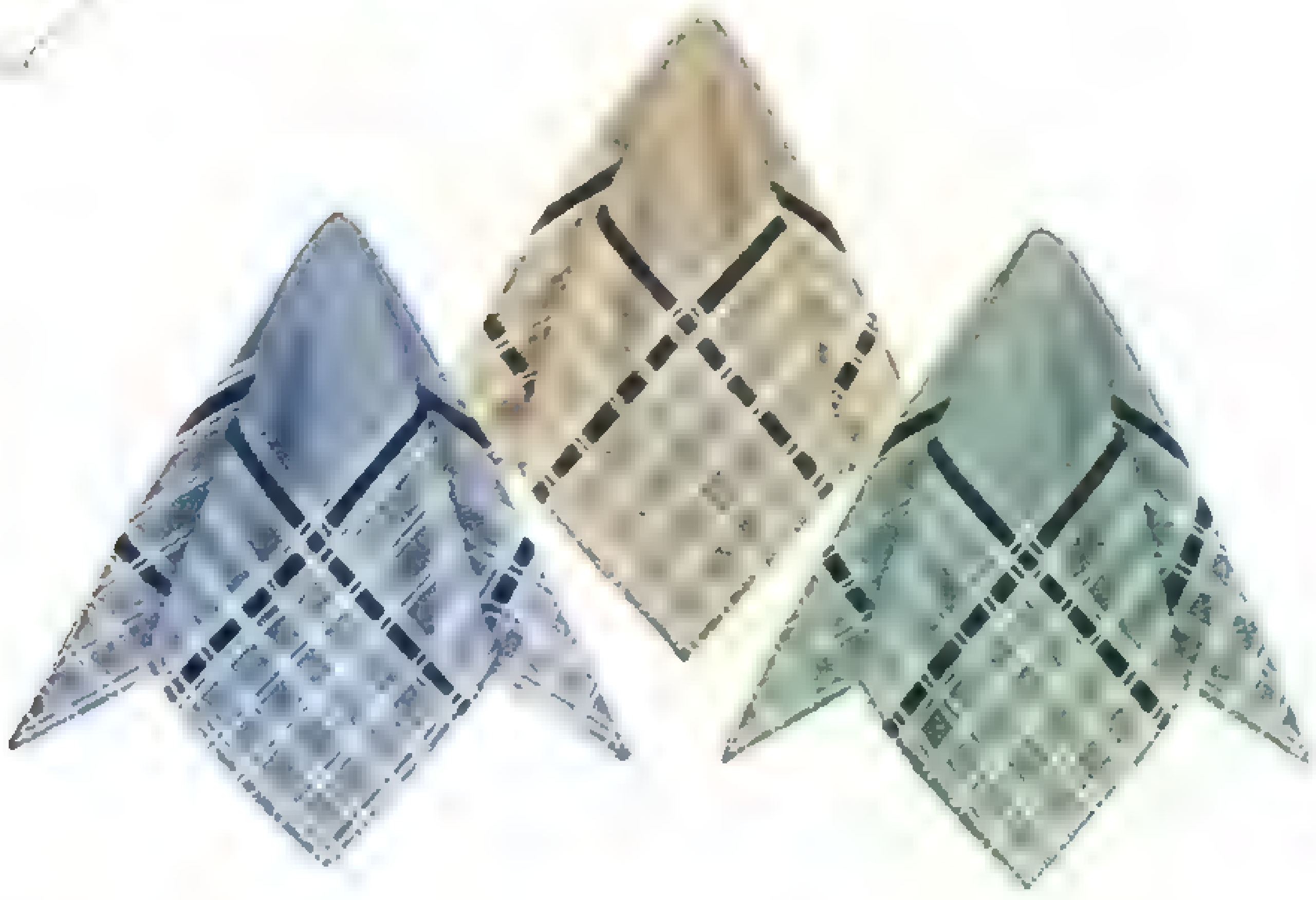


Arrow shorts in the exact Graystone material of the shirts, $1. These shorts have no seam to chafe your crotch. (Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.)



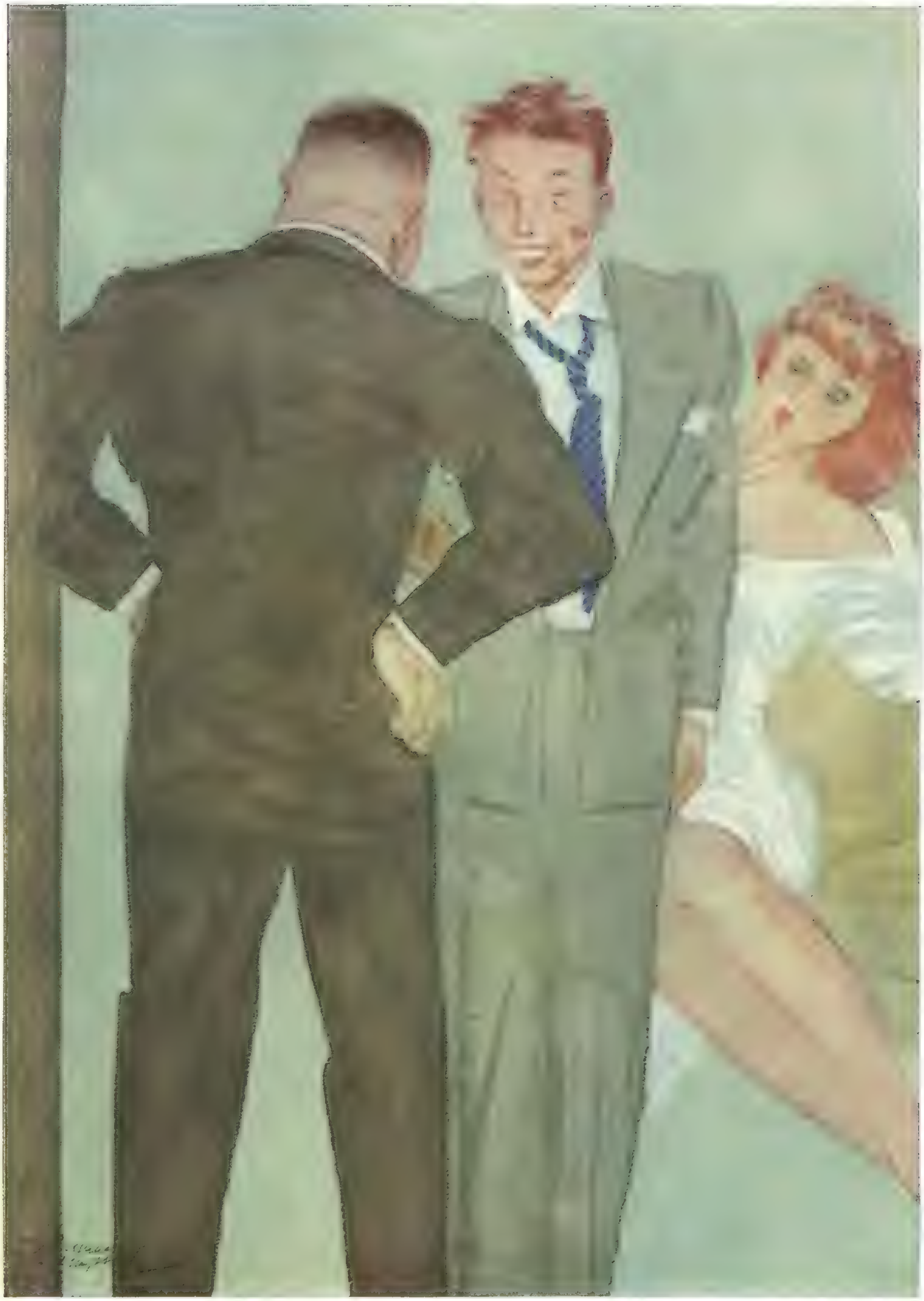
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

Arrow Paddock, is now crowned with an even longer-wearing, even neater collar. This new soft collar is specially woven so it cannot wrinkle. Paddock is Sanforized, form-fitting. $2.50.



To make your Graystone ensemble perfect, Arrow creates Graystone Stripe Handkerchiefs. The sateen stripes and the colors are faultlessly keyed to those of the shirts. 50¢.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.



"Permit me to introduce myself—"

The Candid Cameraman

The life of Zola inspires any writer worthy of the name to find the truth and convey it, somehow, to the people

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Life of Emile Zola: Another great characterization by Paul Muni. The photoplay is weighty but solid. At times, the story of Dreyfus dominates the story of Zola, especially since Joseph Schildkraut plays Dreyfus beautifully. The Christlike closeup of Schildkraut in the release-from-prison scene nearly becomes the climax of the picture. Muni just manages to top it with the dogged intensity of his trial-scene expression. Gale Sondergard is splendid as Mme. Dreyfus; most of the other players are so ordinary that it is difficult at times to keep the characters in mind. Erin O'Brien Moore's Nana, and Morris Carnovsky's Anatole France are exceptions. Direction is ponderous. But nevertheless the great theme of the story is delivered with relentless effect. See main article.

They Won't Forget: Splendidly built-up, subtly handled story of the lynching of a northerner in a southern town. Mervin LeRoy has managed to get a tension into this film that makes it a rival of *Fury*. Claude Rains does a real character job as Andy, the ambitious district attorney. In a season of notable films, this still ranks among any best ten.

Topper: The second successful job of translating Thorne Smith to the films. Because it is simpler and more Hollywood in idea than *Night Life of the Gods* this one should break into the highest realms of popularity. Since, too, there is a fad for nutty pictures now. Bright as they come.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Exclusive: Newspaper melodrama with an astonishingly effective straight performance by Charles Ruggles as a middle-aged, small-time newspaperman. While still smelly of *Front Page*, this has the originality to present a few newspaper-people who have a code of ethics and a true idea of the nature of their jobs. Coupled with the exposure of prejudice-exploitation by newspapers in *They Won't Forget*, this marks a great advance toward straightening out of one of the most tragic distortions in fiction and films.

Knight Without Armour: British agent caught in the Russian revolution saves countess. Donat and Dietrich. Some exciting action, some snotty attitudes. Preserves "impartiality" on the revolution by caricaturing the whites as ice-blooded aristos, by caricaturing the reds as swinish palace-looters. Rather offensive at times, but manages to remain just a movie.

Saratoga: Harlow's legacy is the high point in sex sophisticated films. This is attained by a new and entirely original gag, credit for which probably goes to Anita Loos or Robert Hopkins. The running gag is handled as deftly as a bull-fighter's cape; several times, the horns graze. It concerns a specialist's examination of Harlow, for a state of nerves, and his advice in regard to getting married sooner, you poor girl, lucky man, giggle. It's a high spirited, swell so-long from the most real-seeming girl in pictures.

Stella Dallas: The old canary about the millhand's daughter who can never be stylish enough for her socialite husband; ending with the classic Hollywood heart-tug scene of mama standing in the rain peeping through the window as daughter is wed. Remarkable job of middle-aging on Barbara Stanwyck in the last stanzas.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Between Two Women: Doctor marries nurse instead of society girl. Franchot Tone, still around.

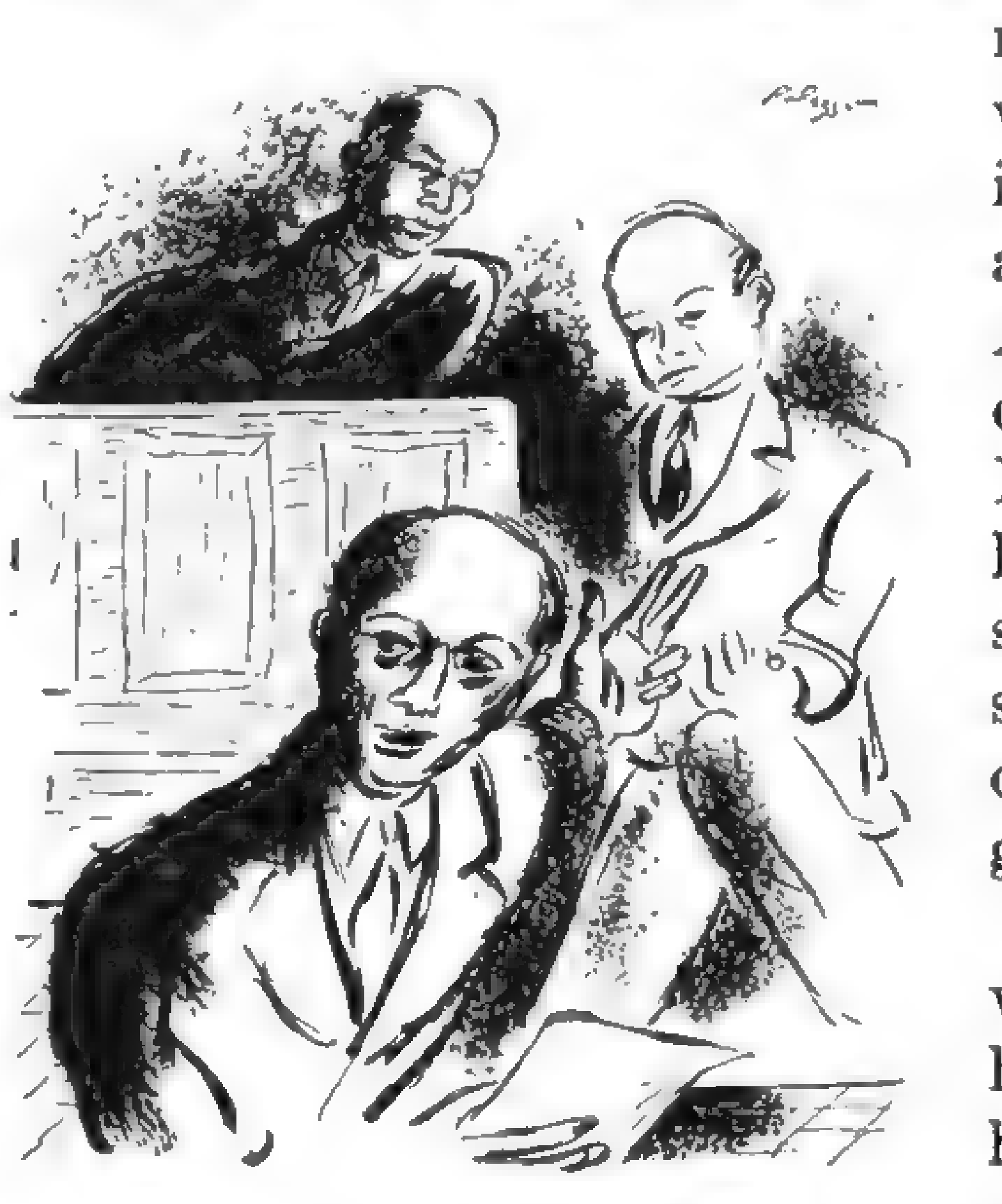
Born Reckless: About taxi-wars.

Easy Living: Brisk Jean Arthur works hard but can't quite keep this running. It was intended to be one of those madcap farce things but I dunno. Maybe it should be rated a peg higher.

Wee Winnie Winkie: A sit-throughable picture, but they had to combine Shirley Temple with the Bengal Lancers to save the British Empire. Nauseatingly cute militarism. Mothers beware.

WASTE

Ever Since Eve: They say this may be Marion Davies, last picture. When Hearst closed the New York *American*, the word was, "The *American* was his first love. If he'll give that up, he'll give up anything."



AFTER ZOLA

Perhaps we are only little writers, puffing out only cheekfuls of fury, alongside the blasting typhoons hurled by such as Zola. But no writer who retains so much as a flicker of responsibility toward his calling will be able to see the film of the life of Emile Zola without entering into it and identifying himself with its hero, without feeling his soul augmented and his spine stiffened as he tries to grow into the image of the man whose works and actions most powerfully expressed the function of the writer in human society.

To the layman, the *Life of Emile Zola* may be nothing more than a film; a majestic, forceful retelling of the story of the most monstrous conspiracy in modern times—the Dreyfus case; nevertheless, a piece of entertainment, a movie to be seen between a Looney Tune and a newsreel. But there are circumstances where the impulse of identification with characters in art can become so powerful that the very grip of the art-form is broken; then a state of confessional sublimation is achieved. *Zola* does that for a writer. It reassures him of his reason for being.

There is only one theme to the story of Zola, and that is the search for truth, the persistent exposure of truth. And whether a writer is involved in the elaboration of a graceful style, whether he spends his life energy, as did Joyce, trying to break open a new form, whether he speaks only of beauty, or even of decay, he will tell you, in the last analysis, that he is seeking the truest way to present truth.

Today's writers are not so much concerned with the abstract means of expression, with beauty of words and of forms, as they are with the actual stuff of life. And for them, for us, Zola is progenitor. To us, this film about him is a living experience.

It is hard to write of this feeling without conveying the "God and Me" idea. Yet what I want to tell about here is essentially an emotion of humility, and of encouragement. Through this film, the world must be reminded that the Zolas are always in the right, because their only motive is truth; the world must come to understand that when Ernest Hemingway refuses fifty thousand dollar movie contracts in order that he may go back to watch the war in Spain, Hemingway is Zola putting aside his ambitions for election to the Academie Francaise, in order that he may take up the Dreyfus battle. Hemingway has to expose himself to shells in Madrid, because someone must be there who can make the truth most greatly known.

In the same way, each writer, no matter how minor his experience, even if he has only had to decide whether he will leave certain words out of a story in order to get it printed in a certain magazine—each writer has lived through the conflict between truth and authority.

I have lived through it in a case so recent that I kept substituting its scenes for the scenes in the *Life of Emile Zola*. The story of a judicial frame-up, of an innocent man sacrificed to prevent the exposure of crimi-

Continued in center of page 218

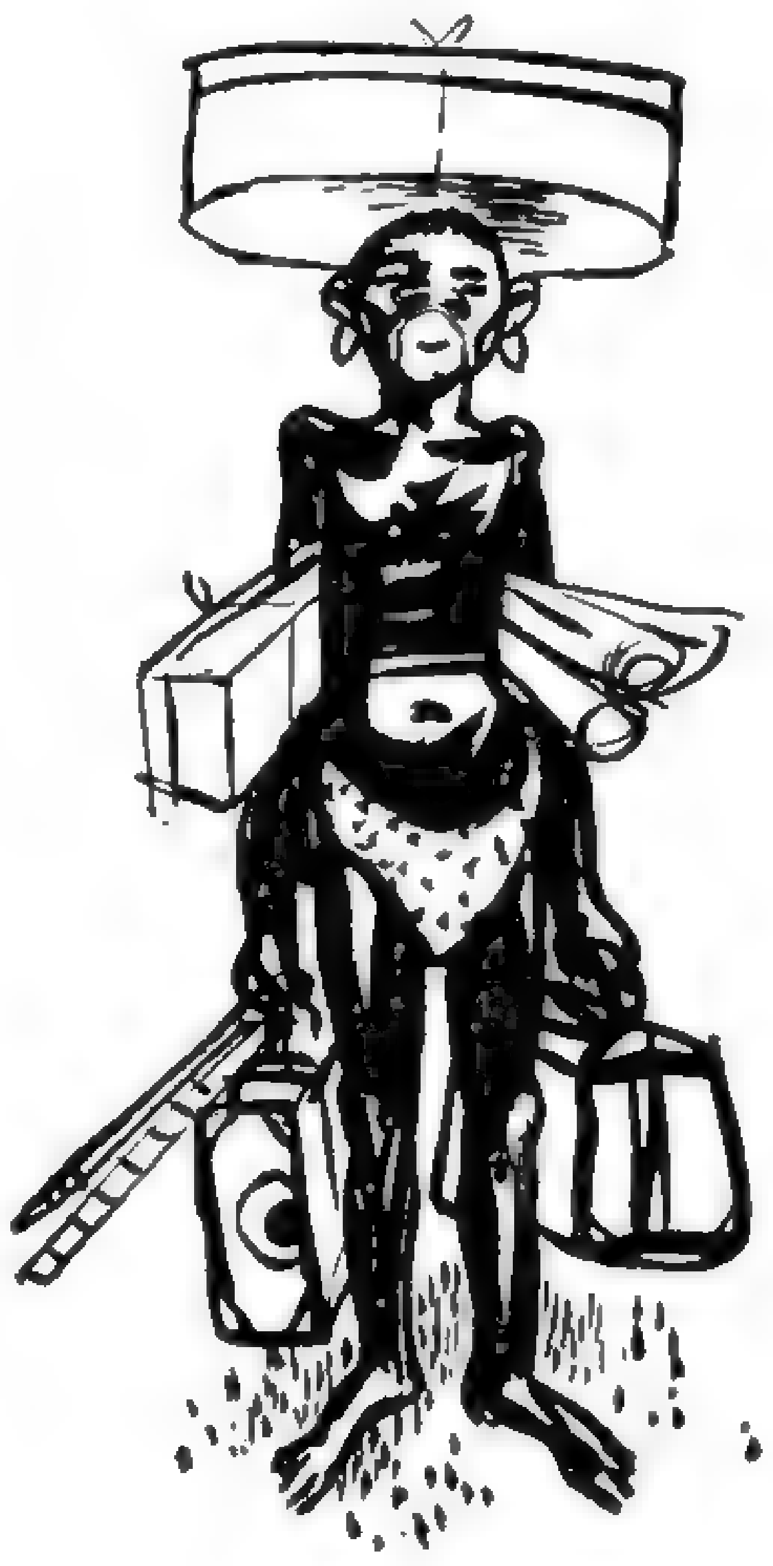
Gentleman Adventurer

Any up and coming angel can make back at least as much money as he spent in the interests of science

by KENT SAGENDORPH

• ARTICLE •

Explorers are mostly amateurs. Because Admiral Byrd went to the Antarctic with a regiment of scientists and a few cows and three ships and a squadron of airplanes, it does not follow that that is the accepted technique of exploration. Perhaps ninety per cent of all the new discoveries being turned in to the universities and museums this season are coming from adventurous amateurs who discovered something else first. And that was an innocent little clause in the Income-tax Law that says in effect that "contributions to science" are exempt from taxation. And the Government cheerfully deducts any expense you might incur while backing an expedition with a definite scientific objective. Cheerfully is the word. They don't even argue about it. The fact that you went along with the expedition yourself and had six weeks of uproarious adventure in some part of the world you can't even spell, is okay with Uncle Sam.



They don't cost any more than a taxable vacation of the same magnitude. You have a sixty-foot schooner, for instance. Or you charter one. Or you make a dicker with the pilot of an airplane with an adequate cabin. It might even be a rusty-sided tramp freighter looking for a few extra bucks to pay the crew. Expeditions of considerable scientific value have been completed entirely by automobile. The main thing is that you go somewhere, and learn something, and come back and tell the scientific world about it. And if you can't make enough side money out of one of these trips to pay the shot entirely, leaving your income-tax deduction pure gravy, you don't belong, that's all. You'd better stay home and read about those glamorous places. You don't deserve the title: Gentleman Adventurer.

And then there is the glowing complacency of winter evenings when you run off a few feet of film for your dinner guests showing the uncensored highlights of your "latest expedition." Prominently tossed in the conspicuous foreground will be several boxes labeled: "McGurk Oceanographic Expedition." You'll point out a famous scientist grinning from the screen through a month's beard, and say casually: "That's Dr. Theodore Kendall, my second in command. He acted as geologist this trip." And "here are some of the quaint native customs at the port of call where we put in." Oh, yeah? It may be a custom all over the world, but who's to dispute you?

You send your boss a marked copy of a very ultra-ultra scientific quarterly with an article by this Dr. Theodore Kendall full of words you never believed existed, and describing things you never saw, but giving you all the credit. You can't even translate the thing, but in future years you'll actually get your name in encyclopedias as an explorer, and there will be pilot charts marking some obscure "McGurk Bay" for all time to come.

And it doesn't cost you a dime, if you know how. If your fancy turns to airplanes and the Maya Indian country, for instance, and tropic jungles, there are monumental discoveries all made to order for you, waiting only for your money to unlock the door. If you like to be rocked to sleep in a little offshore schooner, there are thousands of marine riddles for which mankind has no adequate answer. Whatever your idea of adventure is, there are capable commanders and learned scientists who know all about it but who have no cash to make the trip that will honor their names forever. Then along comes a prosaic business man with a thousand or so in cash. He can keep an expedition in the field all summer, and fill an archaeological wing of a museum. And he gets his thousand back, with interest. Besides which the inexplicable Government declines to tax him on that amount. And he gets the reputation of being a reckless Captain Blood and a generous humanitarian, spending his time meanwhile trying some of the various "Wench Is Not Amused" approaches on the local talent. And if that isn't fun, stop me.

If you're going to cash in on this trip, you must carry a recognized scientist or an accredited representative of a University or a nationally-known Institute or Museum. He must be tops in his field. He usually jumps at the chance to go. In most cases he will tell you just where he knows of an uninhabited island rich in strange bugs and plants, or the clues which will enable him to find the tomb of a buried king or warrior. He will show you so many maps and historical references that you're dizzy. He can't afford to back the expedition himself. The Museum, or University, or whatever it is, has no funds available for that kind of research. They never have. And so he not only gleefully accepts your invitation to go along at no salary, but also furnishes you with a scientific objective and the academic training to attain it.

If you need some diggers and photographers and seamen for your boat, he'll recruit undergraduates who will often help pay their own expenses. They will receive a certain amount of academic credit for the expedition. You furnish the boat or airplane or means of transportation, and the food, and the whole list of requirements which the scientist will give you.

Outside of that, you stay out of his way and let him work. If you develop an interest in whatever it is he is after, he might let you help. If you can operate a radio transmitter, navigate, or do anything useful, you're a great help because you won't need the additional men to perform those jobs.

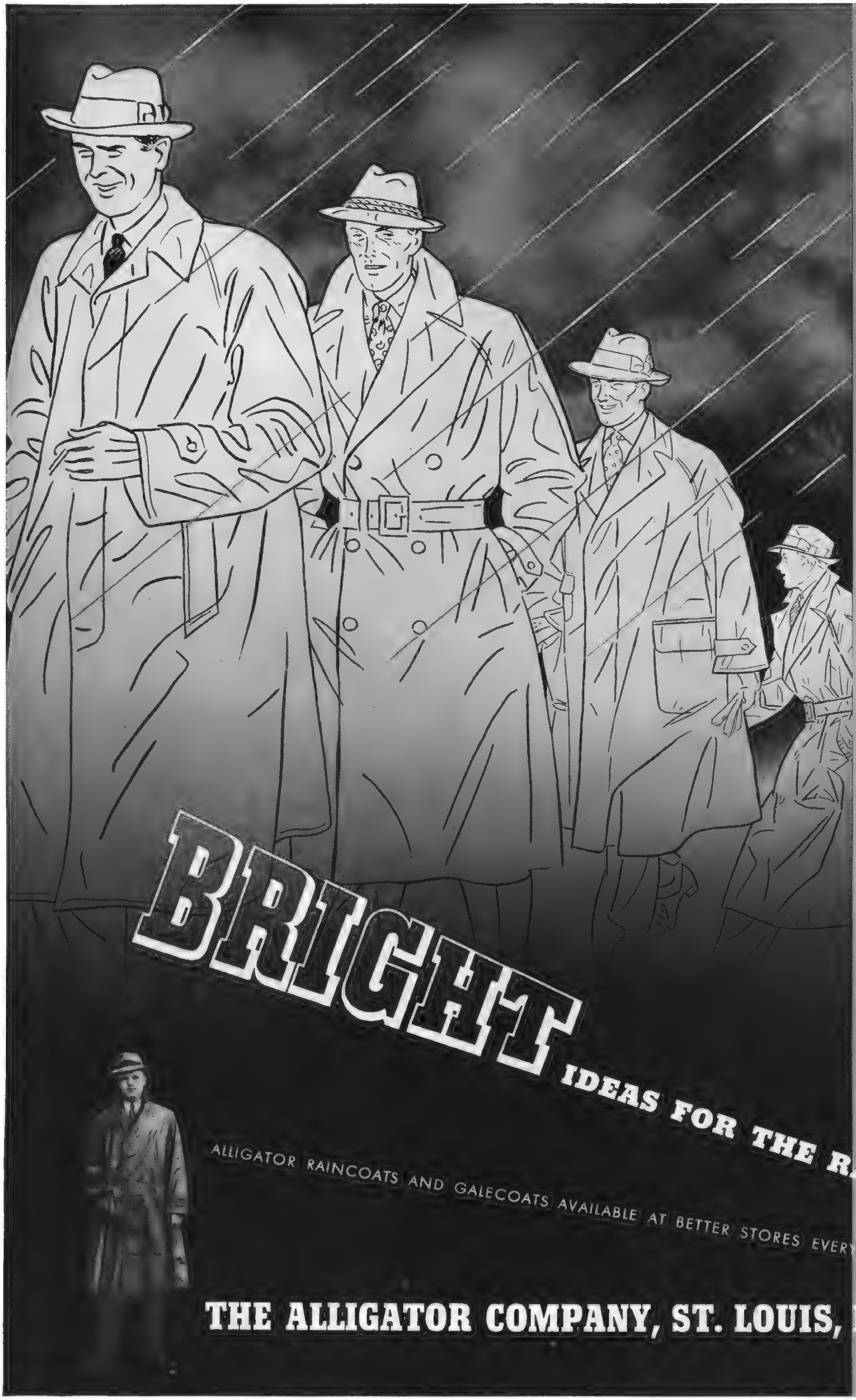
You can spend whatever you can afford. And get proportionate credit. We'll start with a few inexpensive ones, and work up the scale gradually.

The Revillagigedo Islands

An uninhabited volcanic group approximately six hundred miles west of Acapulco, Mexico, or twenty-one hundred miles almost due south of Los Angeles. You can make this jump from Acapulco in a forty-foot yawl if you have an able skipper. Otherwise charter a longer schooner and employ a crew.

Don't try it by dead reckoning; the extreme compass deviation will throw you off. This trip requires a "seismologist" or earthquake expert, and a geologist.

Continued on page 232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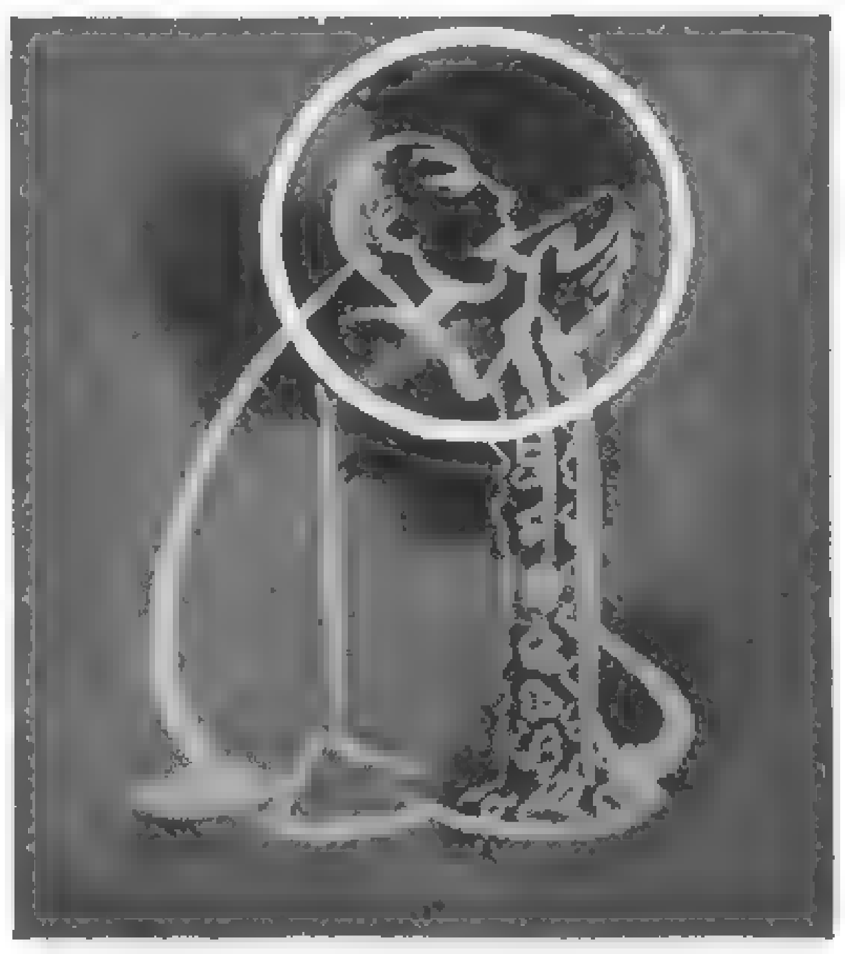
Plant of Heaven

Continued from page 92

combined with clarity and point, and for its dry bouquet that never descends to mere lushness or near-perfume.

The noble Darjeeling possesses a virtue shared in some measure by all black teas. Being fully fermented, the black teas present their small content of tannin in more soluble and digestible form than the unfermented or green teas. They also tend to release more readily the caffeine—sometimes referred to by its more special name of *theine*—from which tea derives its lift. Tea is a true stimulant, giving a heightened action to all bodily functions, including the eliminative ones, and its outstanding medical value is that it has no let-down or unpleasant aftereffects. It is for this reason that tea is usually permitted in the diets of invalids and convalescents even when all other beverages are barred. Tea is served freely at training tables for athletes, and countless medical authorities regard it as the ideal pickup for ordinary mortals in moments of fatigue. Another physiological virtue of tea is that its ultimate reaction in the body is alkaline.



Having thus sprinkled a little holy water from the medicos on the subject, let's get on with our discussion. There are great teas in the world, and you don't need a fuddling old doctor to tell you to drink them. Thickest and richest of the India teas are those grown in the Assam district. They color up strongly in the cup, sometimes going to a deep, brick red, and are especially esteemed in England. The teas of Ceylon are generally full-bodied and well-flavored and form the basis of a great many blends. Likewise the teas of Java and Sumatra reach America mostly in blends. Indeed, with the exception of Darjeelings and an occasional Assam, it is almost impossible to buy the black teas of the East Indies by their district names. There are, however, some superb blends that can be identified by the trade names given them by their importers and it will pay you to shop around until you find a good one.

Green tea was the great drink when America was young, but in recent years the country has shifted overwhelmingly to black. Green tea still has its faithful adherents, particularly in non-limestone regions where the drinking water is relatively soft. The fact that green tea retains a number of vitamins renders it valuable to Arctic explorers and others whose isolation makes fresh vegetables hard to come by. Canadian lumberjacks drink prodigious quantities of green tea through the long northern winters. China and Japan are the great producers of green teas. The best of them from China is a Moyune gunpowder—a true collector's item—while a Gyokuro (pronounced YO-ko-ro) tops the Japan greens. Keep these in mind, and try one if you want to vary black teas with a lighter, more astringent brew. In the ordinary run of China greens that you are likely to encounter, a gunpowder is the best grading, with young hyson and hyson following in order.

One of the beauties of tea is that while the drink is robust enough for Russian moujiks, Australian bushwhackers and Chinese bandits—any one of which would as soon lose his left arm as his tea can, and I mean tea can—the Plant of Heaven also furnishes the perfect drink for philosophers.

Here we enter the realm of the semi-fermented or oolong teas. These amber brews are rightly regarded as liquid sunshine and they are the ultimate means of causing pure contentment to suffuse one's being. China originated them—the memory of the old Foochow and Padrae oolongs lingers among the experts—but the finest oolongs today are produced on the island of Formosa, which lies off the coast of China but is now a part of the Japanese Empire. Not all Formosa Oolongs are uniform in quality, but a great one, once found, is worth paying any price and going any lengths to get.

The best of the black teas of China are the congous produced in North China. They are sometimes called English Breakfast, thus perpetuating a menu as well as a name, for these were long favored to start the British day until India teas supplanted them in the Empire market. Most celebrated of the black teas of China is the Keemun, which draws a rich, sappy liquor, unsurpassed in quality. A Keemun is somewhat milder than the great India teas, but it has plenty of body and its exquisite savor approaches the sybaritic at times.

If you go adventuring among teas—and for the civilizing of your soul I urge you to do so—you want to be very sure of what you are doing before you tackle a Lapsang souchong. This is the roaring China black tea that has almost literal hair on its chest. By long-standing custom Mr. J. P. Morgan distributes neat packages of this tea to his friends at Christmas time and doubtless several of them, expecting a benign holiday visitor, are dumbfounded when they brew it up to discover they have caught a Tartar. Lapsang souchong has a smoky, tarry overtone—more so than the stoutest Scotch whiskey you ever encountered—and its more fanatical devotees say it isn't the true brew unless you can detect in it the fine flavor of the hide of a Mongolian pony. It is a fiery liquid, and as it burns its way down through your vitals you may be inspired to dreams of Tamerlane, Genghis Khan and the Mongol conquerors. Be careful about trying it on women. As a rule it is too strong for their lily insides. If your woman be a fit mate for a conqueror, however, she may respond in kind. As you gallop off to the plains of Tartary, the smell of Mongolian pony in your nostrils and rapine and pillage in your heart, you may find yourself anticipated by the gentle whinny of the brood mare at your side.

As we come to the all-important question of how to prepare tea properly, you have to be very firm with any and all women in your life. Collectively, the girls have made a colossal botch of the job, and it is their weak brews, tepid water, muslin bags, fussy "refreshments" and endless doo-dads that have almost ruined the drinking of tea in America.

In the first place, you want an honest earthenware, china or glass teapot—*not* a metal one. Sterling silver may possibly get by, if it is scrupulously clean and has no remnants of silver polish sticking in the corners. This is something that absolutely no woman understands—the necessity for rinsing a teapot in clean, scalding water and *that's all.* Don't, for God's sake don't, put it in with the other dishes, which merely deposits a soapy film on the inside.

In preparing water to make your tea, draw cold water fresh from the tap, draw plenty of it, and bring it to a real boil—no drawing, purring or simmering, but a wild, rollicking boil. Rinse out your teapot thoroughly with this boiling water (this is primarily to make the vessel hot so your brew won't lose heat while it is infusing) then into the moist pot put one rounded teaspoonful of tea for each cup you want to make, plus one spoonful for the pot. Pour the boiling water directly on the leaves.

There is an honest difference of opinion among experts as to how long tea should infuse. The usual time is four to six minutes. Beyond four minutes, however, the amount of flavor you draw out decreases rapidly and the proportion of tannin extracted increases. One of the greatest tea authorities in America, Mr. Charles F. Hutchinson, chief tea examiner for the United States government, recommends that you double the amount of tea and halve the time of infusion—that is, use two teaspoonfuls per cup and infuse for only two minutes. He says this gives maximum flavor with minimum tannin. In this whole question there is room for experiment and the determination of personal preference. On only one point alone would I be sternly dogmatic—be sure to make your tea strong enough; get some real flavor into it, or we might as well turn the whole subject right back to the women's clubs.

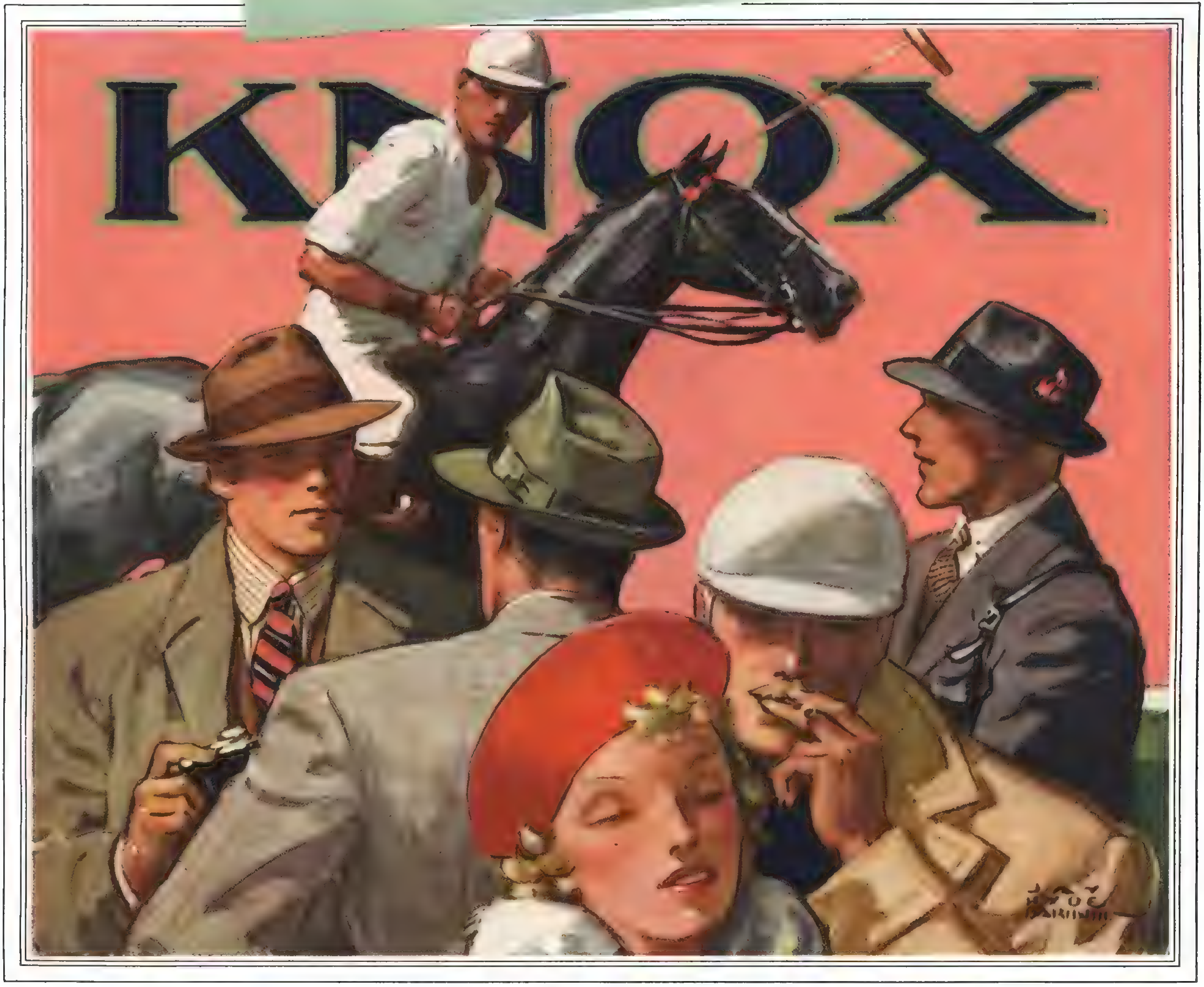
As soon as the infusion is completed, strain off the tea into a second vessel. This second pot, too, should be scalded to warm it thoroughly before the tea is poured in. If you have only one actual teapot, it is sometimes convenient to make the infusion in a pitcher or other vessel and then strain it into a warmed teapot for serving at the table. An old-fashioned tea cosy—a kind of padded blanket or hood to put over the teapot—is surprisingly efficient in keeping tea hot throughout a meal. Stir tea occasionally while it is infusing.

Iced tea is a purely American invention and a very creditable one. To make it, one should draw an infusion much stronger than usual and then pour it directly on the ice, which will dilute it down to normal strength.

The question of what to put in your tea allows a good deal of room for personal preference. Orientals like their tea rather weak and straight. The British like their black teas very strong and take them usually with sugar and milk—not cream. Put the sugar and milk in first, and then pour the tea on them—this procedure shows that you know your way around among teas. Russians like a slice of lemon in their tea, which is served in glasses. Most fanciers say that oolong teas should be taken straight or with sugar only, and they recommend lemon for green teas and milk for black teas, with sugar to taste in both cases.

Tea is drunk by more human beings in all parts of the globe than any other single beverage, save water itself. Consumption of tea is increasing in America and there are encouraging signs that our loutish national attitude toward it is changing. One of the oldest and finest liquor firms in America, with headquarters in New York City and branches in several other cities, recently added a line of fine teas to range beside the vaults that are carefully stocked with wines and spirits for connoisseurs. This is a step toward the kind of recognition that tea gets in the rest of the world and which it deserves in America. The subject may be somewhat new to many of us but the venturesome gastronome will find it full of varied delights.

THE Backswing*



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Stimulating Snacks

Continued from page 103

the Gods, and it served not only the gods, as nectar, but also the Mayans and Aztecs, for money. In Cortez' time a spavined, wind-broken slave fetched only about fifty cacao beans in the market and when that old hoarder, Montezuma, died most of his wealth was in heaps and heaps of chocolate pips.

South Americans have a decided advantage over us by being able to drink their chocolate juice fresh from the nut, just before it's ripe. In that way, the cacao nut serves the same as a green coconut and the effervescing liquid, flavorsome as maple sap, is pepped up by pouring a jigger of rum into the stimulating natural beverage. All you have to do is slash off the stem end with a machete, spike it through the drinking hole and swallow everything right out of the nut.

The finished chocolate beans are often run through a machine that colors them yellow, red or purple, with natural ochres, the same as coffee beans are dyed to suit the taste of the foreign trade. When the manufacturer gets them, he roasts them, cracks and cleans the crop and grinds them whole into the best bitter chocolate used either for candy or drinking. Other makers extract the cocoa butter for candy companies and cosmeticians, while what's left becomes breakfast cocoa. It's said that the cheaper milk chocolate bars get that way from being mixed with pig's blood, which gives body and color at low cost, the same as cabbage leaves have been used to adulterate tobacco.

But to get back to our chocolate in a cup, the trick of making it Mexican style is in the mulling. There's a special tall, narrow pot you can find along the border or in antique shops with a hole in the top of the lid through which you insert a highly decorated twiddler, muddler, or swizzle stick carved out of hard wood. This is a primitive sort of egg beater, equipped with fancy paddles that churn the drink while it's heating, by rotating the handle furiously between the palms; so when it's ready for slow sipping, to bring out its flavor, it's as frothy as a chocolate éclair.

The sap of the maguey, a sort of century plant, is called honey water (*aquamiel*) before it's poured into a fresh cowhide and fermented into pulque to become the national liquid snack of all Mexico. Pulque is a thickish milky-white beverage with a kind of sickish taste that must be acquired; but once acquired, it's hard to get rid of. Taken plain it's pretty vile, and you have to drink dippers of it to get a decent kick.

Mescal is a distillation of pulque in combination with the buds of the century plant from which it's extracted. We can't say much for this either, since it's usually served warm and insipid out of big bowls like the ones filled with colored water in drugstore windows. After days of standing on the bar it gets to looking very scummy and tadpoles must begin to breed in it.

But the pulque distillate called tequila is something specially fine. That's a man's drink, almost as virile as the pisco of Chile, which is a raw grape brandy. When tequila has matured and yellowed a little after a couple of years' storing, it's a whiskey quite comparable to our bonded best.

Tropical Africans and Brazilians alike just dote on the cola nut. It's their substitute for Coca Cola and they make the drink themselves, right in the mouth, by shucking a single nut and chewing it fresh, swallowing only the juice. It's an antiseptic and tonic, esteemed by some to be as potent as tiger's milk, for it makes warriors whoop with hilarity when speared through the groin, helps workers move mountains with their little fingers, banishes fatigue and the hebejebes. Like maté, it's carried as the sole staff of life on long and exhausting marches. It cheers rah-rah, but does not inebriate. In fact it will do anything that an aspirin will. And so far the scientists haven't a word to say against it, for they can't prove it to be a harmful habit-forming drug. And we hope it isn't.

The active principle is kolanin, which gets more active when fermented, so the cola nut furnishes a swell home brew that makes you want to kick the roof off a penthouse.

Probably more millions of people snack on sweetmeats made of drowsy hemp extracts than on rum-flavored toffee, or brandy-filled chocolate drops. For Orientals, numerous as the sands of Sahara, concoct countless nibbles of hashish or of bhang. From Constantinople to Calcutta, the majun is a well-known delicacy made of dried hemp leaves, known as bhang, just thrown together with sugar and fruits into a sun-cooked cookie. In Algeria honey is mixed with hashish powder for cakes with an unpronounceable name. From Canton all the way to Cairo, most Oriental oils, and camel butter besides, are compounded with narcotic products of the hemp into toothsome tidbits for nibbling between meals. Throughout Asia, indeed, flat cakes of hashish called nasha are sold for smoking, infusing into drinks or making into stimulating mouthfuls. In Tibet it's said that a buttery sweetmeat is made of bhang mixed with the mellow fat of human beings.

There are four sisters in the hemp family—hashish, ganja, bhang and marahuana, and they're sisters that get under your skin, into your hair, pocketbook and brain. In fact the word assassin comes from hashish which drives folks to maniacal murders in fanatical frenzies; so in Mexico City, taxi driving addicts used to be bribed with a sniff or two of marahuana to run over other people's enemies. But hemp also makes the hangman's rope, so it carries along its own poetic justice.

On the whole, it's best to leave the entire hemp tribe alone, for all the sisters are but seductive sirens that swoop you up with a caress only to smack you down with a bhang.

While the red, red poppy makes a high-spirited but harmless boutonnière for May Day, the white flowered poppy is deadly poison. From its unripe seed-capsules derive the whole hell spawn of opium, morphine, laudanum, and heroin which addicts refer to secretly by their initials—a pipe of O, a shot of M, a slug of L, a jolt of H, etc. While these white poppy narcotics are the most acceptable to offer to your hop-head friends, we can't recommend them in any way to anybody else, for the passing exhilaration they give doth leave devastating results, just like the dominie said.

But the seed of the poppy, no matter what its color, is different. Nothing poisonous about poppy seed. It's so harmless, in fact, that in England they call it maw seed and piratical parrots over there scream, "Polly wishes her maw seeds" instead of "Polly wants a Peak Fream biscuit." Besides being mixed with hemp seed to make most delectable picking for the feathered tribe, the little grey capsules from which poppies are born are broadcast over rolls and salads in every country.

The title "betel-nut chewers" is inaccurate, for it's the bitter betel leaf that's chewed, wrapped around a piece of intoxicating areca nut, together with a pinch of lime to sweeten the whole chaw. Areca nuts are acorn size, hot as tabasco, acrid as unbridled acrimony, and they exude a brilliant juice that dyes the teeth as red as any manicurist can enamel your nails. They're cut into thin wedges and wrapped in the peppery leaves of the betel shrub, then lime is rubbed over all and the aromatic cud is stuck nonchalantly in either cheek.

Since betel-nut chewing permanently dyes the lips crimson, as well as the teeth, it should be introduced here at home as the most economical of all lipsticks. Or the fashion of coloring the teeth as scarlet as the fingernails and lips might go in our beauty shops; then chewing the betel would give idle ladies something more exciting to do than just chewing the rag. And finally, when the teeth fall out, nice red false sets may be worn, as they are in India, by toothless eaters of the betel who'd look pretty funny in a set of plain white porcelains. In China, where food habits sometimes blacken the teeth, and in Japan where widows used to have their front ones enameled black, sets of ebony-hued teeth in full mourning are displayed in the dentist shops alongside fancier ones made of gleaming mother-of-pearl.

Lotus-eating has never been the fashion outside of the Orient, yet we Westerners have some pleasant chews that at least simulate the effect. Ordinary gum chewing is only a modernization of nibbling spice, to which practice Eastern dreamers have been devoted since the beginning of gastronomy. By choosing between clove, peppermint, wintergreen, licorice, teaberry, spearmint, cinnamon, tutti-fruiti and all the other aromatic gums, for a cent a stick, we can always have around us the subtle flavor we cherish, just as the ancients had their frankincense and myrrh.

Or we can seek Nirvana by thrusting a wad of chewing tobacco between the back teeth and cheek lining and get almost as much of a kick out of that as lotus-eaters, cola- or betel-nut chewers ever did.

Another nifty chew is licorice, though in these spitoonless days it's fallen into neglect. The way to get the most out of licorice is to buy the actual root, with perhaps a little of the real Spanish soil clinging to it; chew it leisurely; swallow the juice and spit out the splinters instead. Only sissies suck the black prepared licorice sticks made of the inspissated juice, or the sticky lozenges, shoe strings, etc., into which it's made.

Snuff dippers similarly use some tasty twig like licorice, most probably sassafras, to dip in the snuff box and rub the reddened gums, or chew ruminatively upon; and in Africa other aromatic roots and branches are chewed and swabbed around in the mouth merely to brush the teeth and sweeten the breath as effectively as sen-sen.

Sassafras bark makes a palatable chaw by itself, especially when it's young and tender. And so does slippery elm, stripped from the tree in spring.

Chewing the fingernails is yet another juicy and thrifty snack, but it's habit forming, so be prudent, dip the finger tips in cayenne pepper before putting them in the mouth, and the practice will quickly lose its fascination.

But whatever you do, don't chew starch. Even seemingly harmless laundry starch can become a bad snacking habit, for it contains arsenic which, although a poison, is so pleasantly stimulating that one lump leads to another and soon the heart begins to wobble like a goitre and the face goes white as a laundered sheet. Starch chewing takes the starch out of you, just as clay-eating does, although the latter has to be practiced in some sections of famine. So cut out snacking on laundry starch if you don't want to pop off unexpectedly from arsenic poisoning. #

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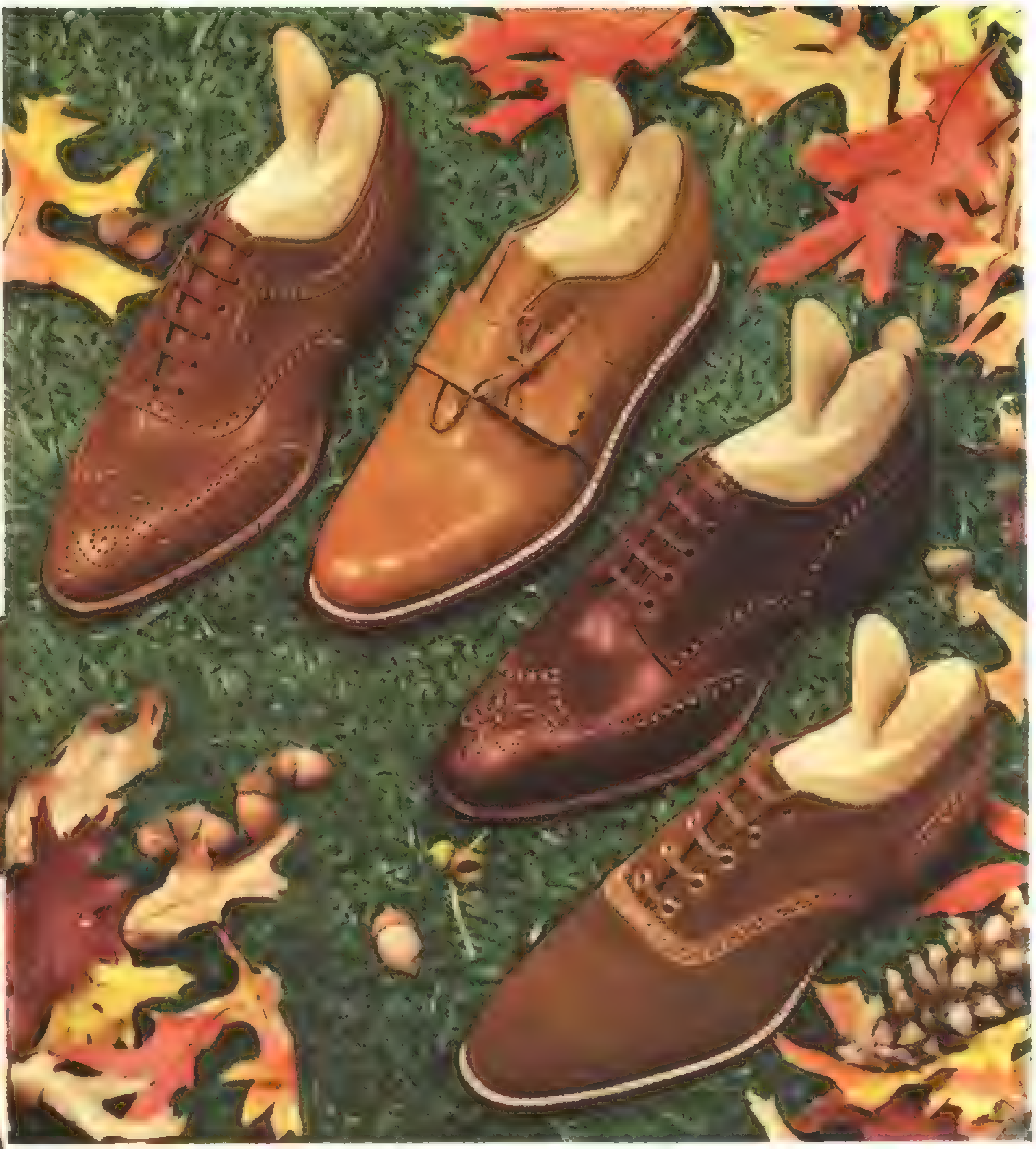
WHEN A MAN WEARS NEW FALL JARMANS THE REST OF HIS APPAREL SEEMS SMARTER TOO



THE CLIPPER THE PARKWOOD THE TALISMAN THE PARKWOOD

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The Forgotten Man

Continued from page 55

ground behind such natural cover as he could find, firing his gun and seeking indentations in the ground to escape from the flying bullets of his unseen foe, finally released from the bowels of the great war machine behind him, he rushed into the jaws of death.

There is a strange nervousness the first time you find yourself under fire. You have come a long way for it and that day you come over the ground running, leaping, crawling, hiding—bullets spatter about, you see men go down, the hot sweat is pouring from your body; yet you have an unnatural coldness, a chill you may later remember as the cold draught of death. You are not conscious of your exhausted nerves and body, you do not feel the pounding of your over-taxed heart.

When the enemy comes in sight the last stage of the attack begins, the fire fight. As in the days of the stone spear, you no longer dodge or hide, you stand up straight and advance to meet the men who are coming to you. You aim and fire and they do the same. When you see the men a calm comes over you. You begin to get the feeling of finality, and know why you were sent here with your bayonet.

When you see the other men's faces there is an awful look in them, their eyes glare and mouths are open. All reason ceases and quickly you anticipate the kill. The calm that was upon you becomes a wild hysteria.

You go to the kill. Your first attack is aggressive and violent, you spring forward and beat your man to the thrust. Your bayonet sinks into his neck and as you withdraw quickly the blood spurts from the wound, a fount of claret liquid. Then you go to the next kill.

With the first kill comes lust. You see and smell the sickening freshness of human blood, it bathes your hands and squirts into your face. It arouses an element that is near the surface in the savage and the beast. This cruelty, this joy of seeing a man fall from the point of your blade, screaming, gasping, blood gushing from his hurt, is upon you.

You are finality. You are war and you are one with death. If there is beauty in war you have found the essence of it.

You do not see the man when he springs upon you. His bayonet is almost against your belly when you see it. You see it strike and enter your belly.

When you get struck in the belly with a bayonet the point of the blade hits the tough outer layer of skin which is reinforced by the abdominal wall; this wall consists of a layer of muscles and tissues which offer considerable resistance to a rupture. The point does not immediately enter your flesh but causes a deep indention, then the skin breaks and the blade slips into the soft tissues and semi-liquid substance of your intestines. The point of the bayonet has a way of gliding around such organs as the kidneys and liver. This is because they are protected by a tough outer layer and can be pushed to one side before they are punctured. The bayonet point is usually fairly dull, yet if it comes into direct contact with a kidney it will penetrate, or tear it loose from surrounding tissues. When you get struck you first feel the puncture as the bayonet punches through your skin; this feels like a dull blow followed by a sharp pain which passes quickly, then the feeling as the blade glides into your innards is a general sickening and distressing sensation rather than specific pain. You do not feel the blade in your belly and you do not feel any definite pain, it is a deathly sickness, panic, accompanied by an utter giving up of any further desire to save yourself. You have no thought of trying to hurt your foe, you are not conscious of him, you give up and soon get a feeling of loss with the world about you and an overwhelming sense of not being comes over you. Your mind may not know but your body knows it has been stricken and it awaits death. If it is a clean hit followed by a quick withdrawal you may not immediately drop, you reluctantly sink to the earth and when the first sensation of shock passes you grab your belly with your hands, you press in on your wound and double in the middle. Sickness and pain then comes upon you and you feel the warm flow of blood on your hands and you start to bleed to death. External bleeding may soon stop and you will slowly bleed internally to death. You may suffer quietly, or you may scream and groan, but this causes specific pain, so likely you will not scream more than twice. You will settle to quiet suffering of pitiful wailing until you become semi-conscious. Thereafter sensations diminish until total unconsciousness and finally, death comes.

If the bayonet passes clear through your body a quick withdrawal is not possible, and it may be necessary for your man to down you, put his foot on your belly and jerk his bayonet free. In falling the blade will twist and become fouled and the man may have great trouble in getting it out of you. He is in a hurry and goes about this none too gently, as he may have to use his bayonet again quickly. So he will put his foot on your belly and try to jerk it out, but he may not be able to free it from you. It may be necessary for him to fire his gun into you so that the bullet will increase the size of your wound and permit him to make a withdrawal. Also, the bayonet may hit your spine and become wedged between two of your vertebrae, and the man may not be able to remove it at all. If it comes to this he may detach the bayonet from his rifle and leave it sticking out of your belly. Then if he has time, he must

Continued at top of page 130

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You'll cheer during both halves of Half & Half. Cool as a tie with two minutes to play. Smooth as a touchdown that wins for your side. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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No Bite!
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HALF AND HALF
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Summer Sun and a soaking shower are bad news for Hair!

Protect Yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

After your hard-played 36 holes of golf, your strenuous sets of tennis—it's refreshing to step under your shower and relax. But that exhilarating spray of water does its full share to damage the looks of your hair.

For after the summer sun has baked your unprotected hair dry and brittle—your shower washes away the vital oils—leaving your hair dull and lifeless.

And that's where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" step in to aid and help you. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oil comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Your circulation is roused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look.

With Vitalis every hair is firmly in place — just the way you want it—without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Don't let the hazards of sun and water wreck your hair. Whatever you do—golf or ride, swim or sail—enjoy it to the full, but help keep your hair lustrous and handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens — the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

The Forgotten Man

Continued from pages 55-129

look around quickly and remove the bayonet from the rifle of one of his fallen comrades and place it on his rifle, or better still, throw his gun down and take theirs. He will not try to take the bayonet from the gun of a fallen foe, as it will not fit his gun. Also, he will keep his own rifle, or take one from a fallen comrade, as the ammunition in his cartridge belt will not fit the gun of his enemy.

In bayonet combat a man does not always have an opportunity to do the logical thing, and his mind and reactions are not normal, so he is liable to do almost anything. Then again, by the time he has thrust his bayonet into your body, and has withdrawn it, one of your comrades may find him somewhat unprepared, and sink the point of a bayonet into his neck or into one side of his back through a kidney.

An instant after he kills you, he, too, may be gripped with pain and sickness and death. ⌗

The Black Phanny

Continued from page 85

dream, "my husband Ferdie—" Then she fell happily into morphia.

The Widow Cabotle lived in old Louisburg Square, the pulsing heart of Boston's blue blood. The house had once been the family homestead, but each floor was now a separate flat and Mrs. Cabotle had retreated to the top floor, where she lived with a companion culled from the impoverished aristocracy, Beulah, the maid-of-all-work, and a dachshund. It was nine o'clock at night, and Mrs. Cabotle was taking a bath. Bostonians always have a good reason for doing things, even for taking baths, and Mrs. Cabotle believed she needed a hot one to stave off a cold in the head. Mrs. Cabotle's cold preventive was to take a steaming tub and then get into bed with a long hot grog. That there were always no less than three extra hot grogs as a preliminary was, perhaps, merely to assure the efficiency of the prescription. Mrs. Cabotle was always on the verge of a cold in the head.

She lay luxuriating in the soapy water, dreaming perhaps of the coming symphony season or parliamentary procedure at the Women's Republican Club. The bathroom window opened slowly. A draught of cold air blew across Mrs. Cabotle's shoulders. She sank deeper into the water, and looked up. There on the window ledge perched a small man in a black suit. His head and shoulders were completely covered with a black hood that left space open only for the eyes. Through the openings, the eyes twinkled merrily.

"Good evening, Mrs. Cabotle," said a soft, cultured voice behind the mask.

"Oh, my Lord," exclaimed Mrs. Cabotle, "are you here again?"

"You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"Why is it that every time I start to get a cold in the head, you have to show up?"

"Oh, just being neighborly, Mrs. Cabotle."

"You don't look the same tonight, for some reason. Usually you're green and have a long tail."

"Variety, you know; the spice of life. By the way, I'm representing the Consumers' Research. What are you drinking tonight?"

"Biddlesworth Bourbon."

"Oh, that's terrible! It's distilled from the spats of southern gentlemen."

"Rebels, eh?"

"Rebels is right. And what brand of soap are you using, Mrs. Cabotle?"

"Hembley's Gardenia."

"Oh, worse and worse! That's made from the bones of pigs' knuckles, gathered from German restaurants. Its cleansing properties are absolutely nil."

"You don't say?"

"I most certainly do, Mrs. Cabotle. How long have you been using it?"

"For years and years."

"God, you must be foul!"

Mrs. Cabotle shied the Hembley's Gardenia at the little man on the window sill. It missed him and went sailing out into the night, to land in the green, iron-fenced private park in the center of the square. Not that her aim was bad; the little man had disappeared. For the moment, Mrs. Cabotle lay still, ruminating. Then a thought, clear as crystal, penetrated the wooziness of the bourbon and the hot bath. She was only too accustomed to having odd beings pop out at her when she was trying to anticipate a cold in the head, but heretofore they had not gone about opening windows and letting cold air blow on her. Mrs. Cabotle screamed.

The bathroom door flew open. Her companion, the maid and the dachshund came streaming in.

"Whatever is the trouble, Mrs. Cabotle?"

"Look! The window! A little black man!"

"Now, now," soothed the companion. "You just lie still and it will be all right."

"Heavens preserve us," mumbled the maid, "she's got 'em again."

"Bow er owrrrrrrrrrrrr," commented the dachshund.

"You blithering idiots," yelled Mrs. Cabotle, "I'm not seeing things. Can't you see the window's open?"

Beulah proved a woman of action. She dashed to the window and peered out. She screamed, too. On the side of the building, clinging apparently only by the grace of its maker, was a shadowy figure. By the aid of window ledges

Continued on page 132

for men of action

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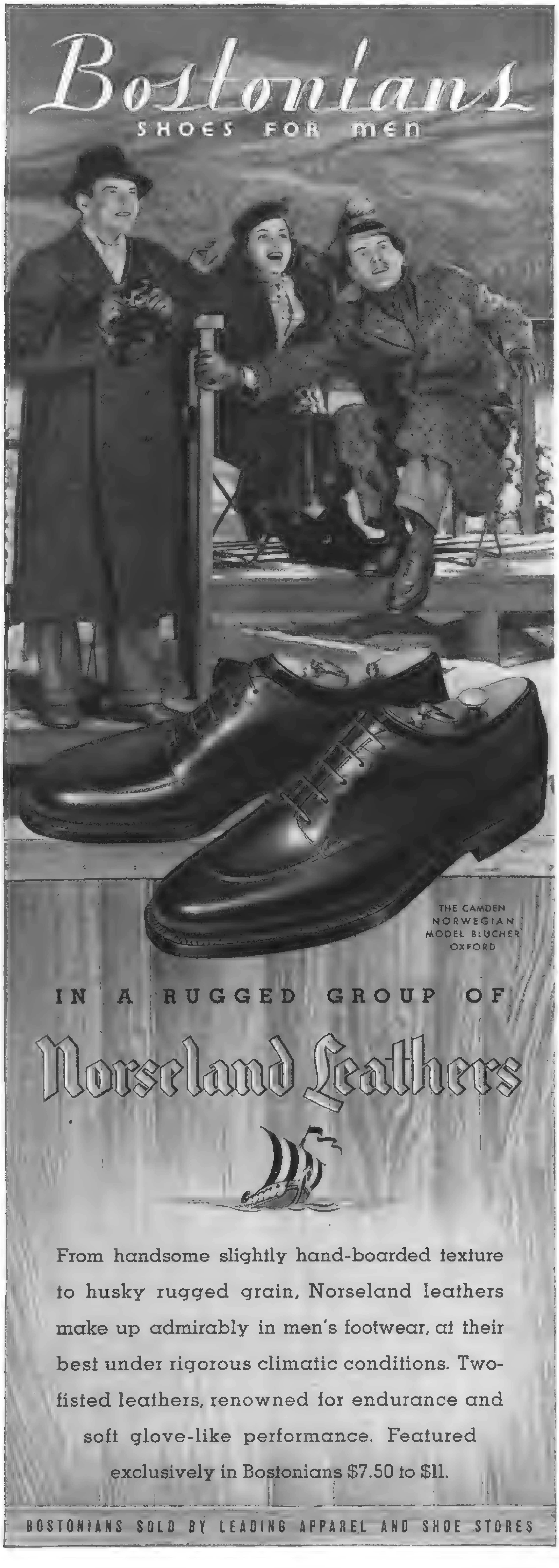

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BOSTONIANS SOLD BY LEADING APPAREL AND SHOE STORES

The Black Phanny

Continued from pages 85-130

and cornices, it sped downwards jumping with the agility of a cat the last few feet to the ground and became as one with the darkness. Beulah fainted. The companion was paralyzed with fright. The dachshund put its tail between its legs and ki-yied under the washbowl. Mrs. Cabotle jumped out of the tub, clutched a towel about her and sped to the telephone. She dialled the operator. "Police! Police!" she yelled. "Give me the police!"

The sleepy voice of a desk sergeant at the local precinct station answered. "Hello," it said.

"Hello, be damned! This is Mrs Cabotle. There's a human fly on the side of my house."

"Come, come, Mrs. Cabotle."

"Listen, you blinking flatfoot, I saw him. He opened the window. Said he was from Consumers' Research."

"What have you been drinking, Mrs. Cabotle?"

"Biddlesworth Bourbon. It's made from the spats of southern gentlemen."

Now this particular policeperson had grown gray in the service. He knew all about Mrs. Cabotle's colds in the head. "I'd suggest you go to bed, Mrs. Cabotle. He'll go away. They always do."

The Widow clutched the towel closer about her and quivered with rage. "Listen, you driveling fool. I can't stand here all night arguing with you. I'm all wet."

'You're telling me, sweetheart!" said the sergeant, and hung up.

Mrs. Cabotle went to bed. Gradually, she calmed down, and began reflecting on the events of the night. "Humph," she said. "Humph," again. She had seen the hooded man. Beulah had seen him. She snapped on the bedside lamp. "Beulah!" she called. "Beuuuuulah."

The maid came in a few moments later. Mrs. Cabotle fixed her with an accusing eye. "Beulah," she charged, "have you been pulling at the Biddlesworth Bourbon?"

"Well, Mrs.," hesitantly, one toe on the other, "just a teensie-weensie bit."

"You'd better change the brand, Beulah." The Widow Cabotle rolled over and went blissfully to sleep.

While these momentous events were transpiring in Louisburg Square, in her flat on old Marlborough Street, running parallel to and between Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, Mrs. Harley Fletcher, widow of the Harvard professor, sat over her ouija board. She was attempting to communicate with the shade of the deceased scholar. "H" spelled the ouija board. "A", Mrs. Harley Fletcher's fingers moved. "R" they spelled. "L—E—Y." The Widow Fletcher remained very still and waited. She heard a tapping on the window. She sat quizzically for a moment. The tapping was repeated. Mrs. Fletcher looked at the window. All she could see were two eyes, shining in the night. She jumped up, hurried to the window and raised it.

"You have a message from my husband?" she asked.

A little man, all in black, pulled himself in and sat on the window sill, swinging his legs. "Yes," he said. "He says to go fry an egg."

"Oh, does he?" beamed Mrs. Fletcher. "Harley always was such a practical man."

"Ha! You should see him now. He's learned to walk on his hands, can play *Beale Street Blues* on his harp, and has half the provisional angels 'Truckin'.' If they don't go to Hell, it won't be his fault."

"Oh, I'm so glad Harley's having a good time. He never did have much fun here."

"I can understand that," said the dark one. "Harvard, eh?"

"Yes, Harvard." Sadly.

"Is there any message you'd like to send him?"

"Well, you might tell him the canary died."

"I'll do that."

"Did he want you to tell me anything more?"

"Oh, yes, about the egg—"

"Yes?"

"He says do it sunny side up."

With that, the little man turned about and slipped gracefully from the window sill. Mrs. Fletcher watched him make his way from one ledge to another until he got to the drain pipe. He slid down that and reached the ground. He looked up at the Widow and waved gayly. Mrs. Fletcher waved back, and watched him disappear down Marlborough Street towards the Public Gardens. She closed the window with a little sigh of happiness, put away the ouija board and read a few pages from Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*. The Widow Fletcher read *Little Women* regularly once a year.

It was a couple of days later that Boston's human fly first hit the newspapers, and he hit them with a bang. He was almost immediately dubbed "The Black Phantom," by the geniuses of the Fourth Estate. It seems he called on Mrs. Robie, wife of the socialite writer, via an eighth floor window. Mrs. Robie wasn't in the habit of seeing things, and her husband was not only alive but at home. The Phantom said a number of derogatory things about Mr. Robie's literary ability and activities; then climbed back down the side of the building. Mr. Robie saw him, too, as did a number of other people passing on the street. Though they gave chase, the Phantom easily got away.

The next night, Mrs. Stothing, whose husband was the jailed bank president, received a call. The Phantom claimed to have been a fellow convict of Mr. Stothing (thereby giving the first clue to his identity), and said Mr. Stothing wanted her to smuggle him in a couple of machine guns

Continued on page 135

A Tale of Two Countries

ΕΛΕΓΧΟΣ ΔΙΑΒΑΤΗΡΙΩ
ЦАРИНСКА УПРАВА
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"Crossing borders was our specialty on our motor trip through the Balkans," writes H. T. Hudson of Texas. "When we arrived at the fourth one in two days, with our front wheels in Greece and our rear wheels in Yugoslavia, we were hot and thirsty. I wanted a whisky and soda—but my Greek dictionary offered the discouraging comment that the 'Greeks had no word for it'! Then I noticed that on the local inn there was a sign and it read 'Canadian Club'! It wasn't long before we were enjoying the mellow flavor of your very fine whisky. So it seems that, like us, the Greeks do have a word for it—or, rather two words . . . 'Canadian Club'! Lucky Greeks!"

"Canadian Club" is the only whisky of its kind. But Hiram Walker also makes ryes, bourbons, gins—whatever you like, at whatever you like to pay. At dealers, clubs, bars, hotels.

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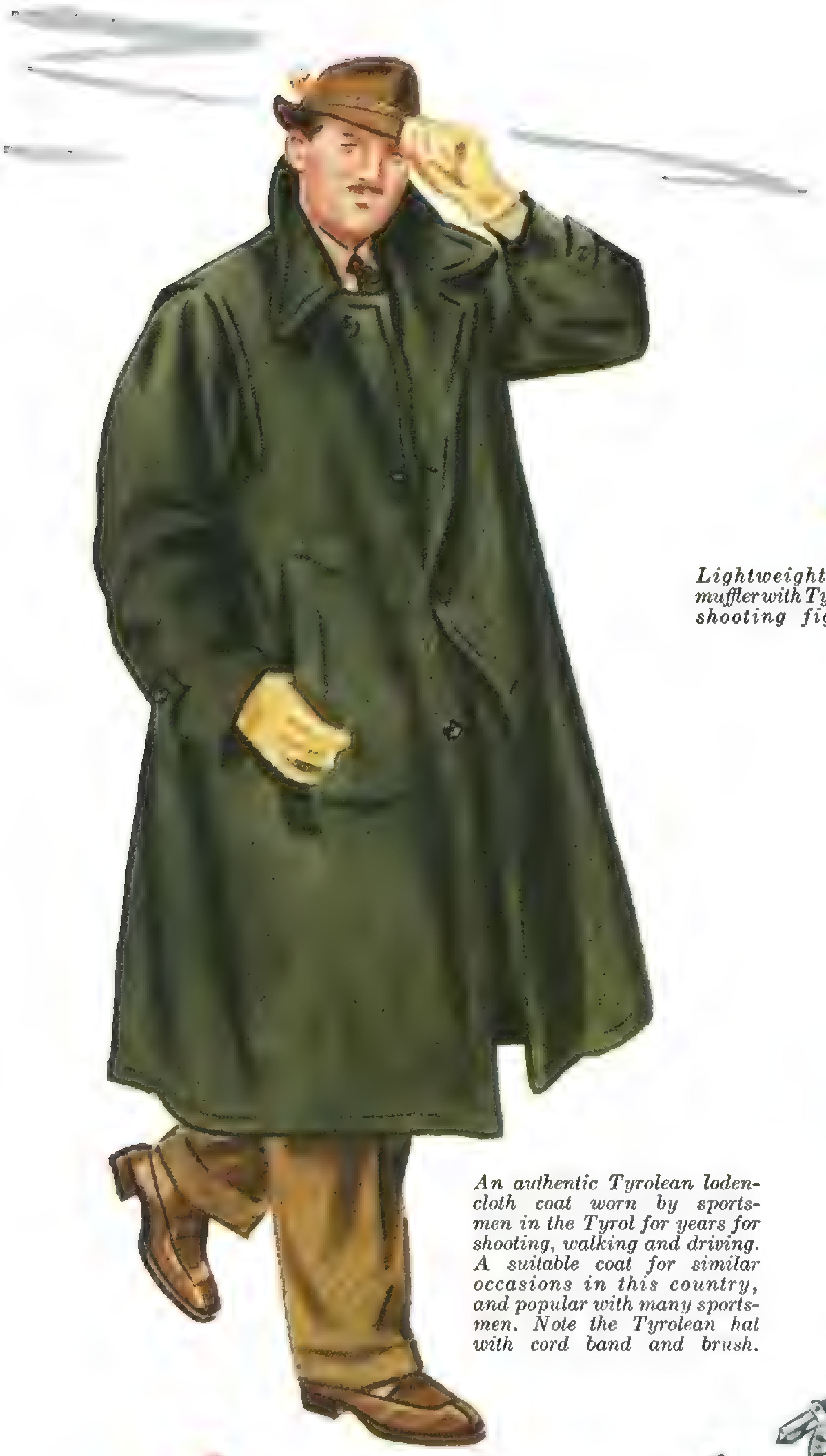
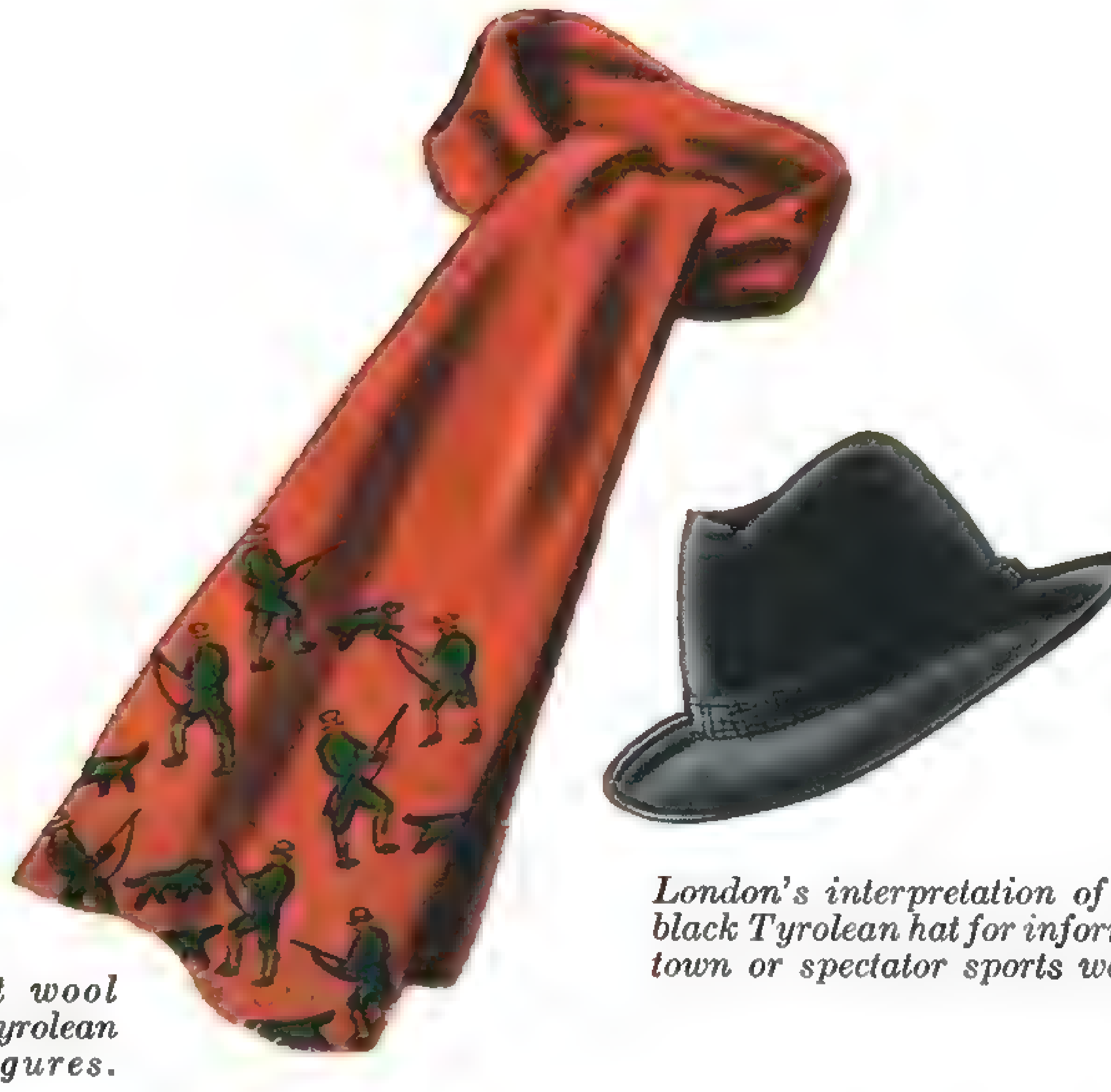
Hiram Walker's **"CANADIAN CLUB"**

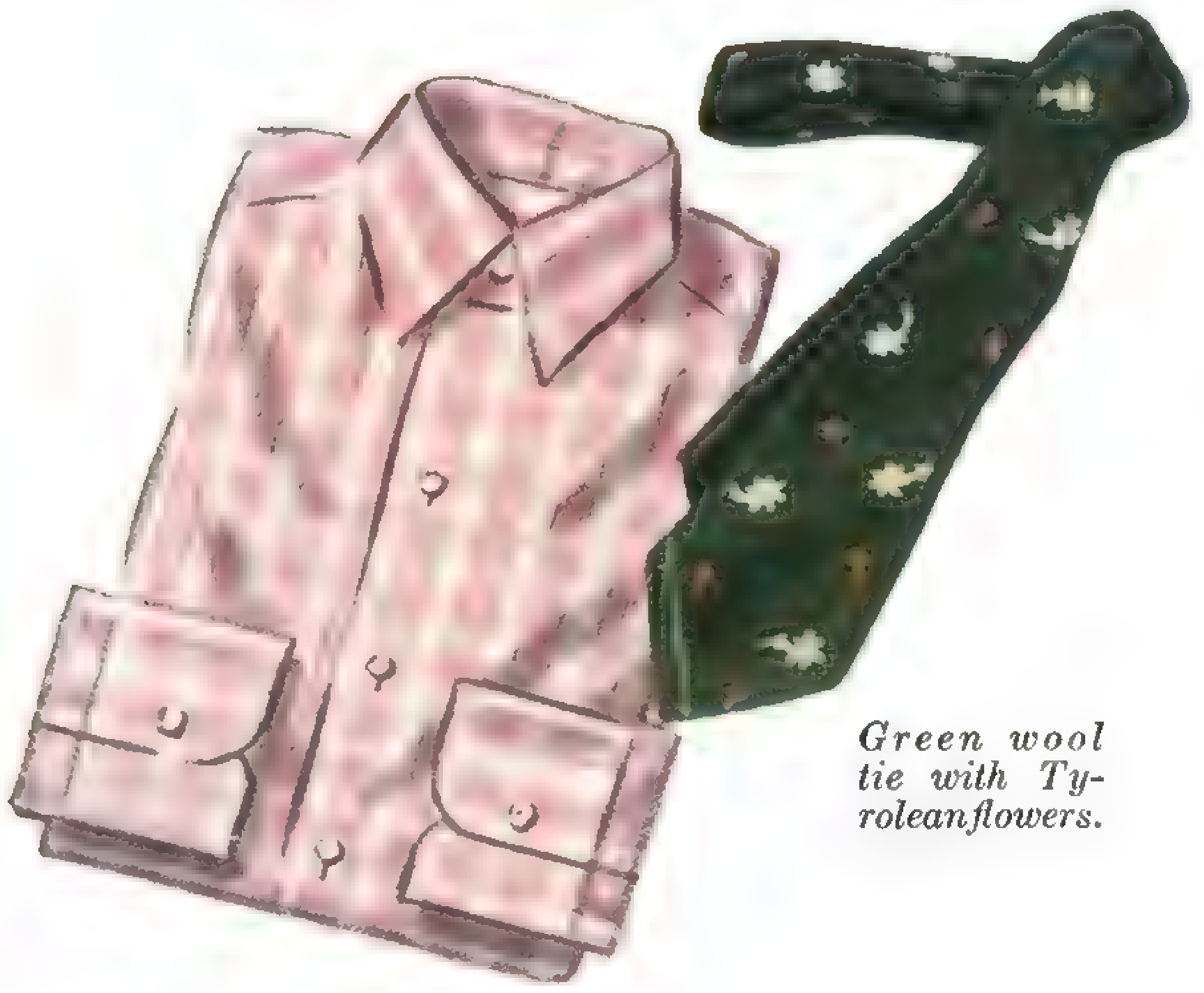


An authentic Tyrolean loden-cloth coat worn by sportsmen in the Tyrol for years for shooting, walking and driving. A suitable coat for similar occasions in this country, and popular with many sportsmen. Note the Tyrolean hat with cord band and brush.



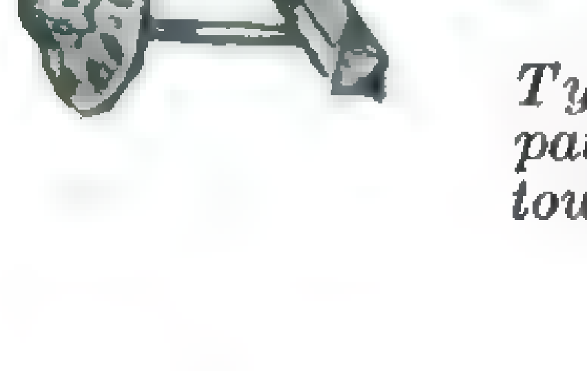
Lightweight wool muffler with Tyrolean shooting figures.

London's interpretation of the black Tyrolean hat for informal town or spectator sports wear.

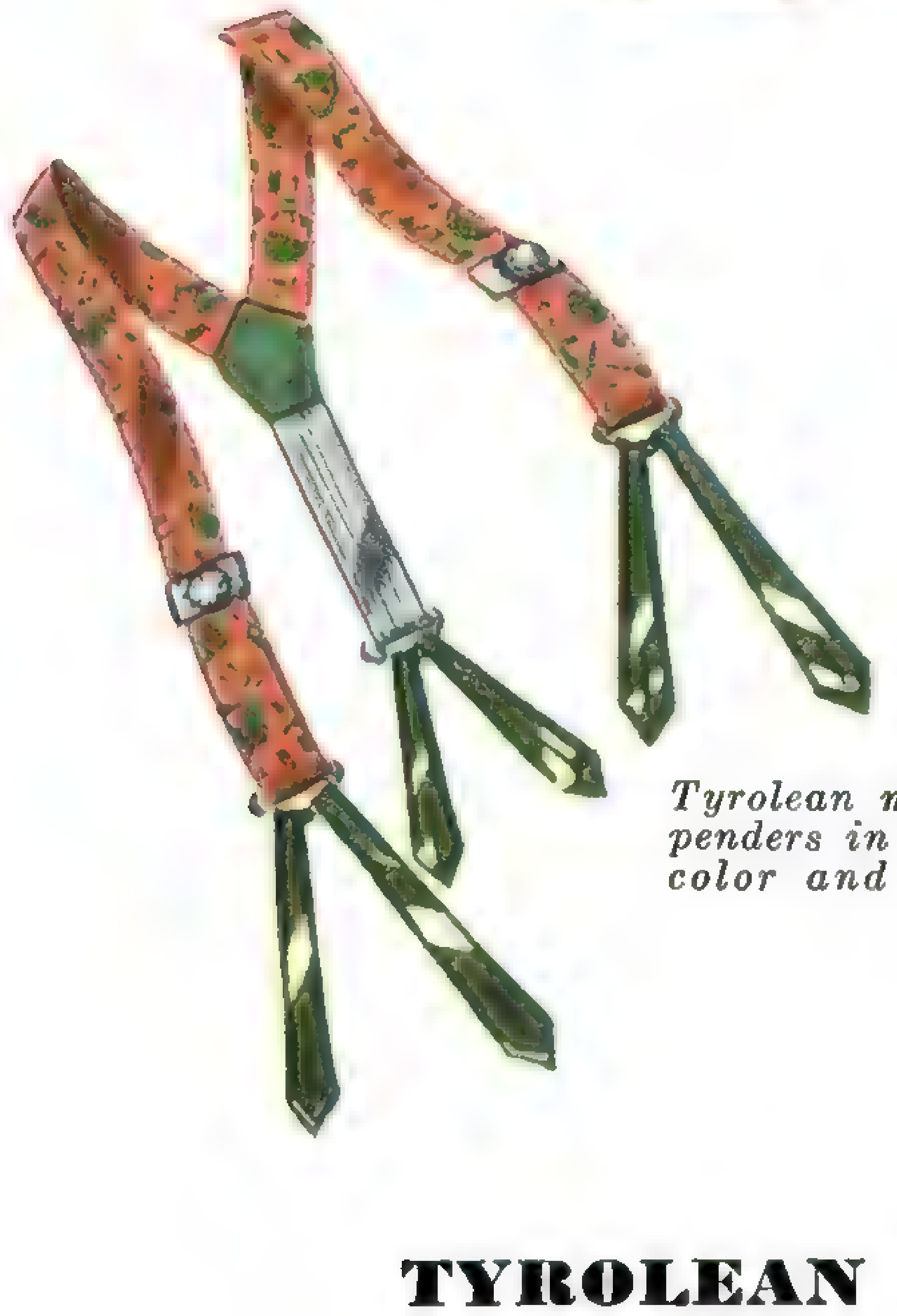


Green wool tie with Tyrolean flowers.

Cotton flannel plaid shirt from the Tyrol, suitable for semi-sports and country wear.

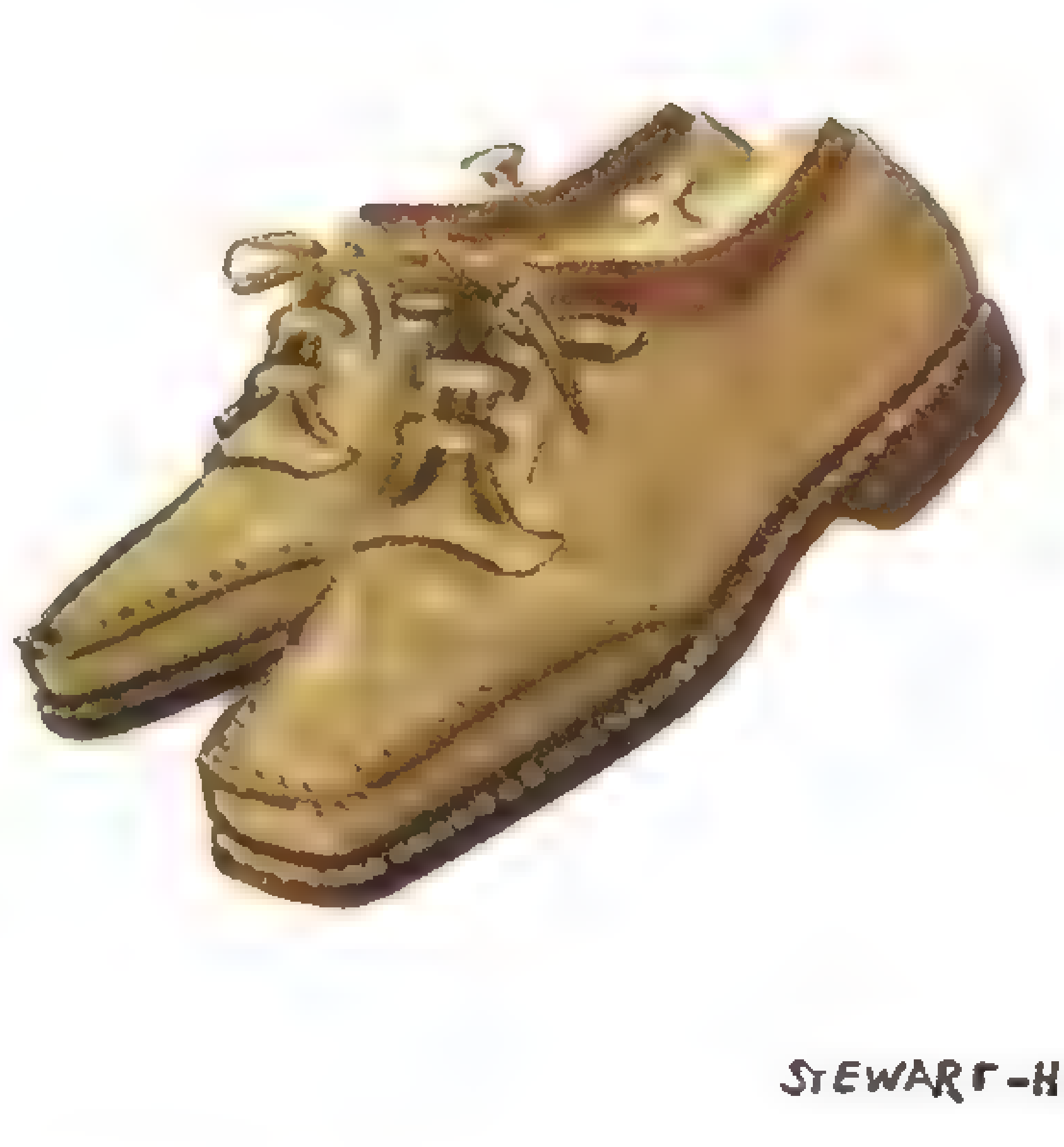


Tyrolean acorn pattern cufflinks, town or country.



Tyrolean motif suspenders in authentic color and pattern.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Reverse calf shoes in the Tyrolean manner.

STEWART-HEIDGERD

TYROLEAN INFLUENCE IN MEN'S FASHIONS

The Black Phanny

Continued from pages 85-130-132

for a prison break. On this occasion also, several others saw the man and were amazed at his ability not only to stick to but to move briskly up and down sheer walls that seemed to offer no footing whatsoever. Apparently he was making no attempt to remain out of sight. If anything, he seemed to be bidding for publicity. Another chase ensued, but he escaped over rooftops.

The newspapers became full of practically nothing but The Black Phantom, who preyed on no one but the blue bloods. There was rumor and counter-rumor and speculation as to his identity. The *Transcript* carried an extra page of letters to the editor, denouncing the police department for all manner of inefficiency. There were even hints that he was part of a communist plot. Though the police infested Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, the human fly remained completely the phantom the newspapers had dubbed him.

For several days, no more was seen or reported, while the social register kept its windows locked and night lights burning. Then Mr. Bellowes received a call. He was the man with the fascinating case of rheumatism that took him to wonderful sanitariums all over the world. Mr. Bellowes sat in his drawing room reading up on some newly-discovered rheumatic symptoms in the latest medical journal. He was absorbed and not immediately aware that he had a visitor. He heard a polite cough, looked up, and saw seated very much at ease in a chair opposite him a little man in black suit and hood, most unmistakably The Phantom. Mr. Bellowes was speechless. The hand that held the journal quivered.

"Good evening," said the little man, in friendly fashion.

"G-g-ood evening, Mr. Ph-phantom."

"Mrs. Bellowes in?"

"N-n-n-no. She—She—She's at a recital."

"Dreadful bores, recitals."

"Y-y-y-yes, Mr. Phantom."

"Here, here, let's not be so formal. Just call me Phanny."

"Y-yes, ah—Phanny."

"There, that's better. More intimate and cozy, isn't it? I think we should have a bit of a chat, we two. You, I take it, are the model husband."

"The wh-what?"

"Now, now," said the little man with the black hood, soothingly, "There's no cause to be excited. You and I can be great friends."

"C-c-can we?"

"Certainly. Now, will you stand up, please?" Mr. Bellowes arose with alacrity, keeping his eyes fixed upon his unexpected guest. "Now," continued The Phantom, "will you kindly walk ten paces to the right, swiftly.—That's fine. Now to the left.—Right. Now back to your chair, if you'll be so kind. So good of you.—Hold out your hands, please. Oh, it's quite all right; I wouldn't harm you for the world. Now open and close them. Wiggle them. Excellent. Now kindly bend over and touch the floor. Ten times. Good. Thank you so much. You may sit down." Mr. Bellowes sat, puzzled but much relieved. Apparently the man wasn't violent; just slightly off his chump. "So," continued The Phantom, a touch of pleasant sarcasm in his voice, "you're the husband with the fascinating case of rheumatism. Personally, I'm convinced that you're an old fraud."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bellowes, purpling. The Belloweses of Boston were not accustomed to being called "old frauds."

"Oh, keep your hair up; I won't give you away. The wife, eh?"

"Yes."

"You really don't enjoy all those sanitariums, do you?"

"Well—"

"Oh, come, come."

"To tell you the truth, I don't. Most of them are damnably dull. I have a miserable time." Here, Mr. Bellowes began to see, sat a man who understood. For years he had kept his secret bottled up. Now, given to him literally out of the night, was a soul to whom he could unburden his heart.

"What did you do before the rheumatism?"

"Collected snuff boxes. If I'd gone on, I might have had one of the finest collections in the world. And it was fun. But for Saphronia, that wasn't spectacular enough. That's why I had to take up the rheumatism."

"Gives her something to brag about, eh?"

"That's right. I sometimes wish I hadn't, but I'm trapped."

"Oh, no, really. After all, we have to make the little women happy, no matter what the cost."

"I suppose you're right."

"Of course I am. Well, I must be climbing along."

"Mr. Bellowes stood up and ushered his guest to the window. "I'm damnably glad to have met you sir," he said. "Climb in any time."

"Right," said the hooded one, shaking his host's hand. "By the way, have you tried any of the sanitariums in the Bavarian Alps? I understand the beer is excellent."

"I'll inquire into them. Thanks for the suggestion, Mr. Phantom."

"Phanny," corrected the little man.

"Phanny," said Mr. Bellowes, as his guest swung nimbly from the window ledge to the roof above.

A few days later, Mrs. Ferdinand Glowerby gave a tea party at the John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Cabotle was there, Mrs. Harley Fletcher, Mrs. Stothing, Mr. Robie the writer, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Bellowes, Mr. Bellowes limping on two canes.

"And how are you, Mrs. Cabotle?" asked the hostess at the tea table.

Continued on page 136

Chevalier

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Another style-setting origination by Hickok—"Chevalier" designs in *Action*BAK Braces. The brace shown typifies the unusual effects that make Hickok "Chevalier" Braces distinctive and smart. Superbly comfortable, of course, for they have the patented *Action*BAK. Jewelry-quality fittings, $1.

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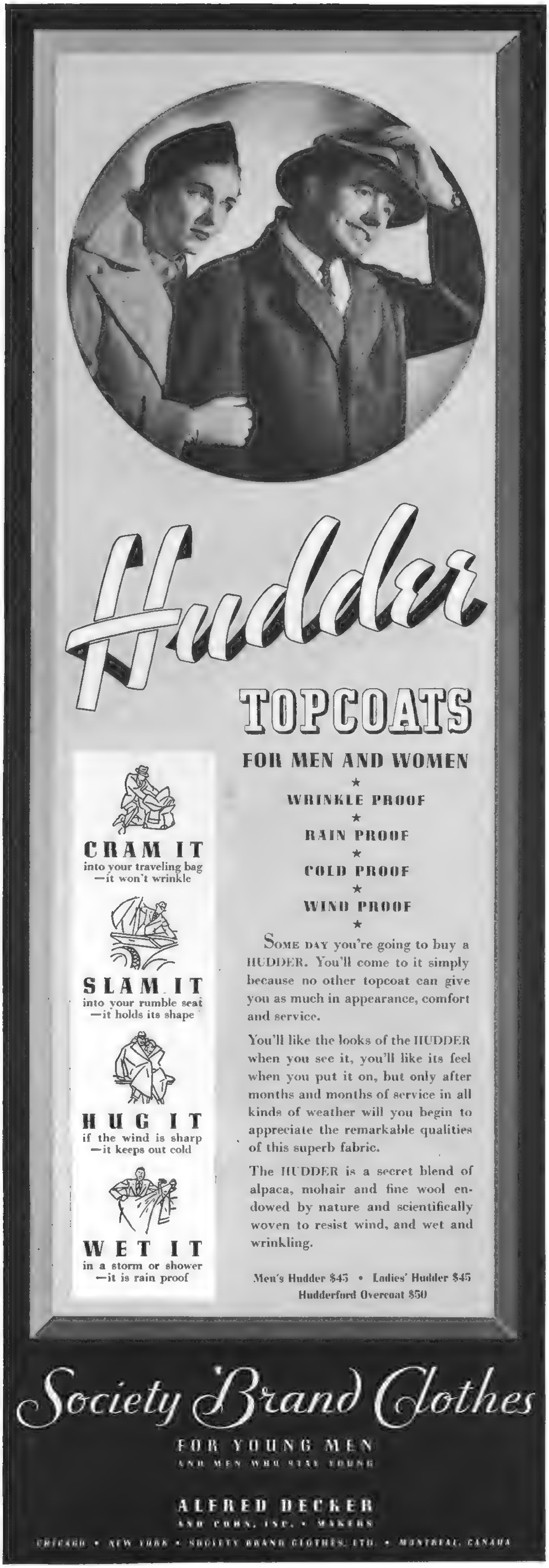

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The Black Phanny

Continued from pages 85-130-132-135

"My head feels all stuffed up," complained the Widow. "I think I'm in for another cold."

"What a pity!"

"And how is Mr. Glowerby?"

"In the best of health, thank you."

"Such a charming man. Will we be seeing him this afternoon?"

"He said he'd come in a little later."

"Just what does Mr. Glowerby do? I've wondered so often."

"He's retired."

"Retired from what, my dear?"

Aunt Matilda broke out into a violent coughing fit. "This throat of mine!" she gasped. "Gives me so much trouble." Just then Mr. and Mrs. Bellowes came over. Aunt Matilda leaped at the avenue of escape. "And how is your rheumatism, Mr. Bellowes?"

"Mr. Bellowes has just heard of a perfectly marvelous sanitarium in the Bavarian Alps," exclaimed Mrs. Bellowes enthusiastically. "He's thinking of going over there to see if they can't do something for him."

Over in a corner sat Mrs. Stothing and the Widow Fletcher. Mrs. Stothing said there was to be another investigation, that the governor was sure her husband had nobly borne the blame for several of the other bank officers. Mrs. Fletcher countered with an announcement that she'd just received a spirit communication from Harley. Mrs. Robie dropped by to say that six publishing houses were clamoring to pay Mr. Robie untold thousands for the rights on his new book. Over at the tea table, Mrs. Glowerby broke into another coughing fit, showing that again someone had been asking pointed questions about Uncle Ferdie. She changed the subject of conversation to The Black Phantom, and soon the room was buzzing with experience and rumor.

There came a slight lull in the conversation. Suddenly, a window shade snapped up and wound clattering and whirring on its roller. A hand appeared on the window casement. It was followed by the slight and hooded figure of The Phantom. Everyone stood very still.

"Good afternoon," said the little man, cordially. "I was wondering if I could have a cup of tea." Automatically, as one long schooled in pouring, Mrs. Glowerby reached for a fresh cup.

"Lemon?" she asked, her voice quavering.

"Please," said The Phantom, "and two lumps." Mrs. Glowerby continued the brewing heroically, for her hand shook. "And how are you, Mrs. Cabotle?" he went on. "Did you take my advice about the Biddlesworth Bourbon?"

"Y-y-yes," stammered Mrs. Cabotle. Noble people, the Bostonians; they carry on.

"Ah, Mrs. Fletcher! How were the eggs?" The Phantom was perfectly at ease. His voice practically purred with good will. He had the center of the stage and seemed to be enjoying it. "Well, well, Mrs. Stothing! Did you get those machine guns? You should bake them in a pie; I believe that's the accepted practice. And Mrs. Bellowes! How's you husband's rheumatism?"

"Very poorly," said Mrs. Bellowes.

The Black Phantom moved closer to Bellowes and remarked, *sotto voce*, "Hello, you old fraud."

"Hello, Phanny," whispered Bellowes.

The tension in the room had reached a strained climax. Most of the guests had seen The Phantom previously, but Mrs. Glowerby hadn't. She'd done nobly up till now, but suddenly she broke. She screamed. Aunt Matilda had not been in the habit of leaning on Uncle Ferdie in times of stress. Her life had been remarkably free of emotional cataclysms. Now, however, the primal woman in her burst forth. She sought her mate. "Ferdie," she yelled. "Feeeeerrrdieeeeeeee."

The Black Phantom ceased his banter, hurried to Mrs. Glowerby. He dropped on one knee beside her. "It's all right, Chickie," he said. "Here I am." The Phantom pulled off his hood. Under it was the smiling face of Uncle Ferdie.

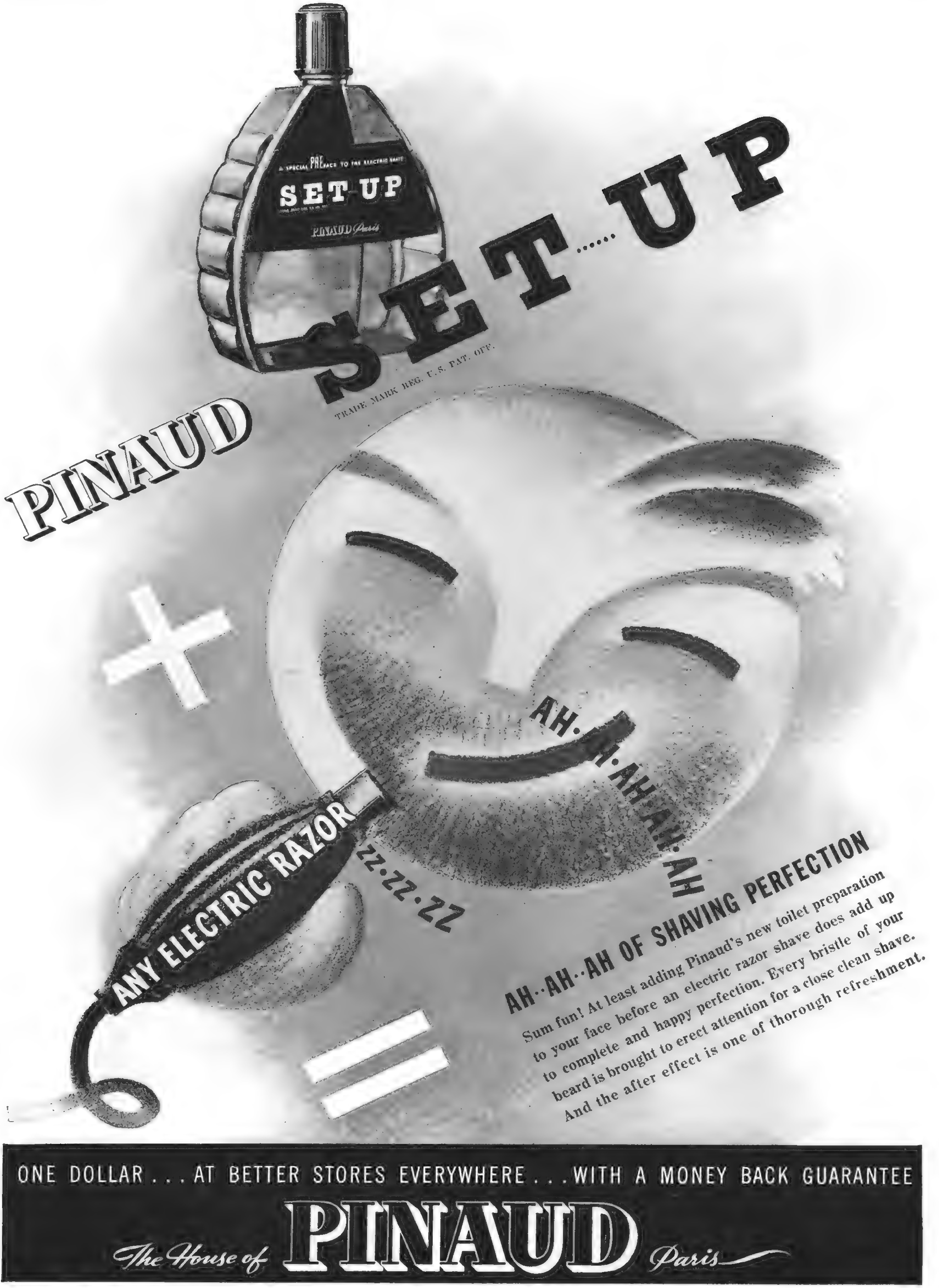
They put Ferdinand Glowerby in a cell, for detention and observation. He wasn't in very much danger, however; no one wanted to press charges. After all, a man who makes a habit of climbing up the sides of buildings learns a great deal about his neighbors. Ferdie made that clear to the press. He refused a magnificent sum for his memoirs, but claimed he might if anyone chose to be unkind to him, tell plenty.

Aunt Matilda visited him in jail. "You see, pet," explained Uncle Ferdie, "ever since I was a small boy, I've been a human fly. It's been my one great passion, and in my prime I was probably the best in the world. That's why I never got caught. Dressing all in black helped, too. I could roll up the hood and carry it in my pocket when I walked along the streets. The club I went to was just a room where I changed my clothes. I kept it all secret, Chickie, because I didn't just know how you'd take it having a husband who passed his nights shinning up and down things. I thought it might worry you, and I love you too much, kitten, to cause you worry. I'm sorry if you've been unhappy. Tell me, what do the other women think?"

"They're positively green with envy."

"You're not disappointed in me any more?"

"Oh, Ferdie," said my Aunt Matilda, embracing him affectionately, a tear of happiness in her eye. "I think you're just the most wonderful husband any woman ever had!"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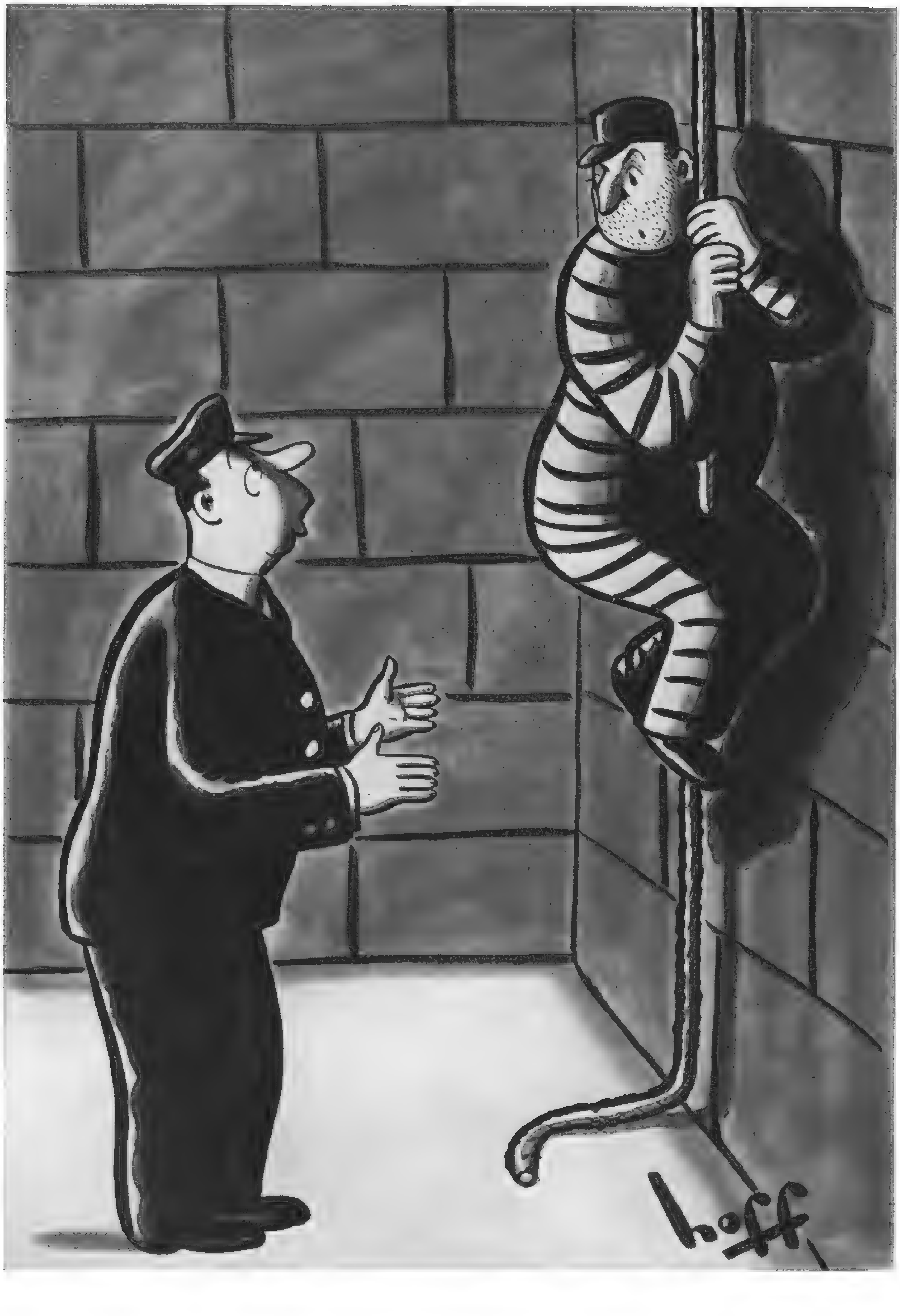

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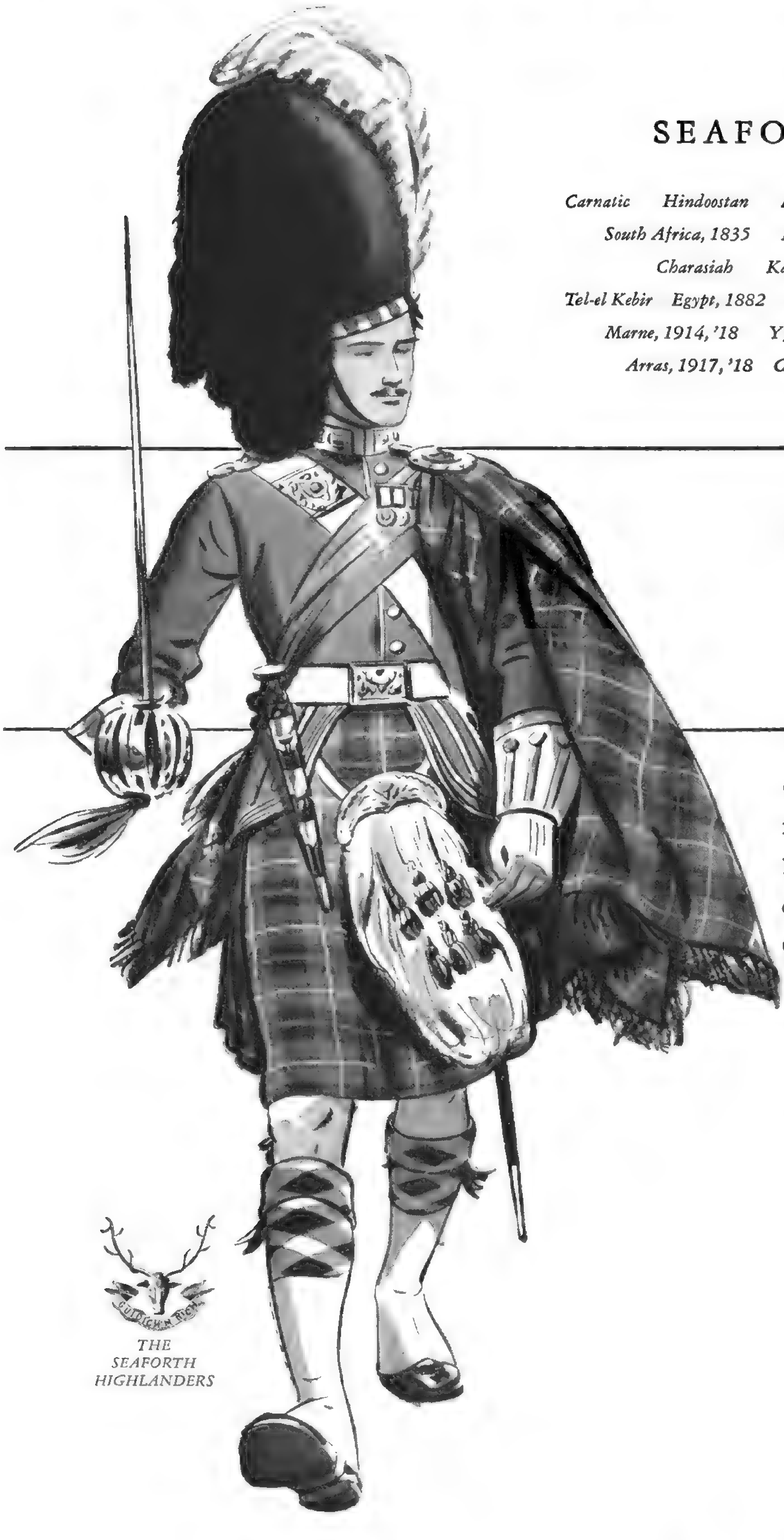

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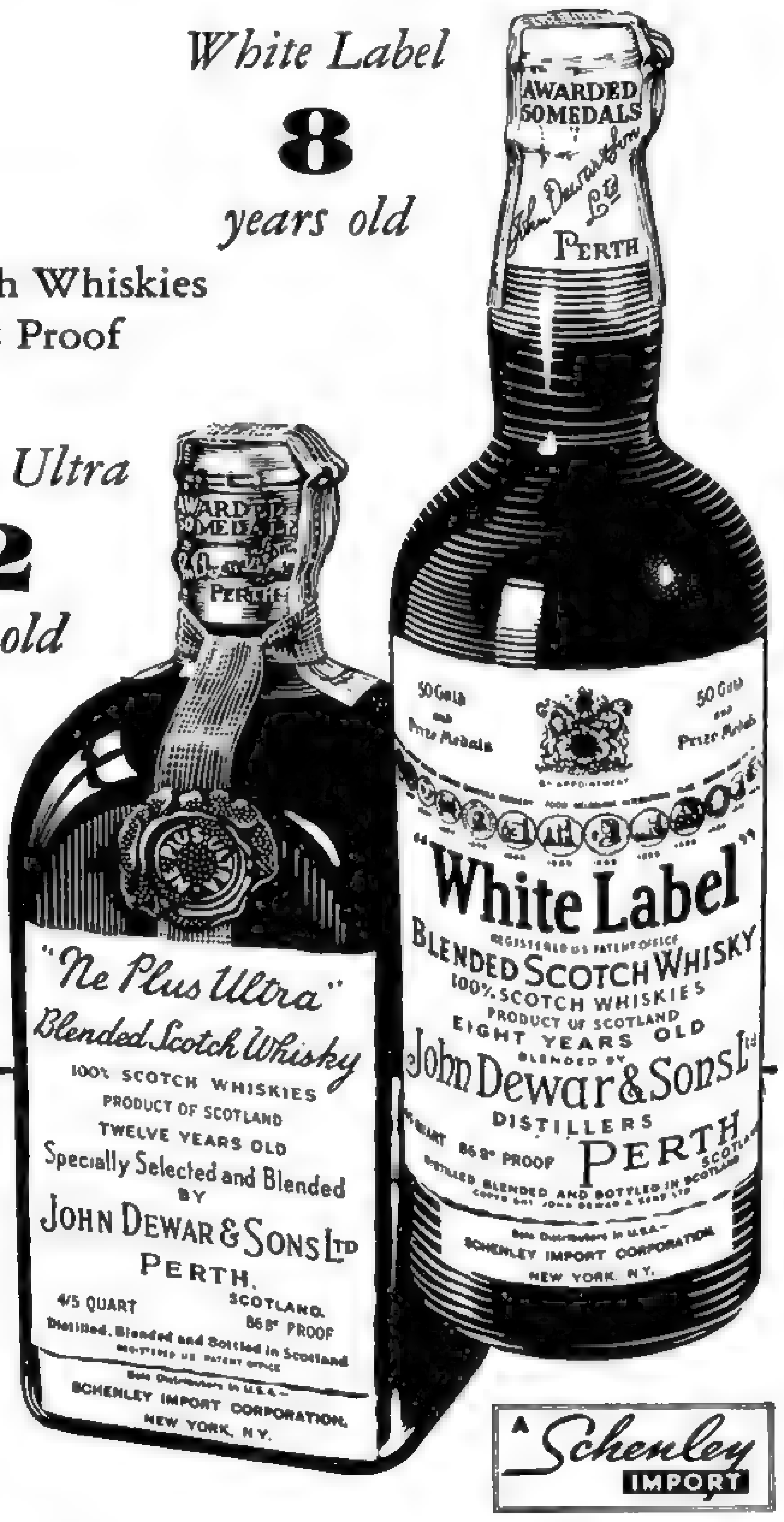
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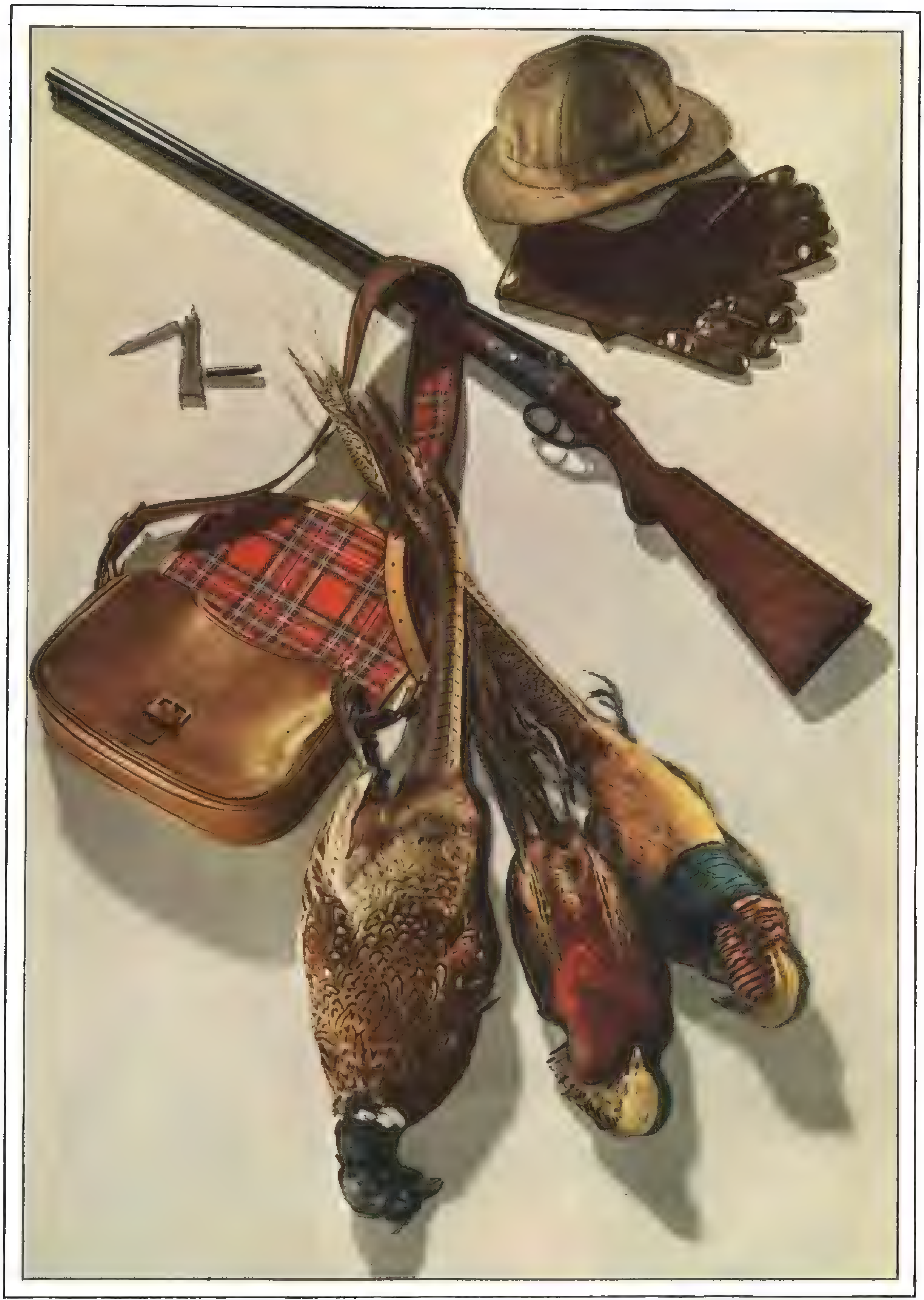

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

REWARD: ONE RING NECKED AND TWO GOLDEN

This space might much better be turned over to Captain Crossman for one of those stirring little essays on the proper care and feeling of shooting irons, a subject on which we are ourselves remarkably well uninformed. We can just manage to identify the weapon as a double barreled 20 gauge brush shotgun, and there's where we get off. We don't even know for sure that a 20 gauge gun is the most sporting implement for the destruction of the indicated quarry, although we have heard a lot of guys beat their chests about the use of 20 gauge guns. On the other hand, we have also heard some muttering to the effect that when in doubt it is better to annihilate game or to miss it cleanly, rather than to stun. The hat is known by the proper name of Connaught, the shooting gloves are rubber, the leather case is for shells and the knife is a four-in-one affair including a dog whistle and shell ejector.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Introduction to Civil War

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back door and are by this time well on their way to their respectable homes. The crowd tries to rush the police lines. Mr. Blumel is shot down by the police with his arms raised trying to get a hearing and both the mayor of Clichy and Mr. Marx Dormoy get their heads broken. At last the shock troops tire of beating up the townspeople they have chased even into their own town hall, the wounded are taken to hospitals, the dead go to the morgue, newspapermen stagger groggy out of their telephonebooths, the presses start clanking out the story and the riot is history.

Two days later the people of Clichy are still talking it over gravely, standing in knots, shivering a little in the chill of the gathering twilight. The truce has been broken; no telling now; anything can happen now. People begin to scatter to their suppers. The last little groups of arguers break up shaking their heads as they go.

2. Popular Funeral

The French are great hands for a funeral. The next Sunday the funeral procession of the young men shot down at Clichy crossed the northern quarters of Paris. We saw the head of it start from near the Gare de l'Est at ten in the morning, with the plumed hearses and the cars full of flowers and the red goldlettered tradeunion flags and the lettered streamers of crafts and trades and political parties, and at seven in the evening the tail of it was still pouring through the square in front of the townhall at Clichy five miles away. Young men, old men, young women, families, the great sober middleaged mass of the French people. They are not handsome, they're not very lively, even the young people have an old look, but it's hard not to feel that they embody, just as they did twenty years ago during the frenzy of wholesale war, a stubborn, unfanatical, live and let live every man for himself habit of mind. Twenty years ago seeing Frenchmen during gasattacks, under shellfire, in dressing stations, in bombarded cities, standing grumblingly in line, bumbling helplessly like flies in flypaper in the effortdestroying gum of their governmental red tape, I used to have the same feeling of respect.

Now, walking all day under the leaden sky in the slowmoving unhurried crowds, even listening to the speeches of the popular leaders that ranted out of the loudspeakers (all for the popular front, down with the fascist, support the Exposition, boys) I couldn't help feeling with a certain relief (these are days when a man wonders sometimes how long any spot on the globe will be left fit to live in) that this would be a tough people to wipe out and that so long as any of them were left alive they would carry in them the germ of something very central in whatever used to be meant by the idea: Europe.

3. The Fiery Crosses

The next time I climbed up the stairs at the Place de Clichy metro station it was again late afternoon. I was on my way out to see a member of the French Social Party, the renamed Fiery Crosses, a nice-mannered young man who was managing his family trucking and warehousing business. When I got there a dowdilydressed middleaged lady was in his office talking in a quavering voice about the cause. She was a charity worker who helped on the social service end. Handouts, distribution of old clothes, medicine and tracts for the sick, a little cash for the deserving poor; it turned out that some of the deserving poor had been unmasked as communists in sheeps' clothing and as money was none too plentiful there had been suggestions from higher up that only the faithful be relieved. The deserving poor. They'd damn well better be deserving.

Afterwards my friend took me upstairs to a dark middleclass diningroom that had the look of the family being away for the summer, although it was not summer, and rummaged in a big old walnut sideboard to find me a drink. He found a bottle of Kummel and poured me but a small glass. For himself he put a few drops in a glass of water. I couldn't help thinking that whoever had arranged this stiff room devoted to proper heavy meals, properly served at the proper time by a maid in a starched apron, would not have approved of our sitting there drinking the wrong drink at the wrong time in the wrong glasses.

Here this agreeable fellow was sitting there with a tumbler in his hand, ready to risk his life and slit his opponents' guts to defend something that was already gone. He spoke lovingly of le Patron as he called the good colonel Casimir de la Rocque, spoke of the need for a moral revaluation, said politicians were disgusting. The working class must be put back in its place. The Fiery Crosses were opposed to class hatred; le Patron had supporters in all walks of life; he was for the union of all Frenchmen. Especially the small artisans were for him. As for Mr. Blum and the Front Populaire they were ruining business. They were endangering the franc. They were the lackeys of Moscow. The firm's profits had been cut in half. The packers and the truckdrivers kept demanding more wages. The forty hour week. Paid vacations, good God. He hadn't been able to buy a new car. There was a trip to America he'd been planning for a year that he hadn't been able to take. True Frenchmen understood that that sort of thing had to stop. What was the use of raising wages if the

Continued on page 142

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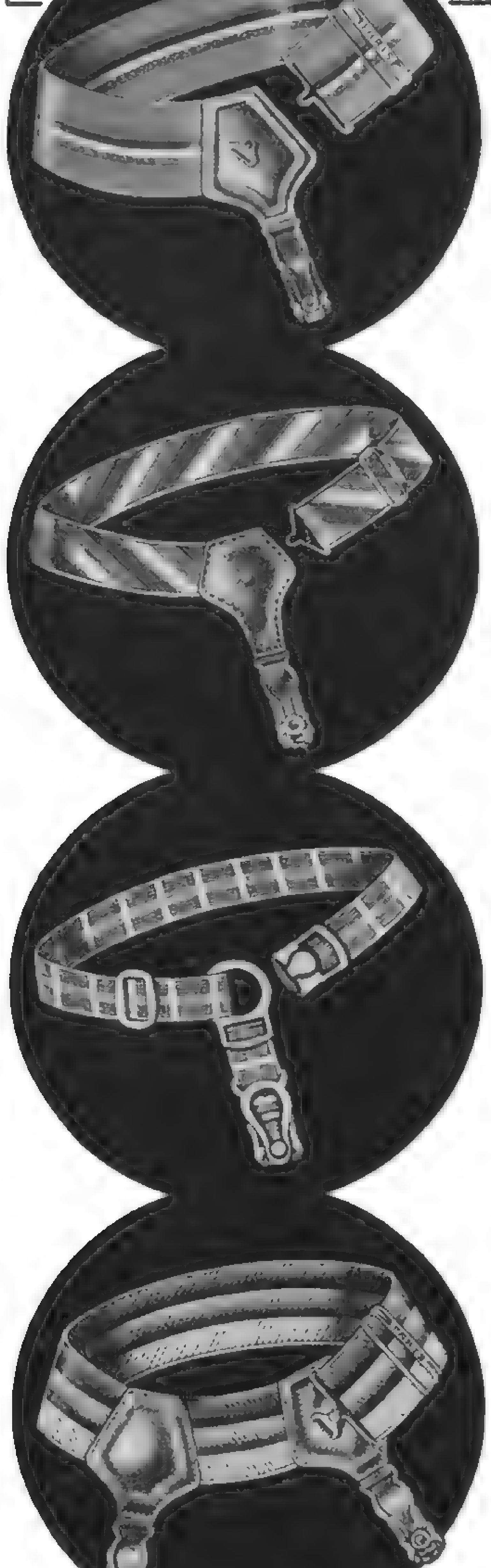

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Introduction to Civil War

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price of living went up faster than the increased purchasing power? It was time the working classes got it through their heads that their standard of living was too high already. It would be the ruin of business.

My friend was perfectly rational but he had not a suspicion in the world that big profits for him were not also the best possible thing for the working class, for la belle France, civilization and the human race in general. At the *Flambeau* the good colonel Casimir's newspaper where I went to enquire for an editor I'd been recommended to, things didn't seem so rational.

There was nobody in the vestibule of the office but the doorman and a little redeyed hunchback in a derby hat who looked madhatter mad. The doorman didn't look any too sane either. He opened the door by inches when I knocked and closed it after me with a bang and turned the key. "That's orders," he said mysteriously. No, the editor wasn't there, nobody was there. Except enormous poster photographs of the good colonel Casimir hung around the vestibule. "Le Patron le voila!" he shouted with a sweep of his arm. "Magnificent," he said, rubbing his hands. "Magnificent," said the hunchback in the derby hat. Then like alarmclocks going off they started in, one into each ear, on the regular line; nobody but le Patron could save France from Blum and the other Jews and the thieving freemasons and the communists who were going to take everybody's property away, ruin the franc, burn the churches, rape the nuns and your wife and mine, turn the French farmer over to the minions of Moscow to be collectivized and his daughters nationalized and everything sold to the Jews, murderers, thieves, Jews. That's the first thing; they'd have to drive out the Jews. It was hard to get them to stop talking long enough to unlock the door and let me out. Before they let me go they pointed again to the huge hawknosed haughtylooking face on the poster. "Remember his face!" they shrieked. "Go to hear him speak. He's the savior of France."

4. Political Medicineman

No, the cost of living has not yet wiped out the increase in wages, Mr. Blum says categorically, leaning across his desk. He proceeds to quote figures with telling effect, shaking his finger a couple of times with a slightly professorial air. It was Saturday afternoon in his quiet apartment on the Quai de Bourbon with its ancient scrubbed panelling and its parquet floor giving off a light scent of furniture polish, and its elderly pleasantfaced maid to open the door, on the shady unfashionable side of the Ile St. Louis. I had had to wait only a moment. Mr. Blum had walked in from an inside room wearing dressinggown and blue pyjamas, a tall man with a healthy lightbrown skin, taller and younger than he looks in the Chamber, an air of vigor about him that you don't expect in the Parisian literaryman who used to write such mellow criticisms of plays in *Comoedia*, the amateur in politics. Outside the window beyond the long lace curtains you can look out at the Seine olive-green with the spring mud flowing swift under the old old Pont Marie. Opposite there is a big new landing for cement barges and building stone that stands out raw against the mellow encrusted buildings of the old city. Mr. Blum, after apologizing for not being dressed (he's resting up after a hard session of the Chamber) starts talking about the advantages of the Popular Front in a physician's tone with a manner not exactly domineering but definitely firm. He's a clear clever talker, is always ahead of you with some other lead when your lips start to form the word Spain. Finally you leave him temporarily accepting his diagnosis, but when you've gone out through the group of pallidlooking secretservice men in the little stone court of the ancient apartmenthouse and step out on the quay into the spring sunshine coming through the young leaves of the trees you start remembering questions that got left unasked, like the symptoms you forgot to tell the physician about. After all politics, like any other sport, has its language and sometimes it's hard for an outsider to find the key word.

To see Mr. Blum really in action you have to see him in the Chamber of Deputies. It's like watching a very good billiard player. They say that he's the only left politician old Poincaré admired as a parliamentarian, and old Poincaré knew the game. The session about the events at Clichy was quite a show. All the spring the debates in the Chamber are something Paris turns out for. It was a rainy afternoon and there is a long cue of people with umbrellas and raincoats waiting on the gleaming pavement. After your card has gotten you past the guards you climb a great many stuffy dusty stairs to the tribune in the gallery.

The seats are as uncomfortable as those in the gallery at the opera. The whole air of the building makes you think of it as one of the French state theatres; the gilding, the allegorical figures in flowing draperies on the ceiling, the hard seats, the bad ventilation, the malevolence of the attendants, the difficulty in hearing what goes on. This afternoon the proceedings have the character of an exhibition bout because it is wellknown that the vote of confidence has been all sewed up beforehand. The deputies are talking for their constituents.

The Right attacks. Mr. Ybar-

Continued on page 144

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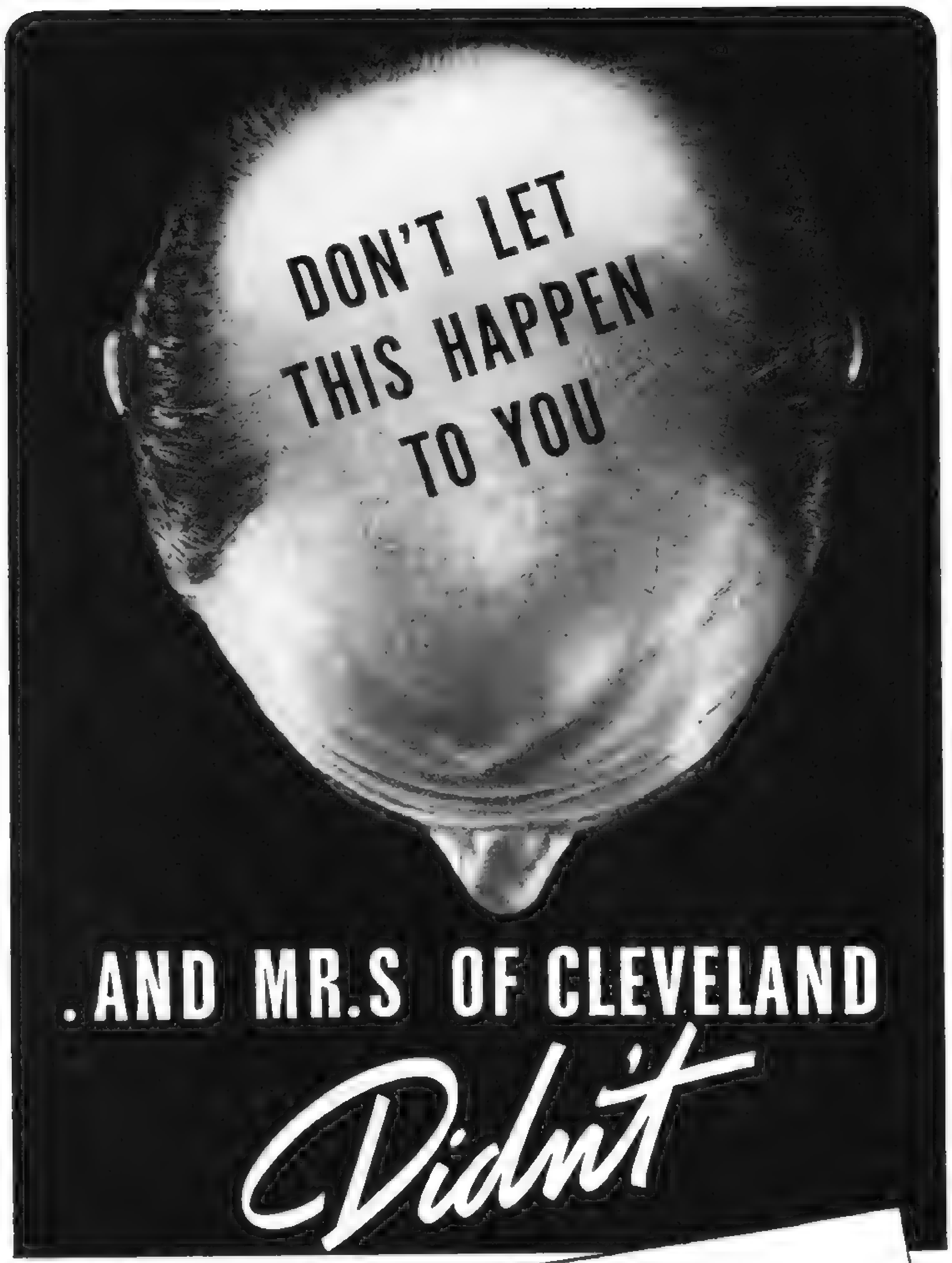

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Introduction to Civil War

Continued from pages 53-141-142

négaray talks for the French Social Party, the Fiery Crosses. He brings out the old whiskered bomb-in-hand Moscow bogy that is the Right's only stock in trade at the moment. The Front Populaire has sold the country out to the Kremlin. The new social legislation is going to ruin the small business man. He talks on and on amid the cheers of his supporters and an increasing racket from the Left. Old man Herriot, the president of the Chamber, who towers over the deputies from his high desk in the middle, a loosepaunched huge pale man with a teddybear haircut who leans from side to side over his desk like a figure in a punch and judy show, glaring or smiling at his charges with the manner of an indulgent schoolmaster, has to rap more and more for order. Under the heckling and jeering from the left. Mr. Ybarnégaray loses his head and lets a big indiscreet cat out of the bag. "Berlin will never allow communism in France," he shouts.

This gives Mr. Blum his chance to do the handsome thing and to get to his feet and suggest that the gentleman from the Pyrennes can't mean what he seems to mean. Mr. Blum can handle his opponents in the Chamber with one hand tied behind his back. Mr. Ybarnégaray finishes his speech under Mr. Blum's protection. It is obvious that he has made a fool of himself.

After supper the stage is all set for Mr. Blum's speech in defense of his policies. It's clear, to the point and seemingly frank; there's no doubt but that Mr. Blum has more brains than his colleagues. His speaking is somewhat spoiled by the almost whining apologetic tone of his voice. He has a curious trick of clasping and unclasping his hands when he speaks, and then bringing them together as if to shake hands with himself, but instead clasping and unclasping each one separately. But in his speech there are moments of unexpected dignity and force, when you remember that people of all parties have told you that Mr. Blum is not Ramsay MacDonald. (After all there's nothing in France that corresponds to a Duchess.) At the end of his speech Mr. Blum lets loose a little trial balloon in the shape of a slip of the tongue in which he called the Front Populaire the Front Nationale.

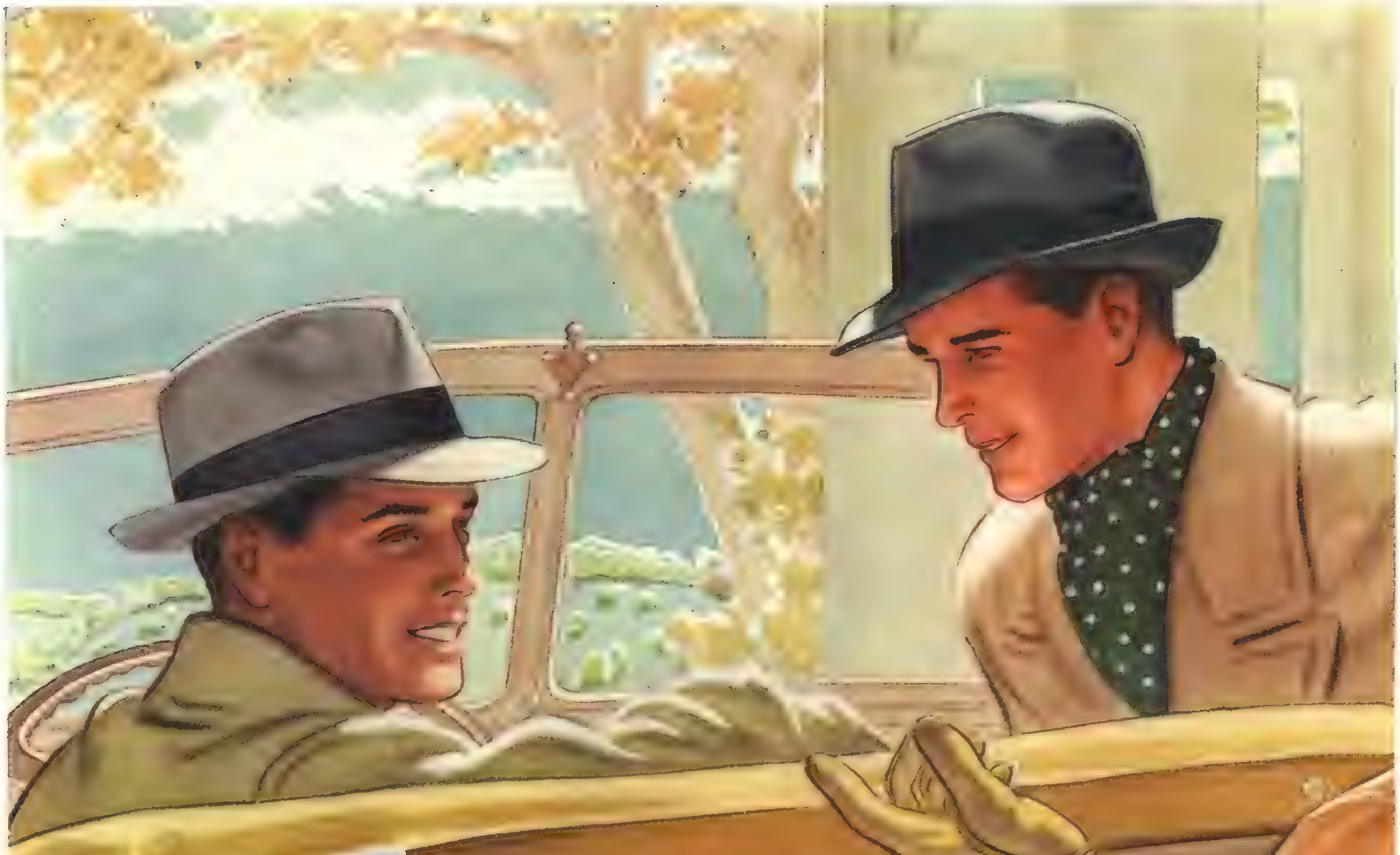
The significance of the phrase came to me sharply when a newspaper man who was playing Virgil to my Dante among French politicians took me to see the editor of the official socialist party paper, who was minister without portfolio with his office in the Ministry of Justice next to the Ritz on the Place Vendome. He was a small brown wryfaced man with a bush of white hair. He was talking over the telephone in the middle of his huge red plush and gilt ancient regime office, arguing in a sour meridional voice with someone at the other end of the line, when we were ushered in, and we couldn't help hearing what he was saying: "Amis ou non il faut les mettre dedans." (Put them in the cooler whether they're friends or not.) No, confiscation is better, saves the trouble of a lawsuit. . . . "After all," he said looking sharply at us as he laid down the receiver, "we've got to govern." When we got outside we found out what he must have been talking about. The police had just confiscated an issue of *Jeune Garde*, the young socialist paper, at the same time as they confiscated an issue of *le Flambeau* the good colonel Casimir's sheet. National seems often to be a key word when a new group of politicians attain power. National means the status quo.

5. Ville Lumière

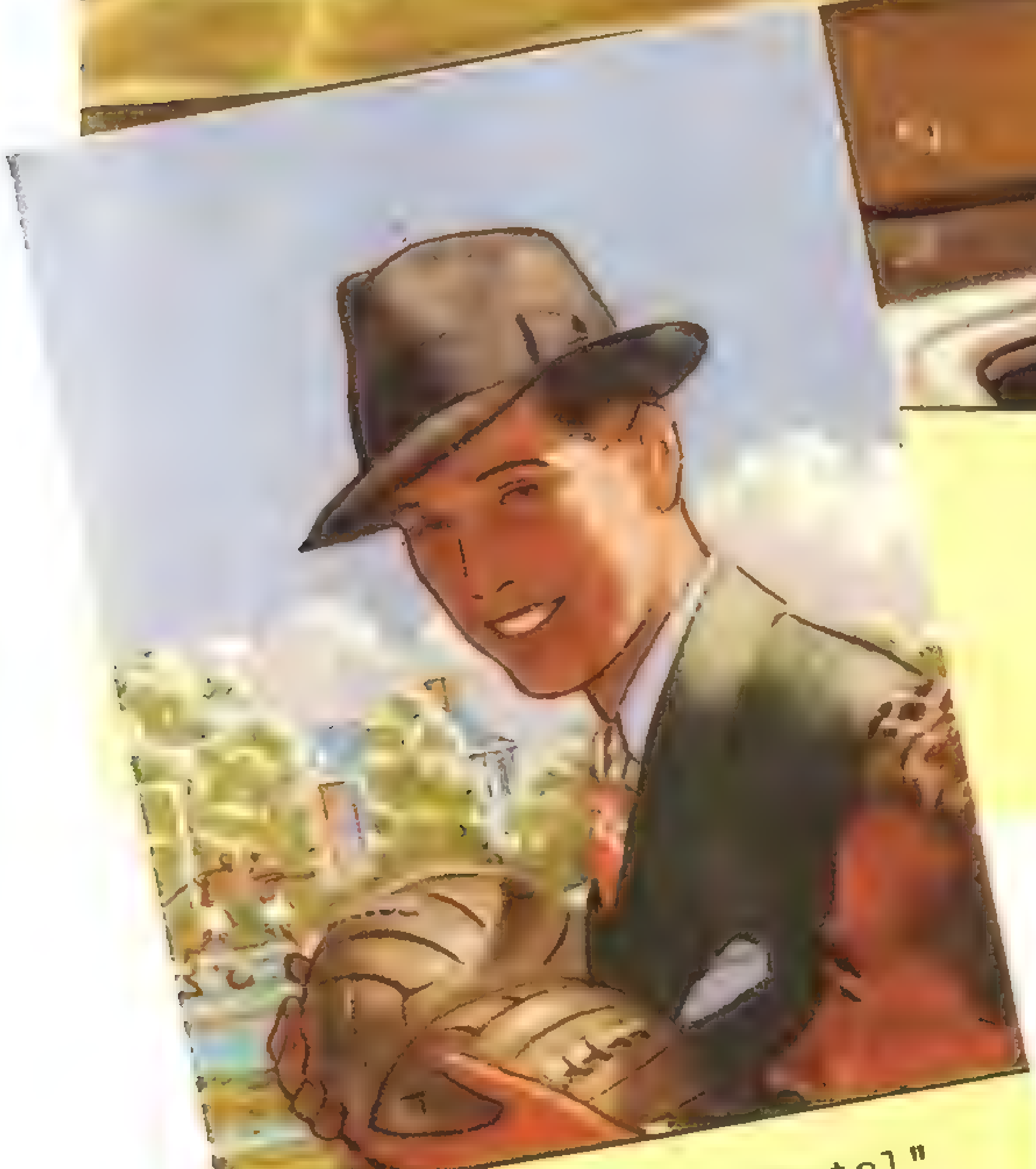
But Paris is Paris if you can get away from the chore of interviewing politicians and waiting for them in their gloomy antechambers where the furniture and carpets and the palefaced attendants with not very clean starched shirts and white ties and unbrushed liveries look as if they hadn't been changed since the days of the Sunking. The horsechestnuts are sprouting. It's spring. Now and then the sun comes out. Rosy tinted clouds mass and turn gray and scatter little showers of rain in the broad sky above the Place de la Concorde and then roll away again. It's not the keyedup international Paris capital of the world of the great days of the Peace Conference, or the Paris of the studios and concert halls in the days when the word modern made a spark when you put it next to the word art, or the old Ville Lumière of before the war that they are trying to bring back to life with artificial respiration for the Exposition, but it's an agreeable chilly springlike Paris that has the cosy feeling of an old much lived in city. The city that gives you the feeling of being something stable and permanent in a changing world of violence. It's almost the mediaeval feeling of a city protected by its walls. The feeling of being encrusted with the vagaries of generations of Parisians. Although E. Phillips Oppenheim is dead his spirit still broods over the odd and bespangled fish at the Café de la Paix.

The old men playing croquet in the Luxembourg are older than ever, but they can still totter from wicket to wicket. Everybody has pet animals. In the Tuileries Gardens one Sunday we met an elderly conciërgelooking woman leading a fox on a string. An old yellow dog ran beside the fox keeping the other dogs off him. At the Samaritaine department store they sell anacondas by the meter. In one window there was a large sign LES VAMPIRES SONT ARRIVÉS. "Bats are lovely pets," said a lady we were lunching with, "they fold up like little umbrellas." #

THIS FALL – GO GRAY IN STEEL!



Smartest hats this Fall take modern metals as their color-theme. Stetson leads the trend with two style-wise models. Left: "Durand," in chromium color felt, raw edge, pinched crown. Right: "Glenmar," in blue-steel, welt edge, with wide, deeply cupped brim.

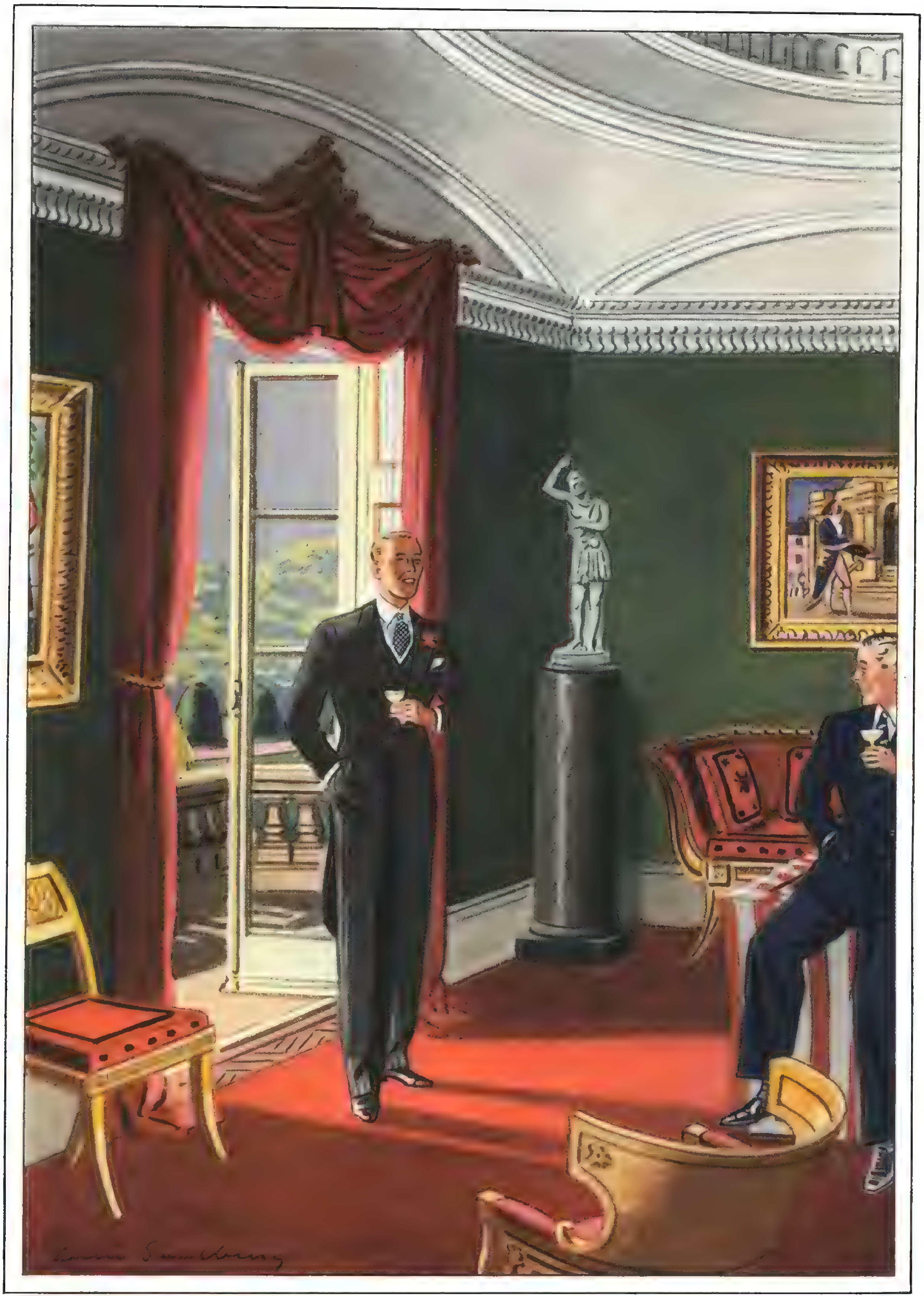


Autumn browns go "metal" too..with Stetson's copper colors well out ahead. Shown: "Frazer" in bronze ...its generous brim bound at the edge, its low crown dented in a triangle.

Go gray in *steel* or go brown in *copper*, but go Stetson! For whatever its color, the smart Stetson that you buy today will keep its smartness as long as you care to wear it. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

STETSON HATS

Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined, from $7) to $40. Air-Light Stetsons, from $5



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN ENGLAND BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The artist has used as the setting for this scene an authentic Regency drawing-room, as sketched in a famous English manor house.

CONVERSATION PIECE IN A REGENCY ROOM

BRITISH as boiled beef, this scene is nevertheless deserving of study because morning clothes, as shown on the central figure, are rapidly becoming more important on this side of the ocean. They are being worn, on Sunday afternoons and evenings, as well as for fashionable weddings. The coat is a one-button peak lapel cutaway in oxford grey without braid trimming of any kind. The fabric is cheviot or unfinished worsted. The single-breasted waistcoat is made of the same material. The trousers are of black worsted with wide-spaced white stripes, a simple fabric that has been fashionable in London for the past year. A noteworthy revival of a fashion dormant since before the war is the use of the white waistcoat vestee, with edging of washable pique, buttoned inside the V of the vest. Note the turn-down collar and four-in-hand tie which, except for weddings, have banished the wing collar and Ascot tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Sitting for a Portrait

Continued from page 72

the most boastful man. Still I wouldn't risk the portrait with any of these men. I can't see how it matters whether they are fair or not. Let them be it. I'd hate to have them conceiving about me.

They were pretty hasty about themselves, those egotists. I'd hate to have them behave the same way about me and decide, for an example, that I was of a geographical turn of mind and, therefore, depict me with a map on my knees. Future generations would not understand. And I'd become known, to show how those things work out, to future generations as that old uncle who was an incurable escapist and couldn't sit down without some immediate means of knowing where he was going next to find or lose himself.

In any case it's much better for you to study the portrait painter than to have him study you. He won't be very much interested in you as a person anyway. He'll look at you as though you were a cabbage or a still life, wonder what light to put you in so that your nose will show or how to place you so that there'll be some sort of glint in your dull eyes. You can make him think almost anything you like about your character, hobbies, etc. You can throw out hints. They don't have to be subtle. You could almost get away with just mentioning Shakespeare if you wanted to appear intellectual or snow blindness if you like the athletic touch. Horses are likely to embarrass the modern portrait painter and double or triple the price of the picture. But find out about him. Your suit won't have the proper cut if he is a foreigner. If he's mean you'll look mean.

Ask what he thinks of magazine covers. That's a leading question. If he gets so infernally furious as to sputter incoherencies you can be sure he's a bluff. But it may be that he spent his childhood doing collar-ad men and feels bad because he can't get away from his early training. Even the most sympathetic person couldn't abide looking like an collar-ad man now. It's too late. So that—though a whole set of Republican administrators used a man with similar training—he's out.

The good looking men in the advertisements now all show their teeth. Their chins are negligible. Some English and no American men have succeeded in resembling them. We must give the drawings time to sink in. But I wouldn't risk a fashionable portrait. Stress can be laid too heavily on contemporary dress and gesture. They're too fleeting. Stressed, in a few years they'll make you look like one of the beaux in the family album.

This search can become desperate. The fashionable portrait painter will certainly give you more immediate pleasure than the painter who thinks that portrait or no portrait, the thing's got to be a picture. This statement of his is usually defensive. You can take it to mean that the man can't do a likeness. He's been struggling with likenesses all his life and knows he can't do them. This has given him a certain arrogance. He will sometimes seem quite disgusted with you, look away from you when you least expect him to, go on painting for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time without ever looking in your direction. His last words will be, "The picture is the thing." This won't surprise his wife. She will have heard him say the same words over and over again in his sleep numberless times. Art isn't so easy for the artist either.

It is so impossible to define accurately the virtues women require in portraits that I have delayed saying anything about them up to this time in this serious work. And even now I tremble a little. You see I once knew a model who posed for the figures of all the female sitters of one of the most fashionable portrait painters of the boom years. Everything about this girl: hands, feet, legs, etc., was exquisite. Even the face was good. I wonder the artist didn't use it also instead of attaching such an odd assortment of heads to her beautiful body: heads of all contours and ages. The devil had a sense of harmony however, and must have been in love with this model in a frightfully ideal sort of way, for she certainly represented all womankind to him. She became so much his obsession that when a dowager of sixty had been posing for the head and the girl was now sitting for the body he would keep constantly reverting to her head too, putting some of its firmness into sagging flesh, cutting down to her youth, removing pouches, making head and body harmonize. It is incredible but this man made more than a million doing portraits of all kinds of women. Certainly they could feel that they had beaten Ponce de Leon to the fountain.

But it seems to me that the victory was incomplete—a hollow sort of thing. Youth in all its glamorous brilliance can be very unsatisfying if it doesn't somehow or some way resemble yours. But this may be inconsequential. It is bred from an arrogant fancy I have, a purely personal equation, of wanting to look like myself. Its disregard of the artist is stupendous. He should count a little. And, as a matter of fact, not so long ago when people believed in right and wrong and were positive about a number of other more important things Titian's *Portrait of a Young Man with a Glove* was considered the greatest male portrait in the world. It is still, unquestionably, a very dignified and handsome portrait. Few, if any, living young men are comparable

Continued at top of page 148

Will Ye Accept a Wee Giftie Fra' Botany?

Let Us Gie Ye this Bonnie Book on True Scottish Clans

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Because the famous Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties include a rare, fine lot of true Scottish Tartans, we've prepared a book that tells the story of the Clans in an interesting manner. From it, ye'll ken how they started, what they denote, and what Tartan your own family should wear. Like all Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties, the Tartans appeal to any man with a drop of Scottish blood in his veins...or a grain of Scottish sense in his nature. For they're fair everlastin'...never wrinkle...and the price is a bargain...one dollar only.

Don't hesitate...'twill cost you not a pence...but send the coupon, filled in, and you'll get your book.

BOTANY CALL O' THE CLANS

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MAKE THIS TEST: Ask your dealer to let you crush a handful of Botany Ties. Note how they spring back to fresh smoothness. If you can't locate a dealer, write us, and we will direct you.

TRUE SCOTSMEN WILL PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST-CARD

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Please send, free, my copy of the Botany Call O' The Clans.
My name ....
Address ....
....
My men's wear dealer is ....

BOTANY ROBES, TOO, ARE AVAILABLE IN AUTHENTIC TARTANS...A MAR-R-VELOUS TRAVELING ROBE, FOR IT PACKS TO A WEE SPACE IN A GRIP

The Botany Tie • The Botany Robe • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

Sitting for a Portrait

Continued from pages 72-147

to it inside or outside. The rub is in that the sitter is unknown. All the painstaking research of the longest noses in the family of official snoopers has been unable to uncover this young god's identity.

The fact that he owned a very beautiful glove, the best, as far as all the records show, in the high Renaissance, has been no help. The fact that he would make Clark Gable look very badly assembled doesn't seem to matter. The young Venetian has no identity. He is perfect and no men, young or old, are perfect. Now if I had been the sitter for this portrait, and there must have been a sitter, I should never forgive that confounded old master for having failed to record my particular imperfection.

Indeed if I were getting my portrait done I should absolutely refuse to sit for a man with an ideal. Nor would I sit, for that matter, for a painter who has arrived at any foregone conclusion whatever. He will, like the idealist, squeeze you into that conclusion as a matter of course, and completely without pity. The man to find looking for a portrait painter is one as completely empty as an actor. He will be able to play your part without too much intrusion of his own. ⧺

American Woman Abroad

Continued from page 71

Escorted by her husband and the native dragoman, the trio wandered at midnight through streets lined with women whose remarks the lady could not understand. At one point she was a couple of steps behind the two men. They heard a shout, looked round to see her being pulled into a doorway and struggling with a beefy amazon for her life. The terrified dragoman managed to rescue her and get them all safely out of the district, returning them to the hotel, a frightened individual. Not so the lady. She was hugely pleased with herself and spent most of the next day recounting the incident to anyone who would listen.

"Now please take me to the night clubs," asked an American woman visiting a friend married to one of our consular agents in a little city between Beirut and Bagdad. Vainly her friend tried to explain that in Syria as in South Dakota, folks went to bed when it was dark. But the visitor insisted. She wanted to "see life." As there was no one else available, she finally went off with her chauffeur for a tour of the few flea-infested Arab coffee houses that were not closed at that hour.

This is the open season on the American woman abroad. By plane, by motor, by bicycle, by rowboat and by caravan and camel she will be plunging into the most remote places on the globe, regardless of the consequences and heedless of the trouble she will cause numerous harrassed officials of every nation from Washington to Timbuktu. This is not to say she won't also be making life miserable for tourist agents, stewards, hotel concierges, wretched guides and dragomen in Europe, Asia and on the high seas. She and her colleagues will be holding up long lines in the ticket offices, trying to decide whether to fly or take the Golden Arrow from London to Paris.

Meanwhile her friend is over at the money counter changing her express checks from dollars to francs, marks, and lira, venting her opinion on countries that have such currencies; countries where, if you'll believe it, they don't even have soap in the hotel rooms! And no butter with dinner, either!

"Now I want five hundred marks. Five hundred please. Let me see, what is this coin? A half crown. How much is that? Oh, I see. And a half crown is worth half a dollar isn't it? It isn't. Sixty cents. Oh dear, I'll never get all this money straight. How much did you say the lira is worth today? Five point two six? What does that point two six mean? Oh . . . I see. And these, these are the same as lira, aren't they? They aren't? Goodness, why don't they make their money so folks can understand it, like ours. Now here's my francs, and here's my lira, and this . . . how much is this in real money?"

The man behind the window smiles wanly. He has heard every bad joke Americans have made about foreign money that has been made since the time of Will Rogers, and before. The long line shuffles uneasily behind her. She picks up her various currencies, counts them, comments upon them, and finally stows them away, the while giving the clerk the benefit of her opinion about nations that cannot keep at peace with each other and have to call upon the United States to send troops across to win the war.

Finally there is a sigh of relief. She moves away and the line edges forward as the next man steps to the window. In five minutes she is back again, shoving the innocent bystander from his point of vantage.

"Look here, young man, I asked for five hundred dollars worth of marks, not five hundred marks. Oh yes I did. You can't put one over on me." And she glares up and down the line. "You have to watch these foreigners every minute."

No, the American woman abroad is not the most popular of travelers. If you have watched her in action you soon understand why. ⧺

Pour Monsieur

О-ДЕ-КОЛОНЬ
ДЛЯ
МУЖЧИНЬ
MEN'S
ΣAU DE COLO
PARIS-FRANCE
NEW
О-ДЕ-КОЛОНЬ
ДЛЯ
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MEN'S
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FLACONS
$1 AND $2

MEN'S
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Exclusively for men, this new virile refreshant recalls seasoned leather . . . fine tobaccos . . . old liqueurs with an exhilarating dash of deep cedar forests.

Use it when preparing for a busy day, for vigorous sports and the leisure hours that follow — enjoy the sense of freshness and well being it creates. As a daily refreshant after shower and shave it is stimulating, invigorating — imparting a self assurance that is manly and sportive . . . yet embodied with an air of subtle elegance.

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"THE ESSENCE THAT QUICKENED THE PULSE OF KINGS"
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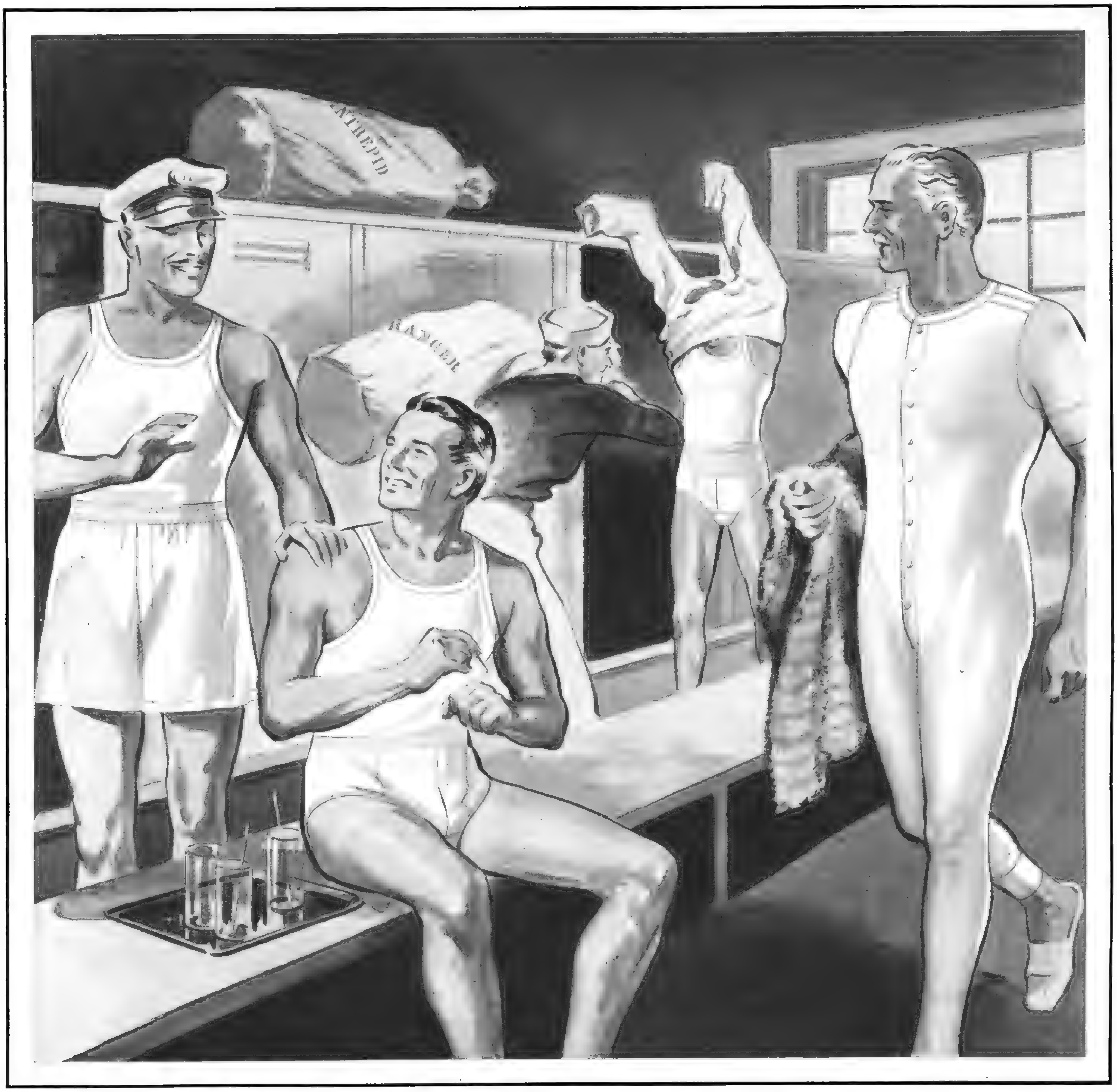


FOR SMART STYLE . . . AND TRIM TAILORED *Comfort*

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT . . .

1. The chap with the nautical cap wears a comfortable Munsingwear Rayon knit shirt and a short—both made of run-resist Rayon specially processed by Munsingwear. Elastic top holds garment snug and trim to waistline.

2. Next (seated) wears Munsingwear's SKIT-Short, and shirt specially cut to fit inside the SKIT-Short. SKIT-Shorts have a patented no-gap buttonless fly, Lastex waistband and elastic 'round the leg openings. Or you may choose a Munsingwear SKIT-Suit that looks exactly like short and shirt.

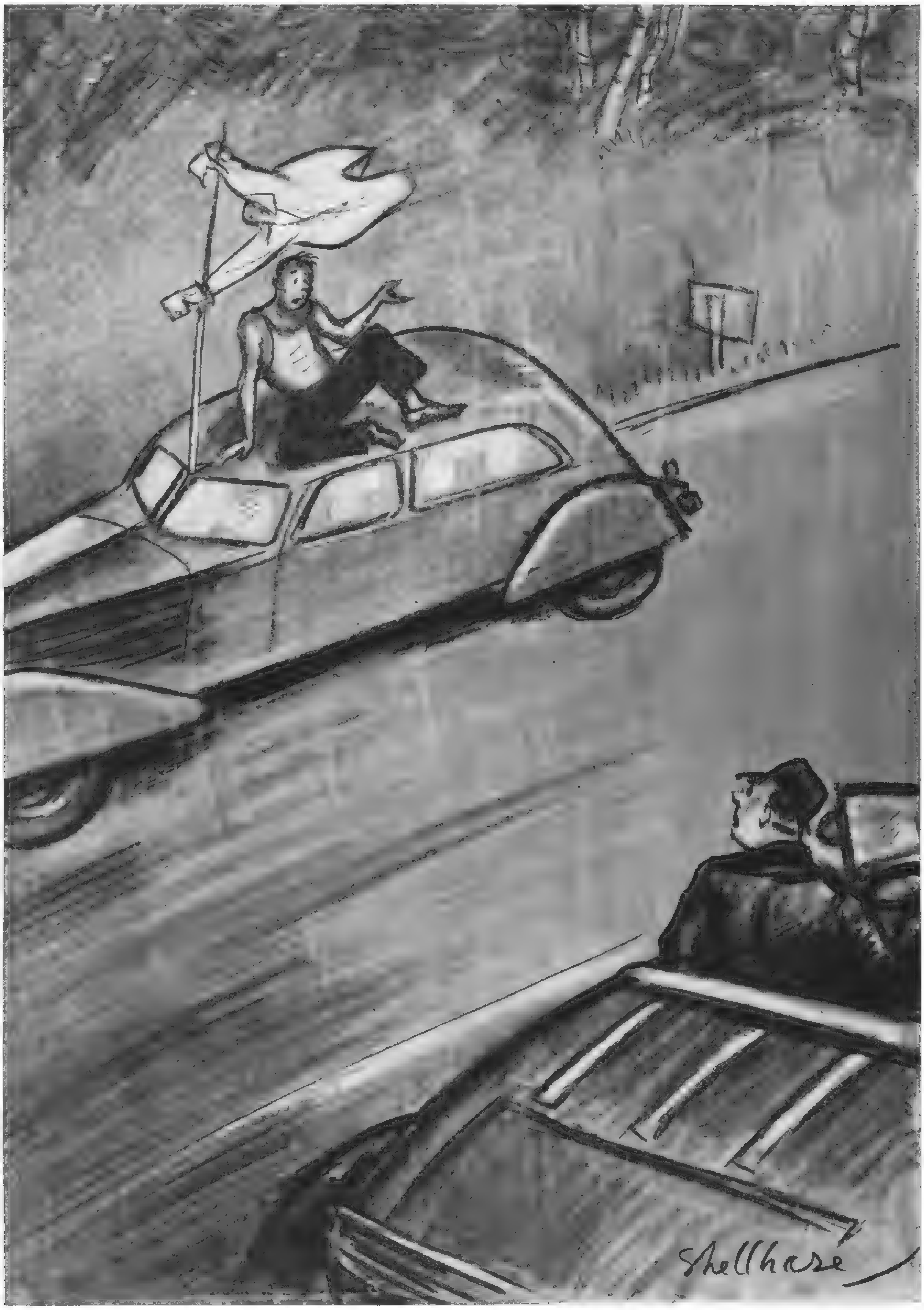
3. The man diving into his sweat-shirt achieves figure trimness with Munsingwear's Supporter-SKIT, a two-in-one garment that provides both a smartly tailored short and an abdominal supporter of firm Lastex to assist sagging muscles.

4. The last gentleman to the right takes his comfort in a Munsingwear knitted union suit, one of Munsingwear's complete line of quality-knitted undergarments—every style and fabric for every type of figure.

MUNSING *Wear*

FOR MEN

Wherever men gather who demand smart tailored comfort, you'll find Munsingwear undergarments the outstanding favorite. The inside story of Munsingwear's extreme wearability is that every garment is carefully designed to prevent creeping, bunching or binding. Every line is easy, comfortable, every seam flat-tailored. And the peculiar thing is that all this comfort costs you no more. There's a quality store near you that sells Munsingwear undergarments—ask for them by name. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.



"I'm out of gas!"

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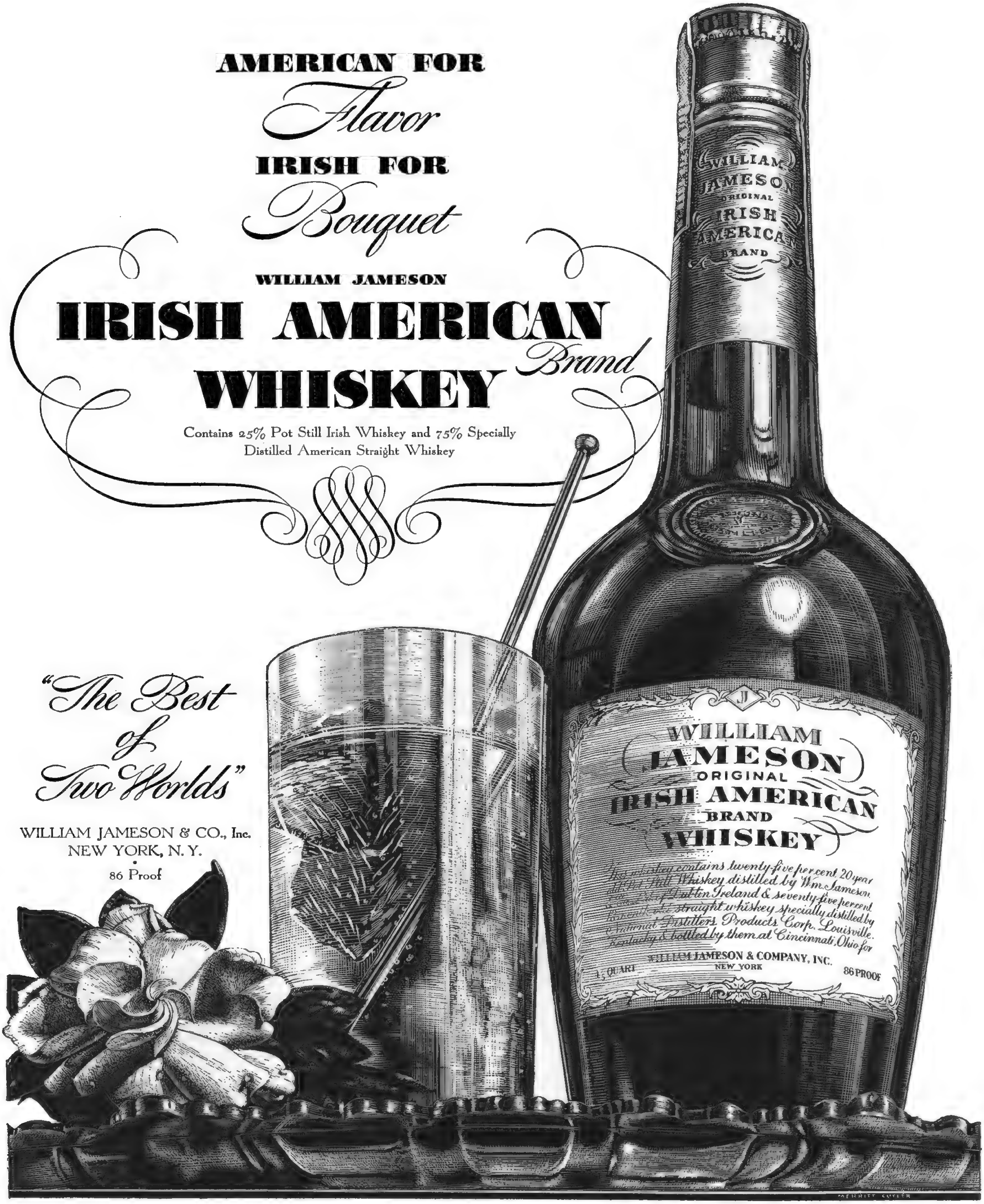
Distilled American Straight Whiskey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BRAND
WHISKEY
whiskey contains twenty-five per cent 20 year old Pot Still Whiskey distilled by Wm. Jameson Dublin Ireland & seventy-five percent straight whiskey specially distilled by National Distillers Products Corp. Louisville, Kentucky & bottled by them at Cincinnati, Ohio for
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NEW YORK
1/5 QUART
86 PROOF

"The Best of Two Worlds"

WILLIAM JAMESON & CO., Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
•
86 Proof

A Secretary talks about her Boss

"I'm a good secretary to him and he knows it. But I do wish he weren't so old-fashioned. He's not an old-fogey, really. As a matter of fact, he's real nice looking. But I know what those wrinkles creeping around his eyes are from. *He* thinks it's hard work. I know it's because he does some things two or three times when he could get them done at once.

"Take the correspondence, for instance. He reads the letters when they come in—puts them to one side to answer later—all in a bunch. If he had an Ediphone at his elbow, he'd just pick up the receiver and answer right away—no different than using his telephone.

"Of course, I'm not complaining...much, I mean. He *means* to get his dictation done before he leaves the office at noon. But he seldom does. And there *I* am explaining to the boy-friend why I'm late again. And he doesn't get to his golf game after all—or he misses seeing that important customer he *surely* meant to see that afternoon.

"Really, I think he's awfully foolish. He's letting detail ride him too hard. He and I could both gets lots more done if he'd adopt Ediphone Voice Writing. He'd have a better job. And so would I."

An Ediphone permits you to handle instructions, memos, inquiries, letters, reminder-dates, the minute you *think* about them...increases your personal business capacity 20% to 50%. For every activity where "your voice points the way," use an Ediphone. Investigate! For details telephone the Ediphone, your city, or write Dept. E37, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., West Orange, New Jersey.

VOICE-WRITE WITH THE

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The Edison Invention for Business

PREFERENCE FOR EDIPHONE PERSISTS

The Sympathetic Heart

Continued from page 83

prisingly few asked for advice. But anyway he had long ago determined that to give advice was to tamper with destiny.

When the dark-eyed girl was ushered in Doctor Gluck was standing at the window, looking down upon the apartment house across the street. He reflected that people who lived in the tenements never had need for such as himself. Shouting across areaways and conversing from window to window probably furnished as nice a relief for the pent-up problems of the poor as any his own elaborate offices could afford.

"These walls," he said, turning to the girl, "hear everything and can repeat nothing. You must regard me as no less and no more than they are. Only the heart of God hears and responds."

The girl flushed and hastily sat down on the edge of the nearest chair. "I had to come to you!" she burst out. "There's no one I can talk to. There's no reason why Jerry's mother should want . . . She has a beautiful home of her own and servants . . ."

Doctor Gluck sat down and added to the geometrics on his scratch-pad. His client felt wretched and poured out her troubles volubly but the doctor kept his head down. When the half-hour light finally flashed he looked up at her and saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "I'm sorry, my dear," he said softly. "If you could sit here and listen to the problems of the world as I do day after day you would realize how strong each one of us must be and how carefully we must try to do just what is right."

She flicked a tear from her eyelashes. "I feel better already, Doctor Gluck. How you can sit there and listen all day long! I don't know what I would have done without you." He gave her a benign smile.

When the girl was gone he sat awhile reflecting on the day's callers, twelve of them. Except for one Friday last month that was the best he had done so far and Miss Slade had bookings now for the next two weeks. People who balked at the priested confessional came eagerly to "The Sympathetic Heart." The title was a happy one, the doctor mused, it spoke their language.

The door of the room opened and a large florid woman swept in. "Elder," she boomed, "if we're going to dinner at the Normans' we'll have to hurry!"

He did not stir.

She strode across the room and rapped her knuckles sharply on the corner of his desk. "Elder!"

Doctor Gluck looked up startled.

"Oh," he said. Quickly he reached into a drawer. Just behind his ear he adjusted the tiny black hearing device, the phone cords trailing down into his coat pocket. "I'm sorry, my dear," the Listener murmured apologetically. "Did you say something to me?" ⧺

By Trial and Error

Continued from page 91

meat must have reached her. He put his head into the pilot house and called to her.

"*Hé là bas!* Wake up. The storm is over. Come on down and eat."

He couldn't make her out. She had changed. What had happened? Had all of the joy gone out of her life? She certainly lacked gratitude for one thing.

But she had not lost her appetite. She ate heartily.

"Eat plenty," he told her. "You might have to wait some hours before the rescuers find you. That will be something, *hein?* When I see you again it will be hard for me not to wink at you over the secret that is between us."

She stared at him but did not smile. All of this was beginning to get on Henri's nerves. Since the adventure had to end this way he would be glad to get it over with. Then he would sit down and count the cost.

It was a short run across the bay. The camp was on the shell pile on the bayou, but the posts on one side were broken and the roof was gone.

"Do you see what a terrible time you would have had?" he asked. "Let me help you ashore. I must get away before some boat passes and I am seen here. Here is a bottle of water. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. It won't be long before they come for you. Good by."

She stared at him with the expression that puzzled him, and smiled.

"Thank you for what you did for me. You might not think it but I am grateful, and I am willing to prove my gratitude."

Her words almost angered Henri. If she wished to show her appreciation she had let the proper time pass. She was not sincere.

"No," he replied. "I did not do what I did for the reason that you thought. You are going to have a bad confession to make to the priest. Maybe he will not believe you, but I will not make it worse. Good by."

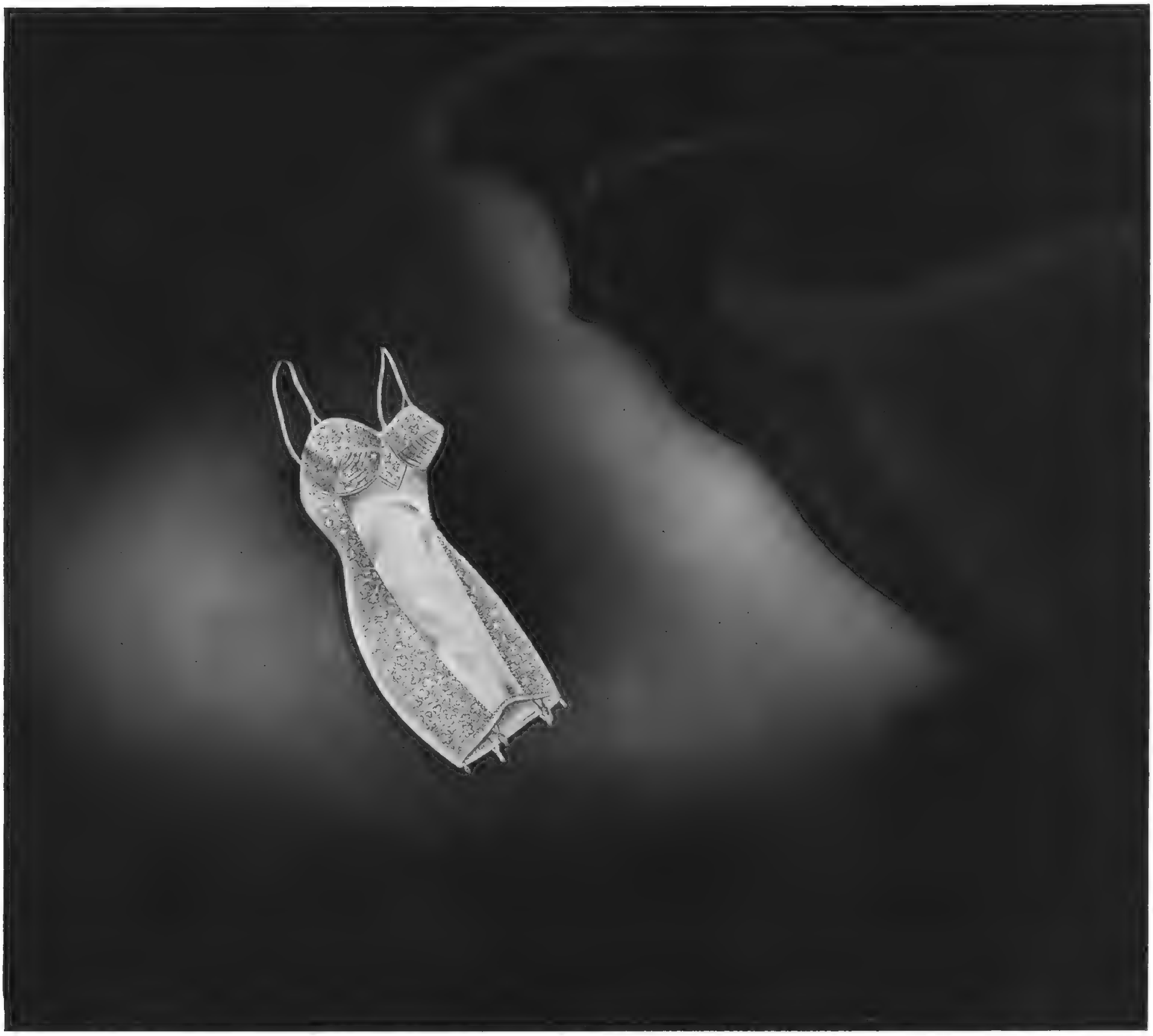
She called something to him but he did not hear as he stuck his head out of the pilot house to see where he was backing out.

A crowd was gathered in the shipping shed when he came up the canal.

"*Mais jamais!*" cried one of the men. "Where did you pass the storm? And what you went out for in a weather like that?"

"I was looking for shrimp in the bay. I caught a nice load, but the storm hit me and I couldn't get back; so I made for the bayou that runs behind the little *chênière*. I passed the storm very well behind the trees."

Continued on page 154



ALL THE WORLD LOVES . . . LOVELINESS!

. . . ESPECIALLY THE LADIES WHO LIKE ESQUIRE, TOO . . .

"Luralace"

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS—*"with that artful uplift"*—STYLED BY HICKORY

For beautiful . . . youthful . . . contour control . . . smart moderns are adopting these new . . . enchanting creations for Fall by Hickory . . . in Sets of Three . . . Foundation (for formal), Girdle (for about-town) and Pantie (for spectator and sportswear) . . . or separately.

Even those sylphlike debutantes who never wore foundations before . . . adore these magic minimums 'neath the season's modes . . . their wizardry at firm control blends harmoniously with their captivating comfort. What wonders they do for the silhouette . . . and Fall frocks!

Style sketched is "Luralace"—with controlling Lastex lace side panels, up-and-down stretch satin Lastex panels front and back. Stitched lower portion of bra to hold and mold, divided lace uplift. Adjustable shoulder straps. Inviz-a-Grip garters. $12.50. (Also available in Girdle, $7.50.)

. . .

BEAUTIFUL • YOUTHFUL
CONTOUR CONTROL

HICKORY

Other lovely favorites by Hickory include: "Seamless Sis," "Rio Rita," "Rhapsody," "Scoop" and "Princess Chic" Foundations—$3.50 to $7.50. Girdle and Pantie priced proportionately less.

A. Stein & Company Chicago, New York, Toronto, Buenos Aires

IT'S *Contagious*

She married a
SQUIRMER

Someone should tell him about
Y-FRONTS

● It's impolite to squirm. People find it difficult to concentrate when a squirmer is present. Yet chances are that he's only a victim of his underwear—loose, bunchy under-garments fitted only at the waist.

Look at the picture at the right. See how snugly those Y-Fronts by Coopers (illustrated in the thigh length) are fitted to the body. No excess material anywhere to creep, bunch, or create bulges. Y-Fronts put an end to discomfort, and stop your squirming before it starts!

The ingenious Y-Front is an exclusive Coopers feature. Y-Front masculinized undergarments fit the masculine figure snugly everywhere, giving gentle support —increased freedom for the active man. The elastic Coopers knit holds your Y-Fronts in shape—prevents binding in any position. Learn for yourself the comfort of Y-Fronts. No bunching, no binding, and no buttons. A complete selection of varied lengths to choose from: Jockey, which is very brief; thigh; knee; calf; and ankle. Shirts—sleeveless or short sleeves. The garment 50 cents and up.

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Y-Fronts in the 6" length and Jockey Shorts are available in ingrain color at 65c and 75c. In extra-fine white silk and Durene fabric at $1.00.

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Your dealer has varied lengths for your selection. If you don't know his name, write us!

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By Trial and Error

Continued from pages 91-152

"Say," asked another, "did you see Alcide's camp when you crossed the bay?"

"It is down on one side and the roof is gone."

"Lalie is in it."

"You don't say so. Is some one going to see how she made out?"

"We won't have time. Alcide died. They cut off one of his legs at the hospital and he died. They sent his body down on the train last night just before the storm took. A hell of a time for a wake, *je vous garantis*. They are going to bury him at two, so you see that we would hardly have time to go and come back in time."

"How's that Alcide's people left her out there and why haven't they sent to get her in time for the funeral?"

"They say that she will have to take for herself. Now that Alcide is dead they are not going to bother with her."

"And her father?"

"He says it is not his affair. Already he has more mouths than he can feed."

"I did not think that a father could be that hard."

"When people are poor it is easy to be hard."

"And you think that he is right? You are a rotten lot, all of you. Tell them that I have gone to look for Lalie. And if I hear any bad remarks I am going to beat the hell out of the one that makes them."

Henri went out at top speed. When he came in sight of the camp Lalie was sitting on the shell pile. He landed at what was left of the wharf and went ashore.

"Lalie, I have bad news for you. Alcide is dead. They are burying him today at two. It is almost that time now."

Lalie rose to her feet.

"So he is dead? And they are about to bury him? And they didn't send for me?"

A breeze was blowing from the river. From over the marsh came the tolling of the church bell.

"DONG! . . . DONG! . . . DONG! . . . DONG! . . . DONG! . . . DONG! . . . DONG!"

"So the priest is to make a ceremony over so good a man? It will not be enough. I shall make one out here too."

She extended her arms, making the signs of her faith, as if she were swinging the censer with smoking incense and blessing the corpse.

"Dum-dum," she chanted, "dum-dum dum-dum-dum dum-dum-dum, dum-dum-dum. Dum-dum-dum dum-dum dum dum-dum-dum-dum. Dum-dum-dum dum-dum-dum."

In a mocking voice she sang the response.

"Dum dum dum-dum-dum dum-dum."

"Stop, Lalie," Henri called to her. "What you are doing is a sacrilege. He is dead. Don't make a mockery of his burial."

She turned upon him.

"Who are you to tell me this? Do you know what misery passed with Alcide, the suffering, the shame? I am no hypocrite. I am free from him and I am glad. After I make a sermon I shall sing and dance."

"Don't," he begged. "Just forget everything."

"How can I? His people did not send for me when they saw the storm coming. My own father forgot me. If I had had a pirogue or a skiff I could have escaped before the bay got rough. I was like a rat in a trap. It is easy to tell me to forget that."

"I came for you, didn't I? And I shall always be near when you need me. As soon as the priest allows it we shall be married."

"Married? Haven't I passed enough misery without going through more tied to you? No, my friend. I don't want to marry you. You are too good. You are better than St. Anthony. When you lay down by my side last night and slept the angels in Heaven killed themselves laughing and even God smiled. Henri, you might think that you are a man but I don't believe it."

Henri got weak. He sat down upon a ledge of the shell pile. All the blood in his body seemed to rise in the columns of his neck and suffuse in his face. His brain reeled, his temples throbbed, his ears rang. Lalie stood before him in a frenzy.

"If you were a man, and had courted me like one, I never would have married Alcide. When I saw you, yesterday, I was so glad that I cried out. I wanted you to hold out your arms to me and I wanted to throw myself into them. At the sight of you I had forgotten that there was a storm. And what did you do? You told me about the shrimp that you lost coming to save me. And last night . . . You ought to drown yourself in penance for what you made me endure."

"But, belle," he stammered, "I was exhausted. This morning, why didn't you smile at me. I would have understood. Why didn't you offer?"

"Offer? A man would have taken."

Henri rose unsteadily to his feet.

"There are limits. You have the hard head."

She warded him off with her hands.

"Don't, Henri. The angels laughed enough last night."

He pinioned her hands above her head, squeezing the breath from her body. When she revived her screams rang over the marsh. When he relinquished her she lay moaning, beating the shells with the backs of her hands.

"Now tell me that I am not a man," he said, standing over her."

"No, you are not. You are a brute and don't know respect for a woman. As if this was the time to abuse me like you have done—when they are burying my hus-

Continued at top of page 157

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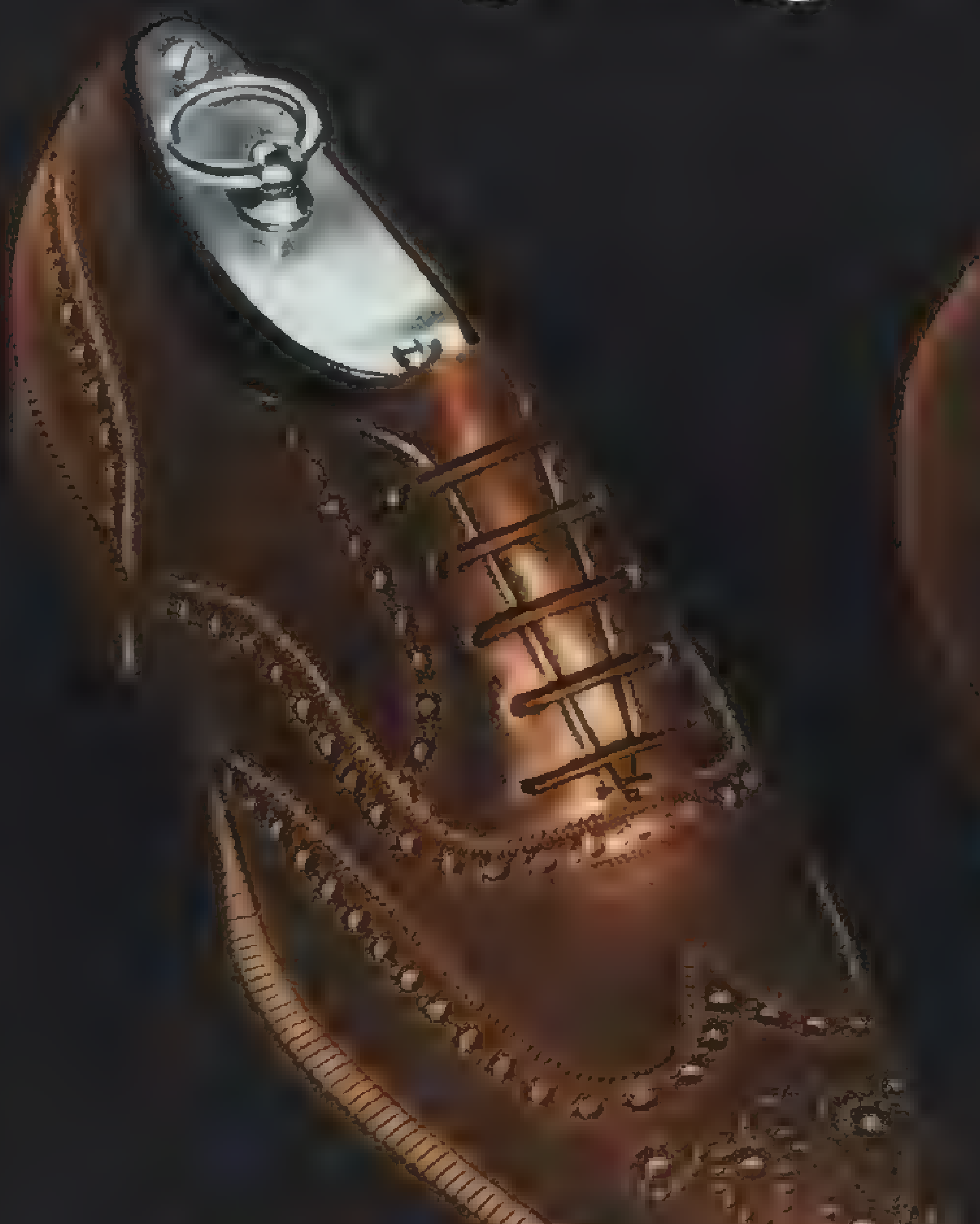

The Windsor
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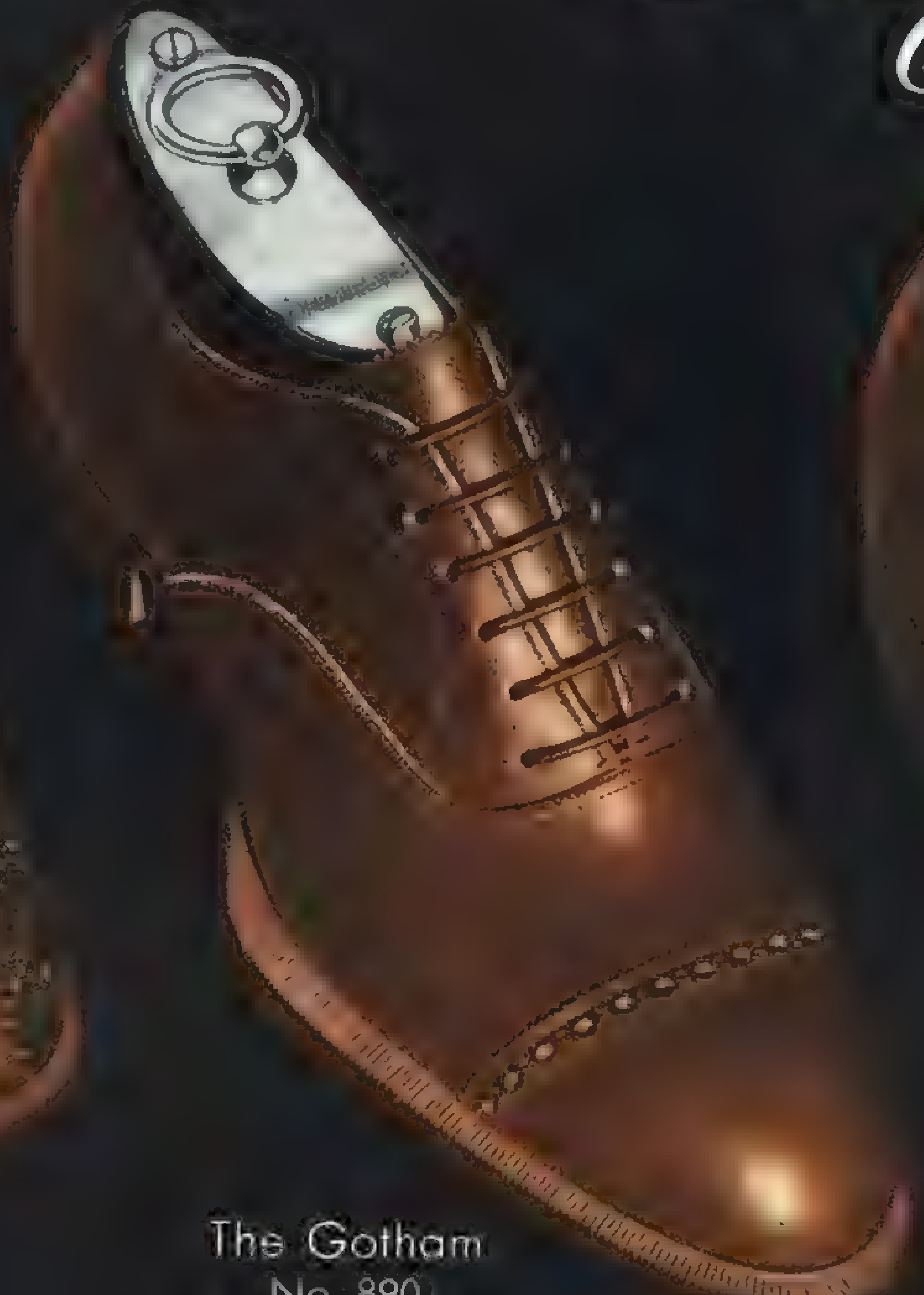

The Gotham
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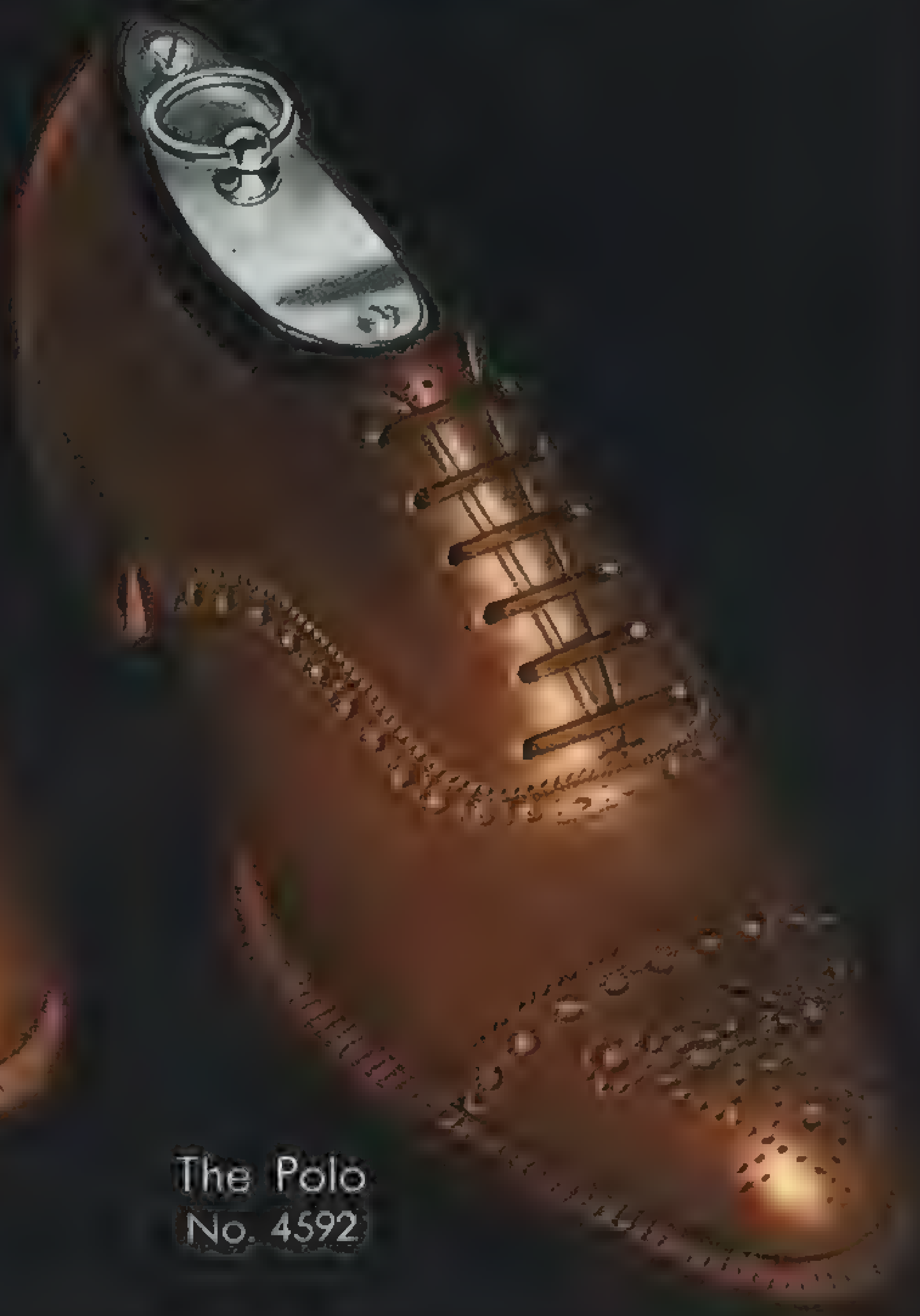

The Polo
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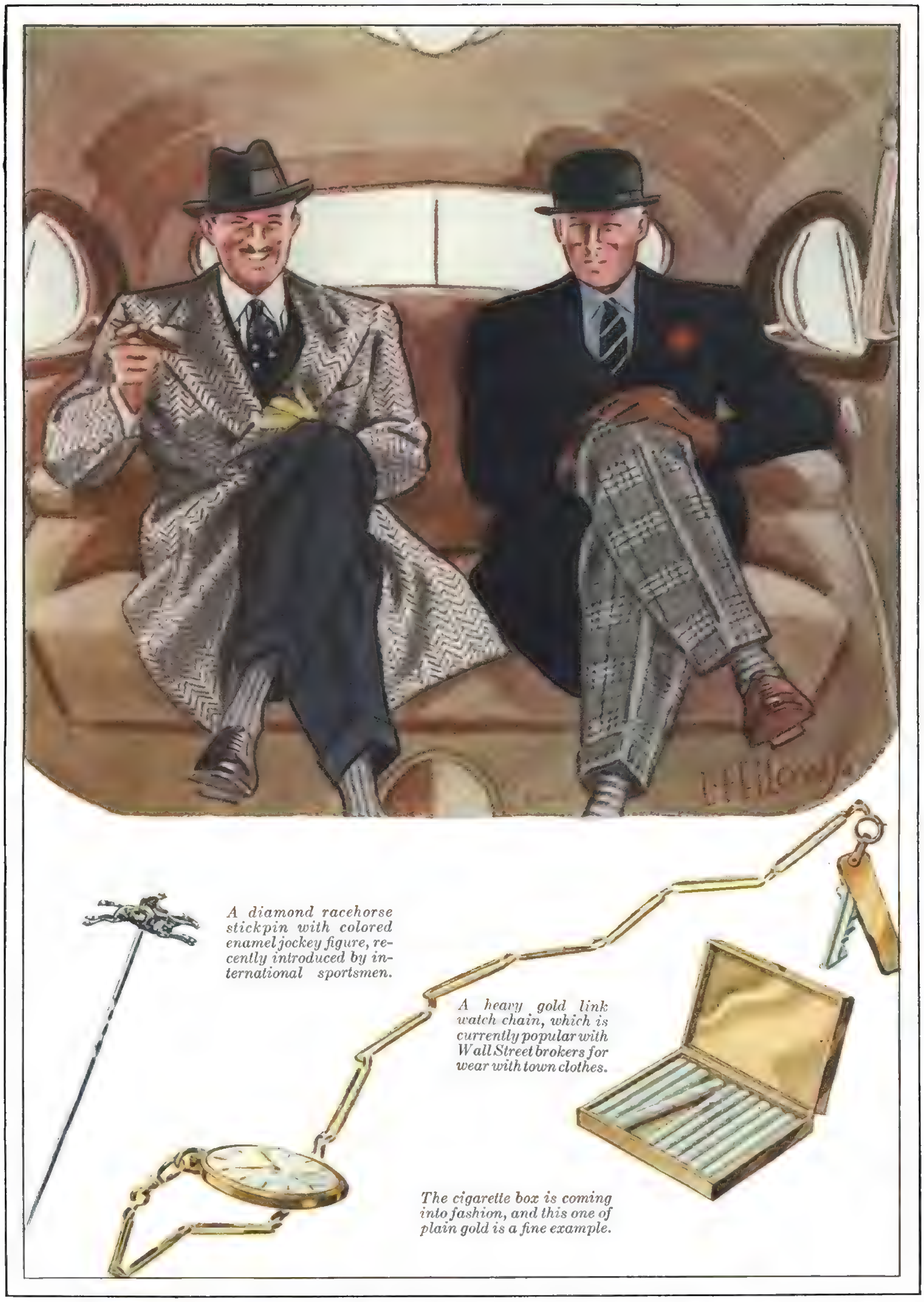

A diamond racehorse stickpin with colored enamel jockey figure, recently introduced by international sportsmen.

A heavy gold link watch chain, which is currently popular with Wall Street brokers for wear with town clothes.

The cigarette box is coming into fashion, and this one of plain gold is a fine example.

FANCIES AND FOIBLES OF MEN ABOUT TOWN

There's a nice balance between stiff formality and relaxed informality in each of these two outfits for town wear. On the left, the relieving touch is afforded by the cheviot tweed double-breasted topcoat (which has but four buttons) against the rather somber tone of the unfinished worsted suit, the wide spaced blue stripes of the shirt, and the dark satin tie with spaced figures. Ribbed lisle hose, plain black calf shoes, black Homburg and yellow buckskin gloves, complete the turnout. In the other instance, the rather austere combination of flat set derby and Chesterfield is offset by the semi-sports nature of the grey Glen plaid Saxony suiting with a blue overplaid and the soft shirt with lounge collar to match. The tie is a regimental stripe, the shoes are brown calf on a town last with perforated toe-caps and the light weight wool hose have horizontal stripes. The coat has a button through front.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

By Trial and Error

Continued from pages 91-152-154

band. You have no shame."

"And you have no sense. You don't know what you want. Mention Alcide's name to me again and I will give you another dose of what you have just had. Get your clothes and go on the boat."

"To go where? I am not wanted at the River. You have torn my dress. The clothes in the camp are wet."

Henri went into the tilted camp and made her scant supply of clothing into a bundle. He took her in his arms and carried her aboard. When he had lifted the half-hitches of the mooring rope from a post he stood for a moment looking over the marsh. He could see the steeple of the church in front of the line of willows that marked the course of the River. He glanced at Lalie in the bunk. She was lying upon her face, sobbing. He headed for the upper end of the bay.

When he had made fast in the bayou behind the oaks and returned to the pilot house Lalie was sitting on the bunk.

"Why did you bring me here, Henri?" she asked.

"To allow you to dry your clothes and put on your best dress to go Front. I have a few scratches in my face that I would like to heal before the people see me. Besides, you may still have some doubts that I might have to remove."

Lalie shuddered.

"I was outside of my head. I was not myself from the moment I saw that I had made a mistake marrying Alcide. I am sorry for the things that I told you, and I don't blame you for being rough with me."

Henri sat upon the bunk by her and drew her to him.

"And you will marry me?"

"When you say. You don't know how much I love you and what a good wife I will be."

"Oo!" he teased. "What a penance Père Romer will put on us when we go to see him!"

"Let's not go to him," she whispered, "but wait until he comes to us." #

A Deep Sea Story

Continued from page 69

haps, the squid were wholly boneless and the sperm had teeth only in his lower jaw and sockets in his upper. He had only to crunch on jelly.

While the squid hunt was in progress countless scavengers of the sea were drawn in from afar to feed upon the leavings of the leviathans. Out of nowhere a great raft of tiny red sea lice appeared, billions in number, floating upon the surface of the waters. Such small fish or ends of several tentacles as floated in their path would be seen to seethe redly for a moment or two as the mass flowed over them, then dissolve magically as if under the action of some exceedingly powerful acid. A pair of lean yellow nurse sharks and two score or more of dog fish and blue-pointers cruised ceaselessly about the fringes of the herd, with the unlovely wavering motion of their kind, snapping like wolves at the floating scraps. But all these melted away presently at the approach of a monster of their kind, a great bone shark, a creature in some ways like a whale, with baleen plates for teeth, bleached white and built like a torpedo. The bone shark is one of the rarest monsters of the sea, an almost mythical dweller of the depths, for no specimen has ever been captured by man. This one was nearly forty feet long and swift as a bonito. Not content with routing the other sea jackals and seizing what floating scraps lay on the surface, he presently launched an attack on one of the whale calves. A triangular wound suddenly showed in the calf's tender side, exposing the layer of close-packed hair beneath, relic of the far-off time when the ancestors of the whales had been land-dwelling creatures dwelling in the forest. Some unguessed signal suddenly brought the old leader of the herd to the rescue. With a roar as of waterfalls the big bull breached, flinging his bulk almost clear of the water. His jaws clashed shut just behind the tail of the ogre of the deep.

The chase that followed led down and down into indigo depths where no sunlight ever penetrated and nothing ever occurred to relieve the still cold and motionless calm. And it was there that the old leader had the grimmest experience of his eventful life.

Rushing downward into the spectral dark below the fifty-fathom level, following the water currents left in the wake of the shark, he was abruptly assailed by the strong reek of musk. And musk meant squid close by. Hunger assailing him instantly, he left off his chase and slowed his rushing descent. Abruptly two livid white streamers over forty feet in length and big around as flag poles shot toward him out of the darkness—tentacles of a giant cuttlefish armed and deadly as fanged sea snakes. Their flattened ends were covered with rows of sucking disks, the size of dinner plates, and set with tiger-like claws. Like living reatas they flung themselves about the whale to draw him downward. Nothing loath, the old sperm shot down into a veritable network of shorter tentacles, his jaws snapping and shearing.

Ensued a titanic struggle down there in the stygian shadows, for the squid was a monster of his kind, the largest the old leader had ever seen. His bulk was greater even than that of the whale and at the outset the creature strove with a devilish craft to encircle the whale's head with its

Continued on page 158

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Look for the label on the garment··· Look for this mark on the cloth . . .

A Deep Sea Story

Continued from pages 69-157

arms and thus hold the great jaws powerless. For a time he succeeded for the strength of those bloodless arms was unbelievable, but finally the big sperm succeeded in rolling completely over like an auger and bursting free. Then his twenty-foot jaws gaped and snapped again and again like a huge mowing machine, shearing off the tips of the death-pale streamers that sought to snare him. One tentacle he chewed off at its base. In pain and fury the giant polyp flung himself bodily upon the whale lashing out with all his arms, tearing at the tough black hide with claws and suckers, gashing with the huge parrot-like beaks that curved over his gaping maw.

The struggle now began to look desperate for the whale. With the increasing depth the sea was claiming her toll of oxygen from his great body. Ordinarily he could stay down for two hours, but the pressure of this great depth and the strain of the battle were telling on him, and the sheer weight of the huge cuttle was dragging him deeper. His jaws, however, were not pinned now and grimly he set about sawing his way right through the pallid bulk of the squid, from top to bottom.

Up on the surface the rest of the whale school took no heed of the fray. Now and then pieces of severed tentacles rose to the surface, which were quickly gobbled up by the young of the pod. All knew the usual outcome of such affairs. The battle almost always went to the whale.

But at that time, down in the blackness near the three-thousand foot-level beyond which no dweller of the upper ocean may pass and live, their leader was struggling for his very life. If he were drawn down a bit further the pressure would be fatal to him. Already he had called upon his last resource, the supply of oxidized blood all whales carry stored in the enormous coils and convolutions of arteries below their spines. As the fresh supply of purified blood flowed through his veins, he rallied fiercely, and for a space his waning might was restored to him. It would last but a space of minutes he knew, and he made the most of it. As his steam-saw jaws began shearing again with redoubled power, the enemy churned the water into a maelstrom with his siphon and shot forth gouts of sepia, darkening the water like ink. And ink it was of a sort. It was the cuttle's black flag of defeat, for though the bull sperm had not realized it, the squid had also been driven to the limit of his powers.

Releasing his hold the monster reversed his downward plunge and fled away for his life on a long diagonal leading upward. The whale followed close, gaining new power with every upward fathom, and neither the cuttle's speed nor the clouds of ink he left behind availed him. The whale kept ever beneath and thus up and up the battle went, the sperm ever champing into the boneless body of his foe, the cuttle writhing like a tree in a storm, striving with all his arms to strangle his enemy by stopping up his air hole.

The finish was written far up in the belt of sunlit blue and green where the whale herd basked. His broken beaks snapping horribly, the squid writhed about to face the foe and the great bull literally ate his way clear through the pulsing Zeppelin-shaped body.

When all was over the victor feasted long and basked in the sunlight, but he did not mingle with the herd. All afternoon he lay apart, listless, resting and spouting continuously to reoxidize his blood. He was old. The titanic struggle in the depths had robbed him of more reserve than he could ever again regain. He knew that he had met and passed the apogee of his might and had started on a swift decline—a tragic thing for all sea folk. Soon illness or a battle with some stronger bull would leave him a helpless derelict at the mercy of teeming scavengers.

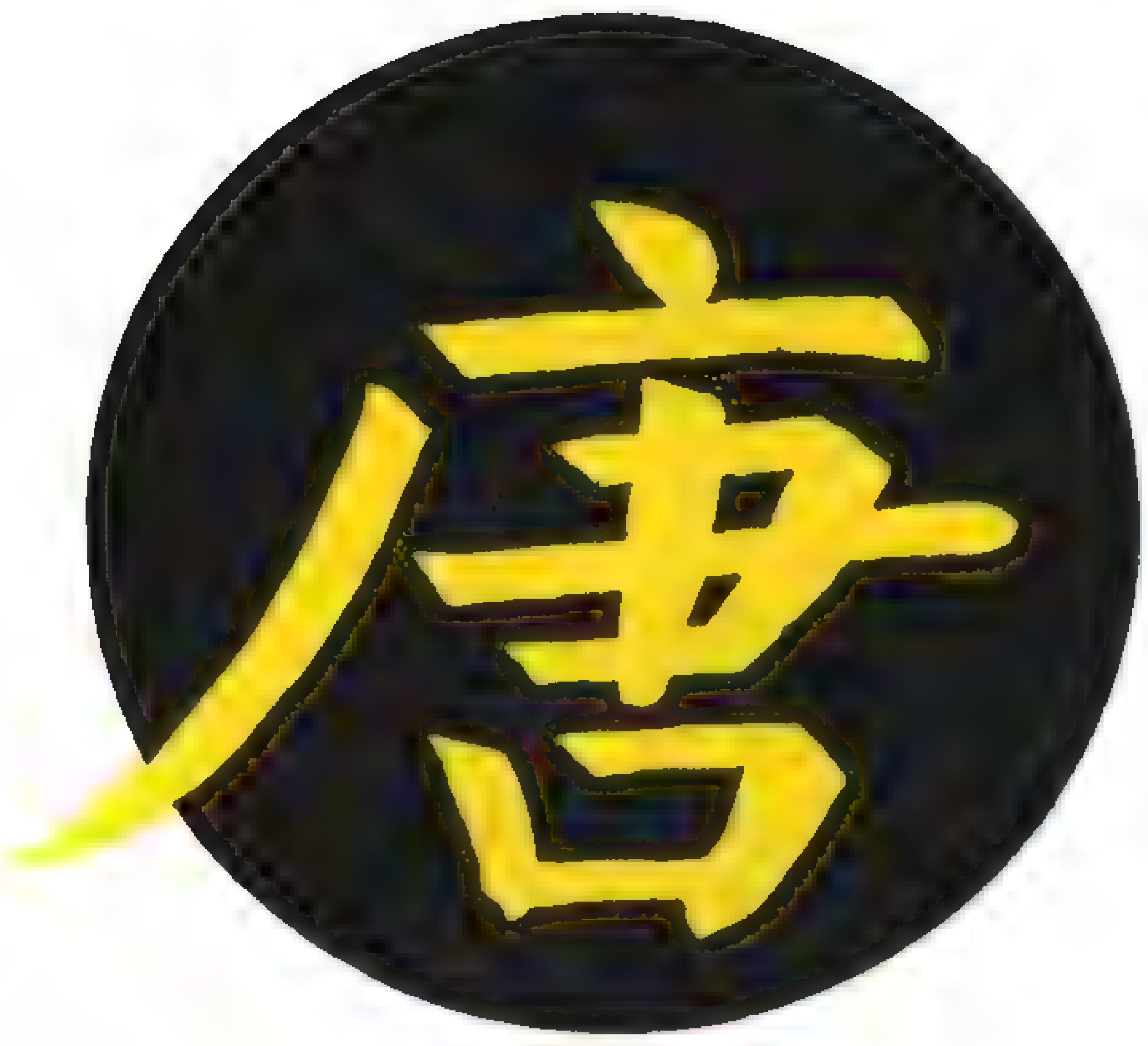
Next day the herd moved south again, but the old leader lacked his former zest and speed. Two of the younger bulls took note of the fact and their attitudes subtly changed. The herd was governed much as is an elephant herd on land, observing strict laws and customs pertaining to leadership, mating, combat and the dealing out of punishment. Before long the wisest and strongest of the young thirty-year-old bulls would automatically come to the fore and challenge the weathered schoolmaster for supremacy.

Down and down the herd traveled into the smoky south, covering the great chain of immemorial feeding grounds of their kind. And all the while the education of the younger members of the herd went on apace. The sea, old as the world itself, was ever new, and so was every day. Each hour was filled with rediscoveries of familiar things, and none could ever tell what might turn up within the next mile of travel. They became schooled in the mysteries of group sense by which birds and fish are enabled to come together from hundreds of miles around. They were taught the telegraph code of the whales, by which they could commune with one another miles apart, and how to signal danger by releasing the "glip," an acrid stream of oil which would run through the sea in long streamers.

Always in the wake of the herd followed a convoy of whale birds, who settled on the backs of the leviathans whenever they rested, feeding upon the barnacles and crustacea that grew on their hides.

Late winter (for our northern clime) found them cruising off the bleak headlands of Cape Horn. Here they felt the icy currents from the south Polar sea and turned back, for sperm whales

Continued on page 160



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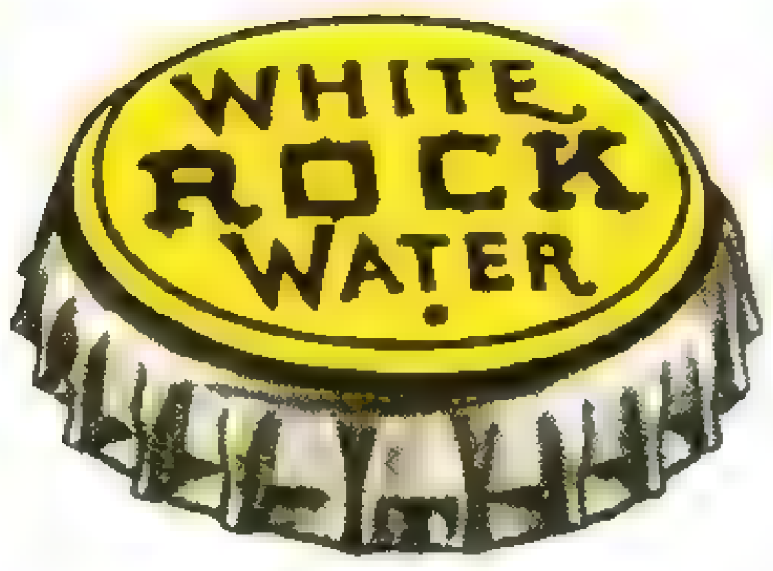
a dynasty of 8th century Chinese rulers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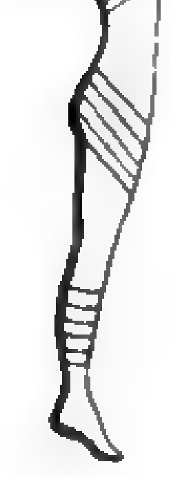


A Deep Sea Story

Continued from pages 69-157-158

cannot stand severe cold. The whale birds had left them long since, unable to weather the ceaseless gales that swept up from the Antarctic. A single week off the Horn saw the turn of the seasons again, brought the whales journeying leisurely northward again with the sun.

On the northward passage the old leader grew mysteriously ill. Something had been bothering him inwardly for some weeks past. He was finding that he could not travel so far nor move so quickly as of yore. He was losing the thrill of passage and of combat and was growing gradually thinner. That amazing black hide of his, which was fully two feet thick and usually glossy with health, was dull and wrinkled and his little eyes had lost their twinkle. Often when he champed his food his huge teeth, which weighed fully nine pounds apiece, would pain him.

This occurred a few degrees below the Equator and in another week he was hardly the same creature. Once he let a rival bull sperm swim up and nose about the herd without even a challenge, so listless had he become. It was amazing and preposterous for such a mountain of might. But his insides were hurting and burning continually, and all the reserves and juices of his vast body were rallying and fighting to relieve him.

His illness was the direct result of his feeding. The thousands of squid he had eaten, in dying, had achieved a grim revenge upon him. The pointed tiger-like claws that fringed their twining tentacles and the bone-hard parrot-beaks that guarded their mouths, had lodged through the years in the lining of his stomach and intestines in irritating masses, causing great pain and indigestion. Those of the last giant cuttle he had killed in the Gulf Stream, larger and harder than any he had formerly swallowed, had directly brought about the illness that had long been latent. And so he lay half the day like a disabled ship on the water while a mysterious chemical process within him created layers of fatty, tallow-like substance in an effort to protect his organs from the jagged claws and beaks.

By the time the whales had again reached the Gulf Stream the mightiest of the younger bulls was in virtual command of the herd. The scepter of leadership had fallen upon him without even a struggle, for the old schoolmaster was now but a follower of the band. The younger whales had even ceased to watch him for directions.

Once only did the old bull rally, days later, to give warning out of his century old sagacity when two fishing schooners came circling out in an attempt to capture the herd. The younger members of the herd were prone to forget at what great distances men could now kill a whale by means of the gun-fired bomb-harpoon.

For some days longer the whales curtailed their restless northward urge in order that the old leader, now the slowest member of the herd, might keep pace with them. But they were growing intolerably restless for the icy tang of the Labrador Current. Then upon a morning off Cape Race where the herd had started its long southern journey the fall before, the old schoolmaster fell violently ill and would go no farther. He lay on the heaving swells a mile off shore and discharged a sort of creamy phlegm in lumps and fragments that floated on the surface like a mass of tallow or soft soap. The smell of musk was strong about him while this was going on. Throughout the morning the herd waited close by but the old bull would not, or could not, rouse himself. Even when a little fishing schooner came nosing out and the herd signaled warning and fled, the leader was too ill to take heed.

Then a terrible thing happened. While the ship was still a good ways off there came a muffled report, a puff of smoke, and a shaft of iron struck the great whale in the side. As if it had been the sting of a vast hornet, it roused the sick monarch to sudden action. As he tried to sound with a tremendous lash of his tail and drive of flukes, the bomb-harpoon exploded within him, tearing open his vast body. His dive was cut short in an agonized flurry which whipped the sea into a bloody welter about him as he died.

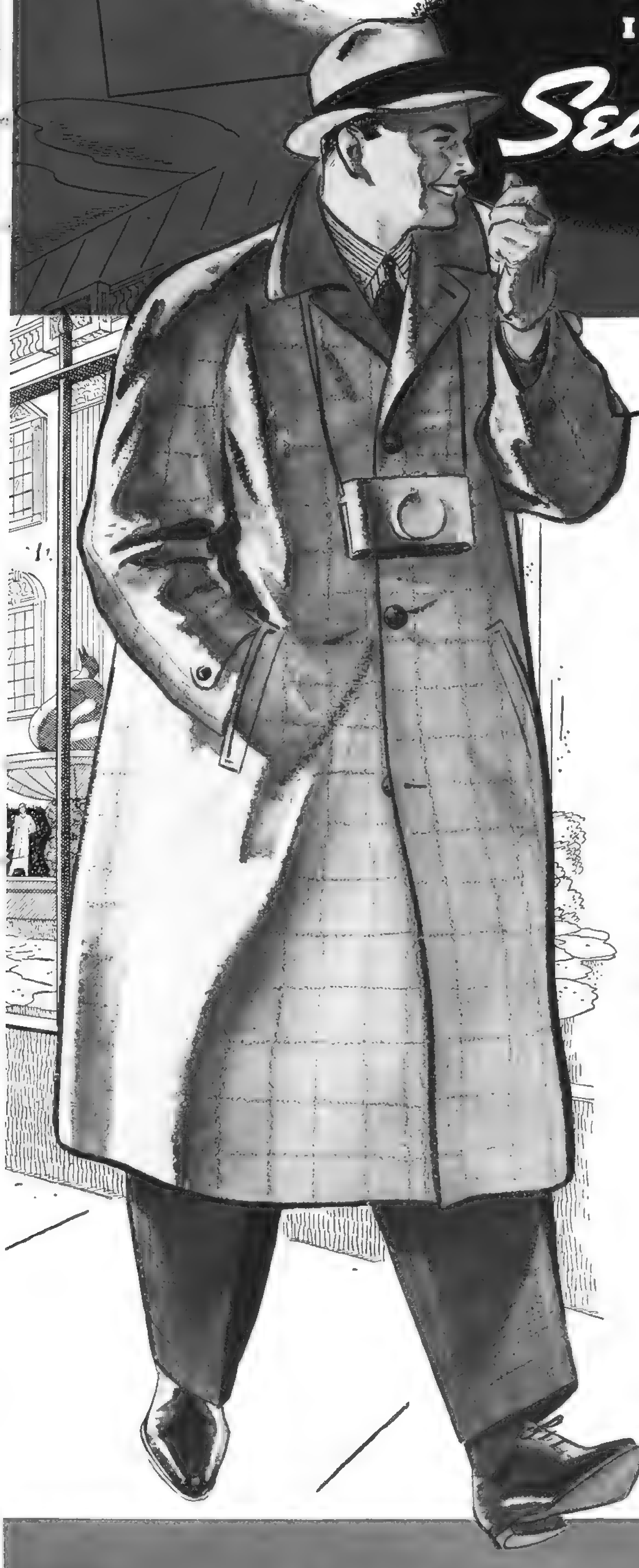
Thus with a single pressure of a finger upon a trigger young Jared Calk, nineteen-year-old son of 'Miah Calk, the Newfoundland fisherman, had brought to an end the long and noble life of that hundred-ton king of the sea. It was not until the schooner hove to beside the stricken bulk of the whale that one of the fishermen aboard her, uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed overside to where two or three lumps of greasy tallow-like substance floated with the tide. Ambergris! The treasure every seaman and whaler dreams of, but few have lived to find, the rarest ingredient known to chemists and perfumers, worth dollars an ounce. And here was nearly two hundred pounds of the stuff. The two fishermen panted under the weight of it as they heaved it into the small boat hastily lowered overside.

All the rest of that day and the next day, fires flickered and blazed aboard the little fishing schooner as the casks and drums in her hold were filled with precious oil from the carcass of the whale. Her young skipper could only marvel at what seemed a miraculous stroke of luck. Ever since his father had been killed by this giant bull, poverty had dwelt in the cabin of Jared Calk and his mother. Now he and his partner had made their fortune in a single lucky catch. Nature adopts strange means at times in the working out of her unknowable laws of balance. ⌗

MOVIE OF A MAN CHANGING TOPCOAT INTO AN OVERCOAT

★ IT'S THE

Season Skipper



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Nothing we can say or picture here does the Season Skipper full justice. You must see it, try it on, get the feel of the coat both with the lining in and out. Take your pick of a wide and luxurious variety of models and fabrics.

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You'll never take the wrong coat with you to work, motoring, or traveling, if that coat is a Season Skipper. When the temperature suddenly changes, the Season Skipper changes with it. It's complete master of any weather.

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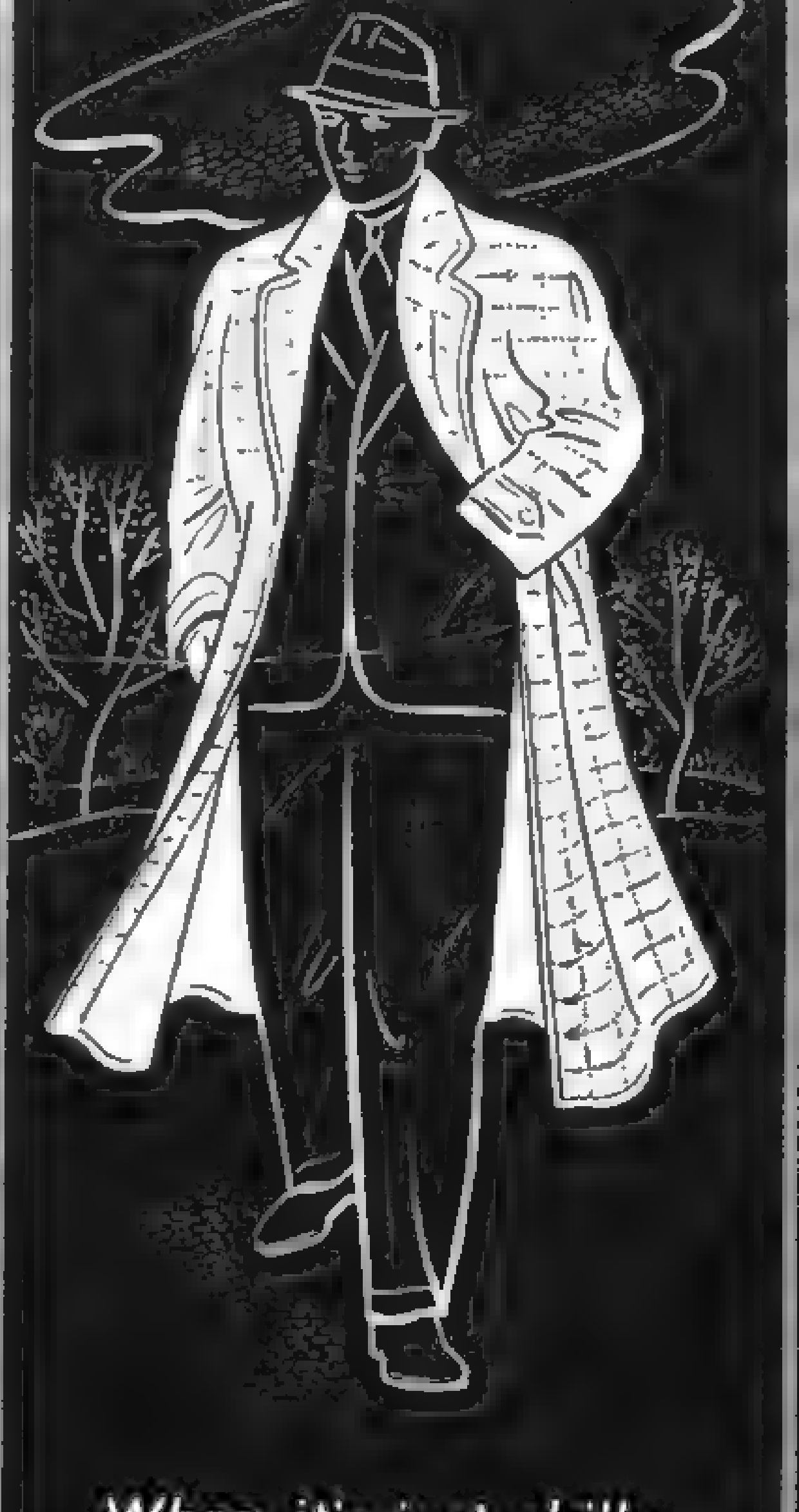
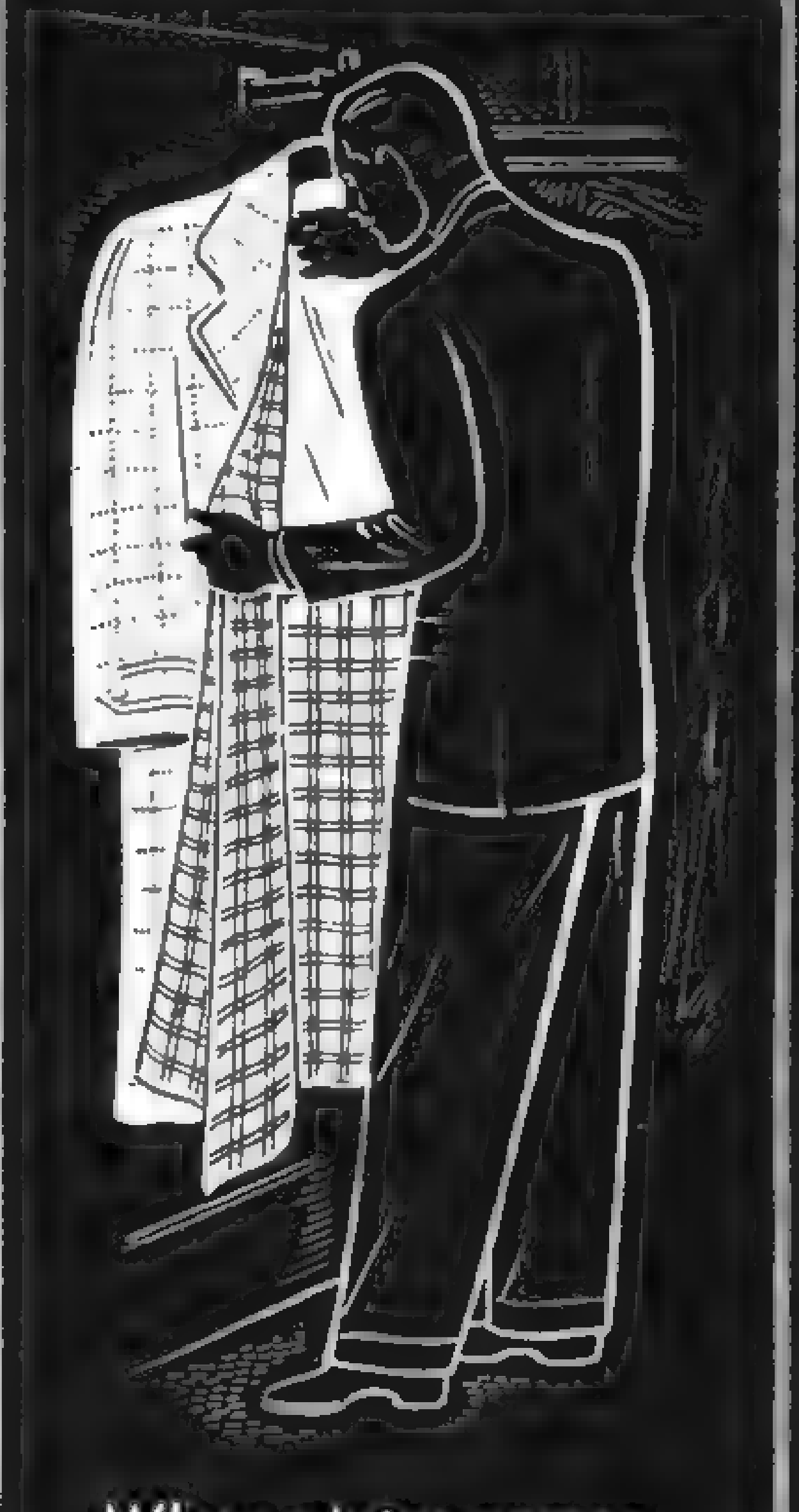
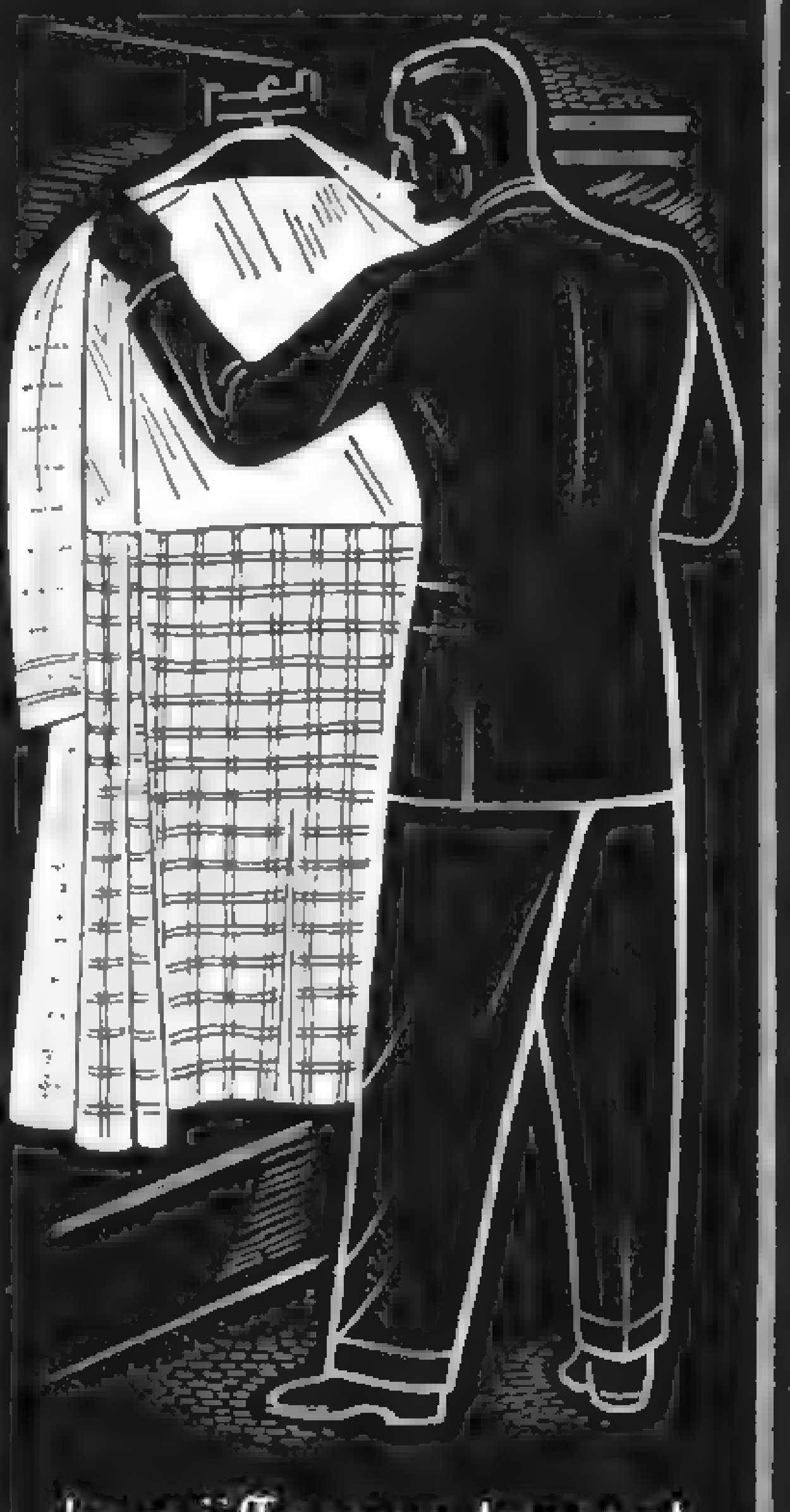


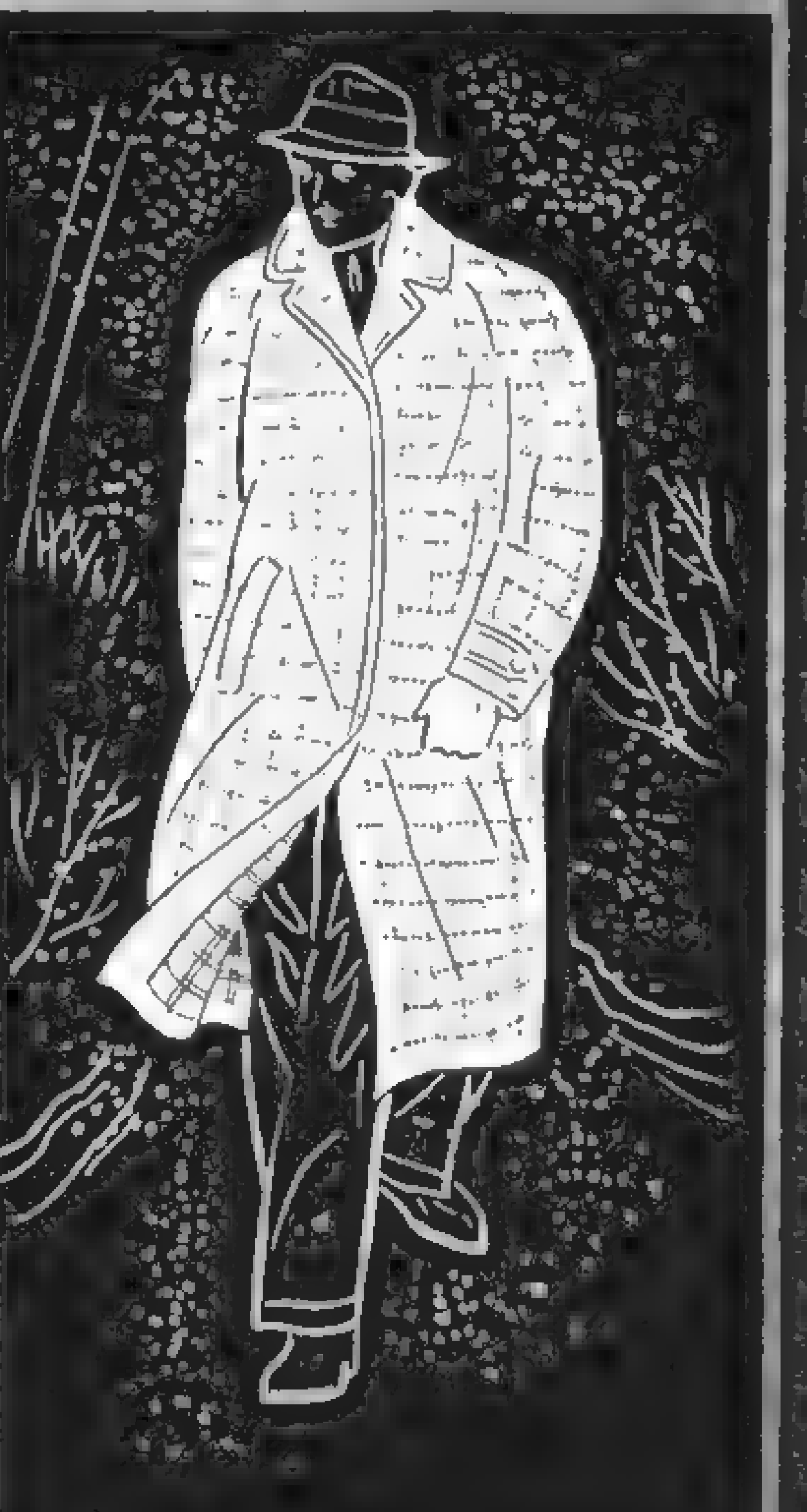
When it's just chilly leave the lining out



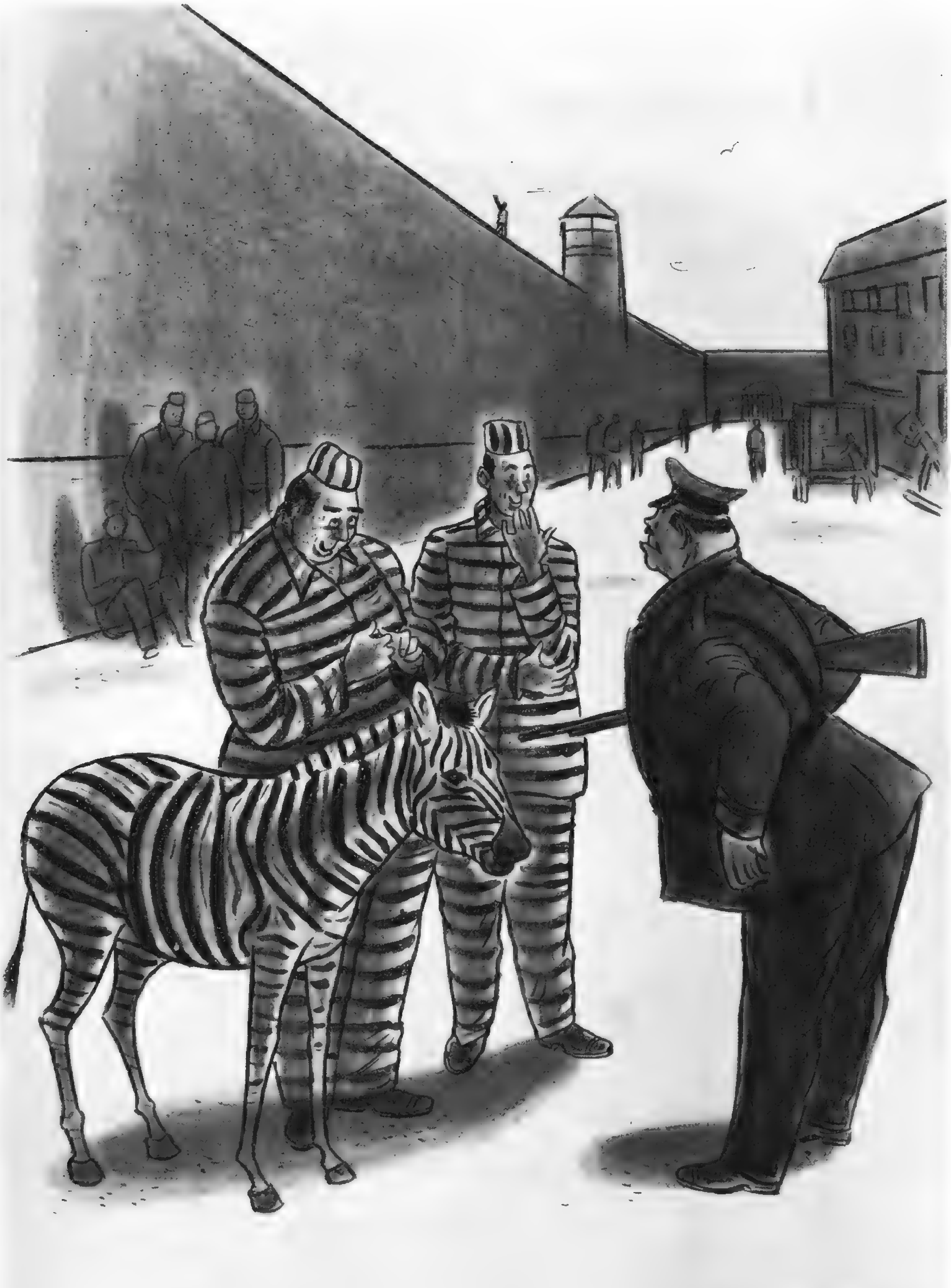
When winter comes put the lining in



In a jiffy your topcoat is an overcoat—



Ready for winter's sharpest blasts


Thurston Gentry

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Three of the 122 available styles

Step Smartly WITH PLUS-COMFORT IN WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

Whether you're a pavement pounder, or a taxi-taker, or whether you specialize in trudging over the hills and far away, Wright Arch Preserver's crisp new fall models are the happy answer. These shoes — so up-and-becomingly are they styled — will give your feet that self-assured swing. They will put elasticity into your every protected step and wake the old razzle-dazzle in your eye, or the heart of *the* woman (little or otherwise).

Wright Arch Preserver's absolutely flat forepart will give your toes a new freedom. You'll approve, too, of the protective doubly anchored arch bridge and scientific metatarsal support.... And that superb heel-to-ball fitting pumps fresh lift into your walk. That's the comfort inside story — patented facts that mean a lot of protection to you. The scrumptious smartness outside is another tale — means you'll have a comfortable lead for best-dressed-man honors. Better treat your feet to a try-on at your nearest Wright Arch Preserver dealer's — today.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IF IT ISN'T A **WRIGHT**
IT ISN'T A GENUINE . .

Arch Preserver Shoe

FOR MEN

MALLORY hats

The Only Hats Showerproofed by "CRAVENETTE"

The Option

It's up to you whether you wear the Option snapped up or down—and it's right either way. The underwelt edge holds the style line.

$5

The Warrant

Headway! This bound-edge snapbrim style success leads the college parade from Stanford to "Dear Old Maine". In Bludusk (gray), Mole (brown), Hemlock (green) and other feature colors.

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The Empire

This Mallory Homburg is not just a "should", but a "must" for your fall wardrobe. Available in a brim-width to fit your face and flatter your head.

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"SOFT AS A KITTEN'S EAR"

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New and Exclusive

Other Mallory Qualities
$5 to $10

SEE YOUR HATTER!

MALLORY HAT COMPANY • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

The Cheat's Remorse

Continued from page 75

the table. Her face was close to his, and there were tears in her eyes, but she turned away and said faintly, "Okay, pal. It's all yours." She raised her foot and smiled a little while he bent down and picked up the bill.

"Thanks," he said. "Maybe you're lucky in love."

"Very likely. More power to you," she said and she walked away and over to the cashier where she handed in her unpunched food check.

He watched her raising the collar of her beige coat that was spotted from the rain and snow. A little bit of hair was caught and held outside the collar. While she was speaking to the cashier he was looking at the coin flat in the palm of his hand, looking at it and feeling dreadfully ashamed. He turned it over slowly and it was heads on both sides, the lucky phony coin he had found two years ago. And then he could hardly see the coin in his hand: he could see nothing but the expression on her face as she watched it spinning on the table, he heard her sigh, as if all the hope she had ever had in her life was put on the coin; he remembered how she had stiffened and then smiled: he felt that somehow her whole fate had depended on her having the bill. She had been close to it, just close enough to be tantalized, and then he had cheated her.

She was going out and he rushed after her and he saw her standing twenty feet away in the door of a cigar store. It was snowing again. She had walked through the snow, her bare shoes were carrying the snow as she stood there in the wet muddy entrance looking up and down the street. Before he could get near her she put her hands deep in her pockets and started to walk away rapidly with her head down.

"Just a minute, lady. Hey, what's the hurry?" he called.

Unsmiling and wondering she turned and waited, "What's the matter with you?" she said.

"Do me a good turn, will you?"

"Why should I?"

"Why not if it don't hurt?"

"That depends on what it is," she said.

"Take the buck, will you, that's all," he said.

She tried to figure him out a moment, then she said, "What is this, mister? You won it fair and square enough. Okay. Let it go at that." Her face looked much harder, suddenly much older than it did in the restaurant.

"No, I didn't win it on the level," he said. "Here, miss, take it, please," and he reached out and held her arm, but she pulled away from him, frowning. He grew flustered. "That was a phony coin I tossed, don't you see? I'll show it to you if you want to. You didn't have a chance."

"Then why the big heart now?" she said.

"I don't know. I was watching you go out and I got a hunch it was worse for you than it was for me.

"You had a bigger stake in it—" he went on pleading with her earnestly.

Mystified, she said, "Look here, if you cheated me you cheated me and I might have known it would be phony anyway, but—"

"I thought I needed the buck badly but I felt lousy watching you go out. I needed to get my laundry tomorrow. I needed a clean shirt. That's what I was thinking watching the guy fingering the roll. And it was tough to see you come in on it. I didn't stop to think. I just went after it."

She was listening earnestly as if his remorse truly puzzled her, and then she put out her hand and gave him a pat on the arm that made him feel they knew each other well and had been together all evening and that she was very old and he was just a green kid.

"Listen, you figure a clean shirt'll help you?" she said.

"I figured it would give me a head start, that's all."

"Maybe it will. Go ahead. Get the shirts."

"No, please, you take it."

"A clean shirt won't help me, nor the price of one," she said harshly. "So long," she said, with that bright, unyielding smile.

She walked away resolutely this time as if she had made some final destructive decision, a decision she had dreaded and that she mightn't have made if he hadn't cheated her and she had got the dollar.

Worried, he went to run after her, but he stopped, startled and shaken, perceiving the truth as she had seen it, that a dollar in the long run was no good to her, that it would need a vast upheaval that shook the earth to really change the structure of her life. Yet she had been willing to stop and help him.

But the clean shirt became an absurd and trivial thing and the dollar felt unclean in his hand. He looked down the street at the tavern light. He had to get rid of the dollar or feel that he'd always see her walking away resolutely with her hands deep in her pockets. ⌗

"Some hills here—eh, mister?"

"Yes, but they flatten out with Ethyl!"

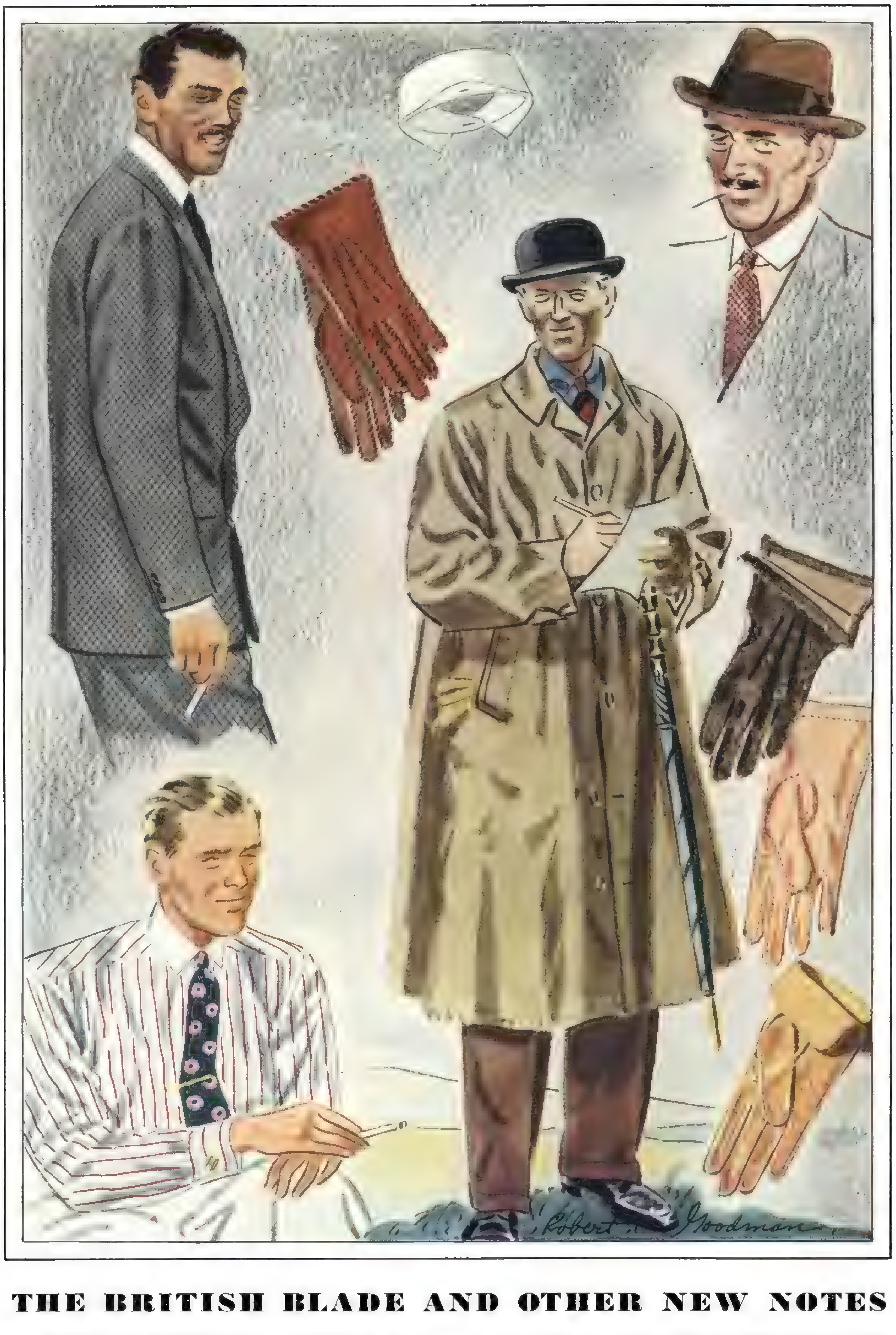
And you don't have to wait for a hill to feel the difference Ethyl makes. In traffic and in flat open country it pays its dividends in a cooler, sweeter, snappier motor. Wherever you drive, the "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means "best-grade" gasoline for these reasons:

You get more anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in each gallon than you can get in the best regular-grade gasoline; and *all-round* quality that is *double-tested* by the oil company and the Ethyl Laboratories.

To you, this means 100% performance from your high compression engine . . . and a saving of both gas and oil, as Ethyl prevents harmful knock and overheating.

Look for this emblem on the base or globe of every Ethyl pump. It means best-grade gasoline.

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY



The British blade is the name of the new suit model pictured at upper left, now available in America where it will soon be established as the successor to the old chesty London drape model. This is the authentic English jacket, as made by a West End tailor

THE BRITISH BLADE AND OTHER NEW NOTES

NOTE the extra fullness in the shoulder blades and the straight appearance of the back of the jacket. Lower left, white ground broadcloth shirt with spaced colored satin stripes, white stiff collar and black ground tie with spaced figures. Upper right, the new roll brim hat, similar to a Homburg but with a raw edge brim. Top, the new white stiff collar, popularized by King George VI. Lower right, the new light weight raincoat in English tan, featuring the short military collar, raglan sleeves and slash pockets. The vent in the back carries a long inverted pleat, adding to the already ample fullness of the skirt. Note the combination of brown suit and black Norwegian brogue shoes, now an established fashion. The four glove sketches, reading from the top, are: Giraffe palm and reindeer back, Russian rough finish bear skin, reindeer gauntlet gloves in fawn color and self-lined pigskin gauntlets.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Horse Without a Heart

Continued from page 104

would be somewhere else. Our hero, bless his heart, fights back; he is nearly at the end of his rope, but he keeps on fighting—which is what he is trained to do and what he is being paid to do. If he passes out at the end of forty-four and nine-tenths minutes, he is merely a game fighter; if he lasts the additional tenth of a minute, signifying the end of the bout, or lands a crafty or lucky blow just in time, he has heart.

I caught a sports writer, not a bad one either, praising the heart of an athlete because she practised every day. She was a tennis or golf champ, I've forgotten which, who had lost out one year and was training right through for another chance. No one had ever suggested that she had any other serious interest in life; she wanted to win back the championship more than she wanted anything else; and she was a woman of great heart because she did, for her own satisfaction, exactly what millions of other women do for the profit of others—she worked at her job.

If you will listen to radio reports on baseball games (at least in the eastern sectors) you will hear something new this year. Instead of giving the scores and mentioning a highlight or two, the announcers, at 6:30 p. m., give a remarkably rapid, vivid, running story of the entire game—as if a movie had been taken, two hours earlier, and was now being flashed at terrific speed before you.

Most of it is in the present tense: "Now Dizzy strikes out Bartell, now he has two and none on Chiozza—but Chiozza SINGLES! and Danning is heading for third —it's a fumble—Brown fumbles —Danning is on his way in— Durocher pegs to—" and so on. It is fifty times as fast as the usual broadcast of a game, and except that the atmosphere is faked, it is quite good.

This sort of re-enactment is, to me, another way of trying to give to sport what it almost always lacks, which is emotion. Sport has the kind of excitement inherent in any contest: put two locomotives back to back on a circular track, start them, and see which will smash more of the other, and you have a contest with plenty of excitement, especially if you bet on it.

Those new mechanical horse-races you see at seashore resorts generate a lot of the same commodity; so does a good game of Keno. But the emotion which the sports commentators throw around their subjects doesn't come off because they are trying to give aesthetic or moral significance to events which in the nature of things lack both. Once in a while a great player definitely has style; I think that old-timers knew the difference between Ty Cobb's grand manner in getting under a high fly and Hans Wagner's lack of manner, although Wagner may have been just as effective. There are tennis and golf players whom it is a pleasure to watch because the motions they make are so co-ordinated that the muscles in your own body experience a kind of sympathetic satisfaction.

But this has nothing to do with the game as a contest. It would be just the same in a practice or training test.

The terrific effort to give baseball players a moral value by making them stand for something greater than themselves has been successful: I suppose that New York and St. Louis and Cleveland are in some way represented by their baseball teams, and to a certain number of people St. Louis is more specifically the city for which Dizzy Dean plays than it is anything else. The facts about the buying and selling and exchanging of players indicates how silly this is, and we all know the facts; but without that local emphasis, what would the various teams represent? So you fall back on amateurs and when we win the Davis Cup and are top at the Olympics again, you will say that the athletes do represent something: the general interest in sport, the high level of health and expertness, and the glory of our country. There's something in that, but not an awful lot. Winning the Davis Cup this year or next will certainly not mean that the general level of tennis playing has risen in this country over the level of Tilden's time; nor will winning signify that the American people were in no mood to accept defeat, but were determined to win at any cost. That is what tennis officials and sports writers may say. The truth will be simply that four or five of our best players were better, on certain days, than four or five other excellent players from another country.

I have the oddest reason for disliking the magnification of sport by sentiment. The stuff is silly, but you can find the same thing in the dramatic pages with their guff about the good old troupers who go through with the show even if they're tired or have a bad cold—which is precisely what salesgirls and coalheavers do, getting less acclaim. You can find the same sort of transferred emotion even on the financial page when the Wall Street reporters start to dramatize their battles (as full of moral values as a load of turnips). The special thing about the sport world is that this sentimentality gives a false importance to sport, and the next step is toward, if not into, sport as a State function. To Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler, physical training and athletics are a unit, and that unit is run by the State. Even Blum, the day he went into office, promised more appropriations for stadia, more State encouragement for "amateur" sport. I suppose the Ameri-

Continued at top of page 168

"Bet you never even looked for the icebag!"

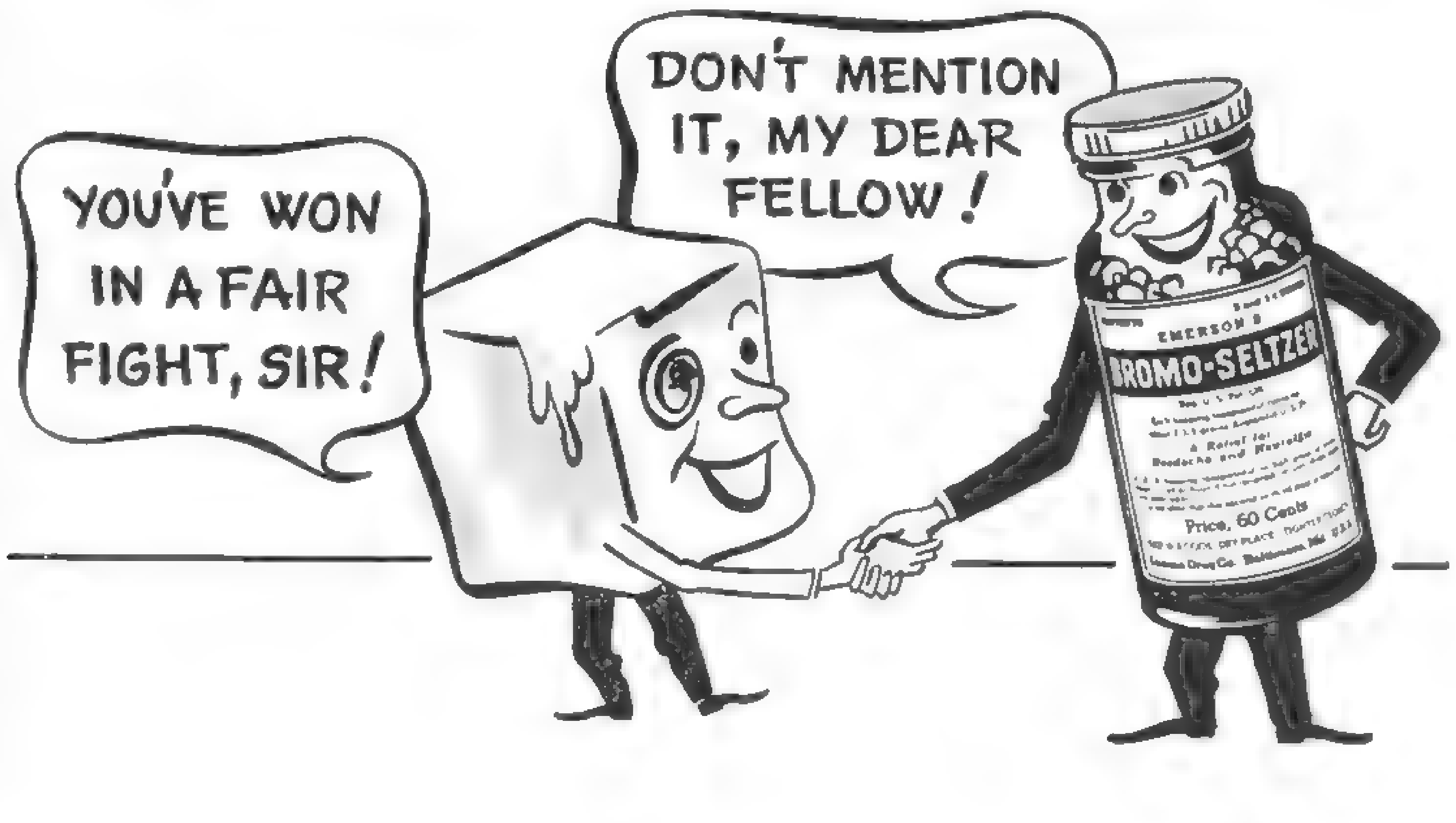
Ice is nice...but-

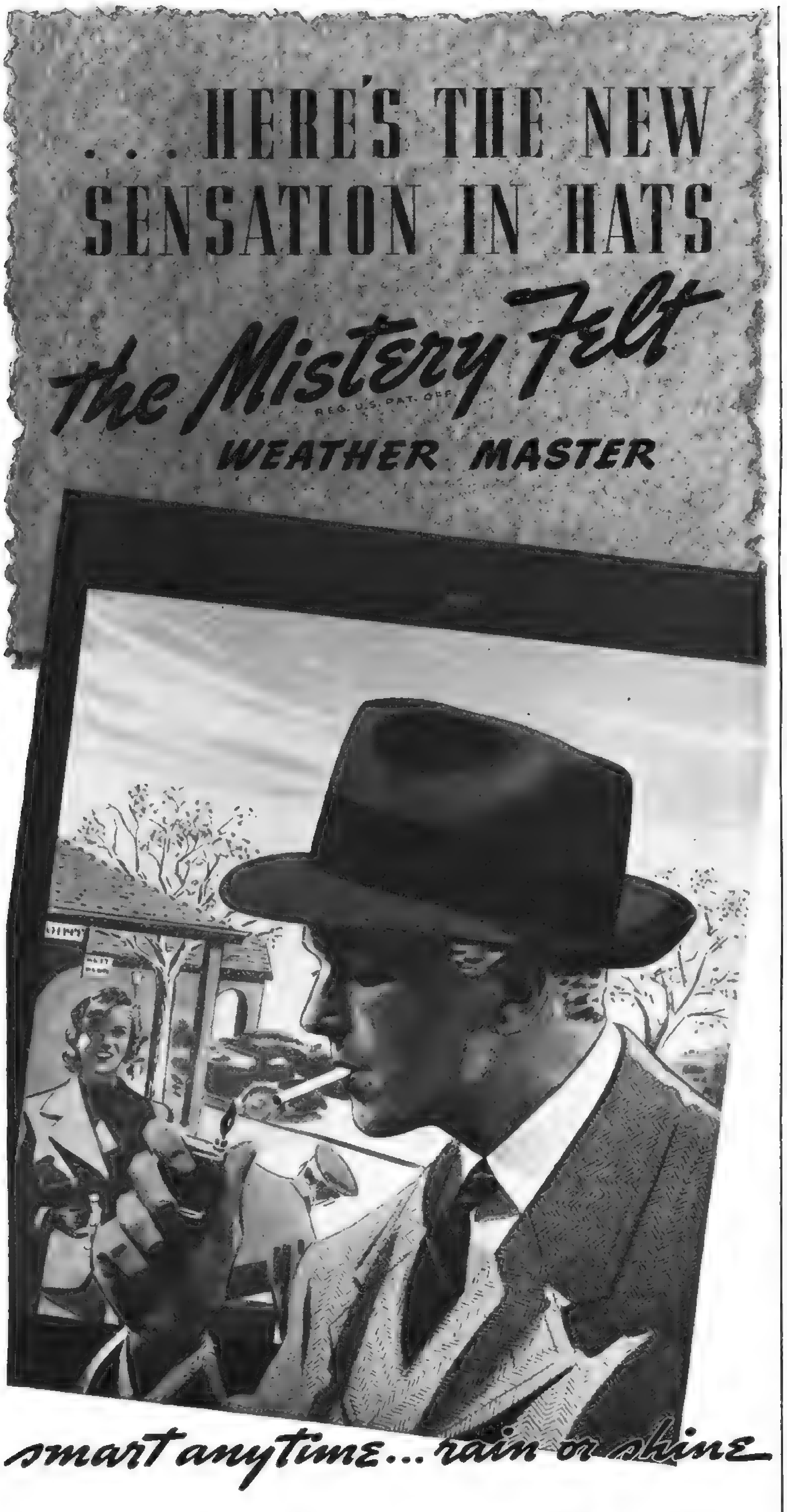
(TRANSLATED FROM THE ESKIMO)

Ice is nice, but won't suffice
To ease the blow fate dealt, sir!
Take advice and in a trice
Make morning-after melt, sir!

Head feel thick? Stomach sick?
Just take BROMO-SELTZER!
It will lick—far more quick—*
All the pain you've felt, sir!

*As a matter of fact, doctors found that Bromo-Seltzer stops a hangover faster than any other remedy they tested. A useful thing to remember. Also . . . taken at bedtime, Bromo-Seltzer helps *prevent* morning-after. Another when you wake relieves the effects of fatigue. At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Keep it handy at home, too.


DON'T MENTION IT, MY DEAR FELLOW!
YOU'VE WON IN A FAIR FIGHT, SIR!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER
Price, 60 Cents


. . . HERE'S THE NEW SENSATION IN HATS
the Mistery Felt
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WEATHER MASTER
smart anytime... rain or shine

The first thing you notice about the MISTERY HAT is its remarkably pliable texture. It is made of the finest felt, by an entirely new process. It's the smartest hat you can wear anytime, any place. But you must be caught in a downpour to know how really different the MISTERY HAT is! For it keeps its fresh, smart lines—its texture actually *improves* in the rain! Ask your dealer for a MISTERY HAT. There's a style and color for every occasion.

$5 and up

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The Horse Without a Heart

Continued from pages 104-167

can sports writers were kidding when they predicted a Department of Athletics, with a seat in the cabinet for its secretary; but they saw nothing amiss in the idea. I do.

And about the only way I see to keep sport as a private enterprise, free of the benevolent or tyrannical interest of Government, is to keep sport unimportant. Especially those sports which people watch, exercising their rumps, perhaps, and their vocal chords (in raucous and belligerent advice to the players) but otherwise being under very little physical or mental strain. These sports have been pretty steadily condemned because the men and women who watch them don't *do* anything. I'm sure they'd be better off actually playing than watching; but the fact that hundreds of thousands of people aren't doing anything isn't a bad item in itself. They ought to be encouraged.

But not encouraged to believe that there's any moral grandeur in what they see. Not even if they see one horse beat another horse at running from one place to another. ⧺

This Hard of Hearing Business

Continued from page 76

time you yawn or swallow the tube opens and air rushes into the middle ear and thus equalizes the air pressure on both sides of the drum.

The next time you drop to earth rapidly in a fast moving elevator or plane, just swallow a few times and the feeling of discomfort that comes from a greater air pressure on the outside of the drum will disappear. Now then, in infants and children, the tube is shorter and more nearly horizontal than in adults so that when the kiddies develop a severe head cold there is always the potential danger of an ear infection.

Since they are unable to blow their noses and usually having a mass of adenoid tissue which has become secondarily infected, it naturally follows that the openings of the Eustachian tubes in the throat are continuously bathed in infective secretions and as the route to the middle ear in the youngsters is short and direct, they are thus frequently subject to ear infections.

Although the tube in adults is longer and more steeply inclined, you grownups can accomplish the same result by grabbing hold of your bugle and lustily blowing reveille thereby forcibly throwing infectious material into the wrong neighborhood. In either case an infection develops in the lining of the middle ear cavity and as the products of inflammation increase in amount there is soon communicated a pressure to the eardrum which causes it to become stretched and bulging and produces that penetrating paralyzing pain known as earache. And so before you've had a chance to decline the nomination, you're the possessor of an abscessed ear. Of course, when this occurs the thing to do is to have the eardrum promptly incised and let the infection drain outward through the canal. There's no sense in suffering two or three days of agonizing pain waiting for it to rupture spontaneously, because during that time some material may spill over into the mastoid and that is inviting double trouble. In spite of what the lady next door says, opening the eardrum properly causes no permanent injury to the membrane nor does it leave an impairment of hearing. Prompt attention shortens the duration of the infection and is the best bet toward avoiding chronicity.

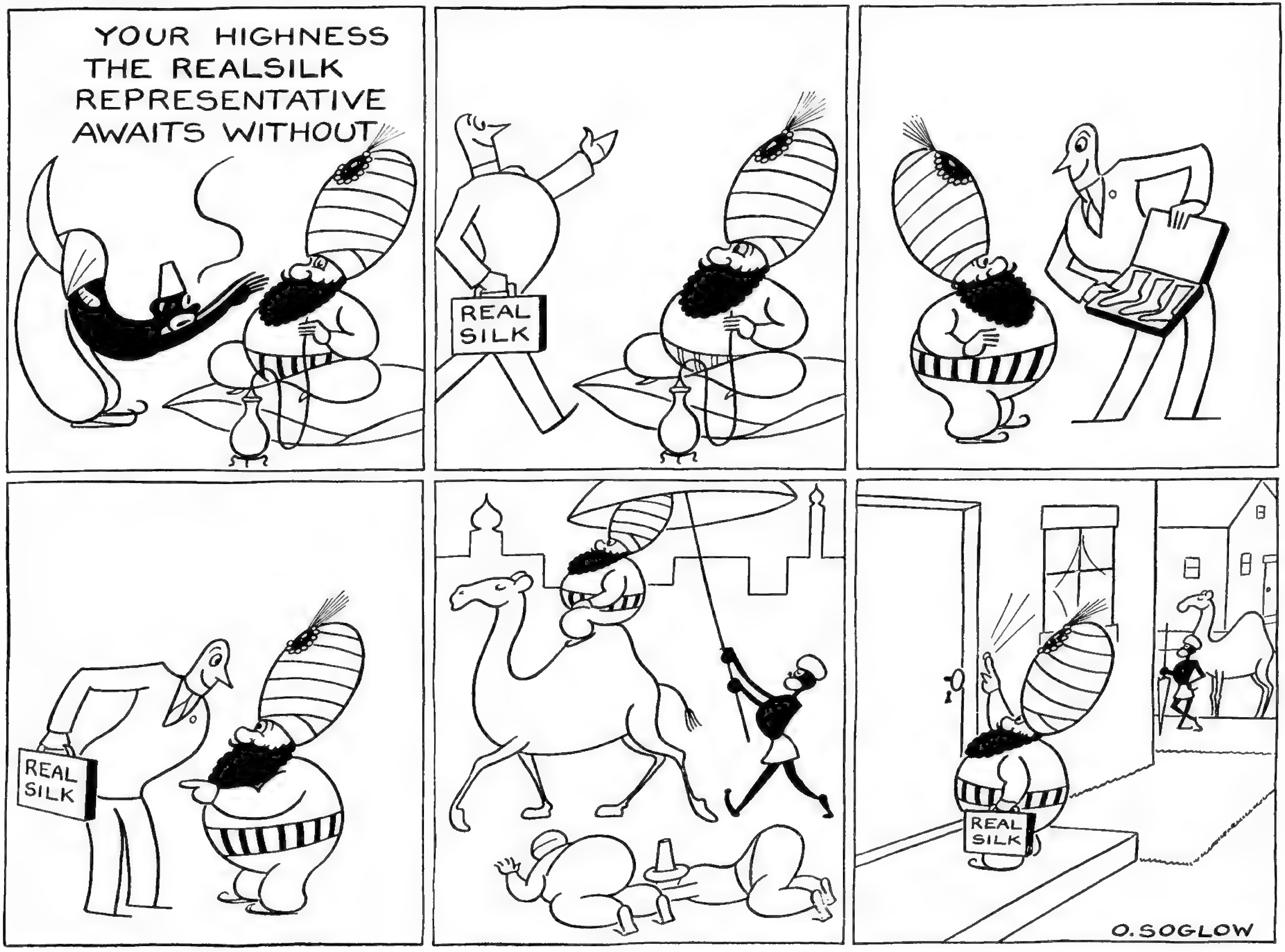
Perhaps by now you are wondering: Why the long Cook's Tour into the realm of the unknown? As a matter of fact, we're practically in port and the object of the cruise thus far has been to give you an insight into some of the chief reasons for acquired deafness, namely ear infections and defective functioning of the Eustachian tubes. Chronic or repeated ear infections, which are particularly bad in scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria and mastoiditis leave their mark on the middle ear machinery and drum in the form of scar tissue, adhesions, bone decay and other degenerative processes so that the conduction mechanism is impaired and a varying amount of deafness results.

When the Eustachian tubes fail to function properly, the air in the middle ear chamber becomes rarified, hence the drum is displaced inward by the greater outside pressure, and this is in turn communicated to the inner ear where along with a hearing loss it often leads to a distressing symptom which we call tinnitus. This is the technical name for those hellish, buzzing, roaring head noises which as goat-getters are pretty nearly the tops and in some cases actually drive people nuts.

These noises may simulate the hissing of a radiator, the roar of the sea, the ringing of bells, the whir of machinery or anything else in the sound effect man's repertoire. They are naturally more noticeable at night and lead to insomnia, worry and fatigue all of which helps to get you down and decrease hearing acuity still more. Chronic head colds, any type of defective nasal ventilation, sinus trouble, nasal growths, bad tonsils and adenoids may all be factors in causing difficulty with the tubal structures.

Continued on page 170

We sent a Realsilk Representative to call on the famous cartoonist **O. SOGLOW** The interview gave him an idea for the cartoon which we bought and reproduce herewith


YOUR HIGHNESS THE REALSILK REPRESENTATIVE AWAITS WITHOUT
REAL SILK
REAL SILK
REAL SILK
O. SOGLOW

YOU DON'T GO TO THIS SERVICE...*THIS SERVICE COMES TO YOU*

The Man with This Button
Brings a Complete Men's Shop to You
'Phone him for an appointment at your convenience.

Lean back in your swivel chair. Like an Oriental potentate, select from the stuffs the Realsilk merchant brings right to your office—things to go around your neck; around your torso; around your feet—and to dress you under the sheets.

In other words, select ties, shirts, underwear, pajamas, socks and all the rest right from the complete Haberdashery Shop the Realsilk Representative carries under his arm.

Let your secretary help you—if you crave a woman's touch (and she's worked there long enough).

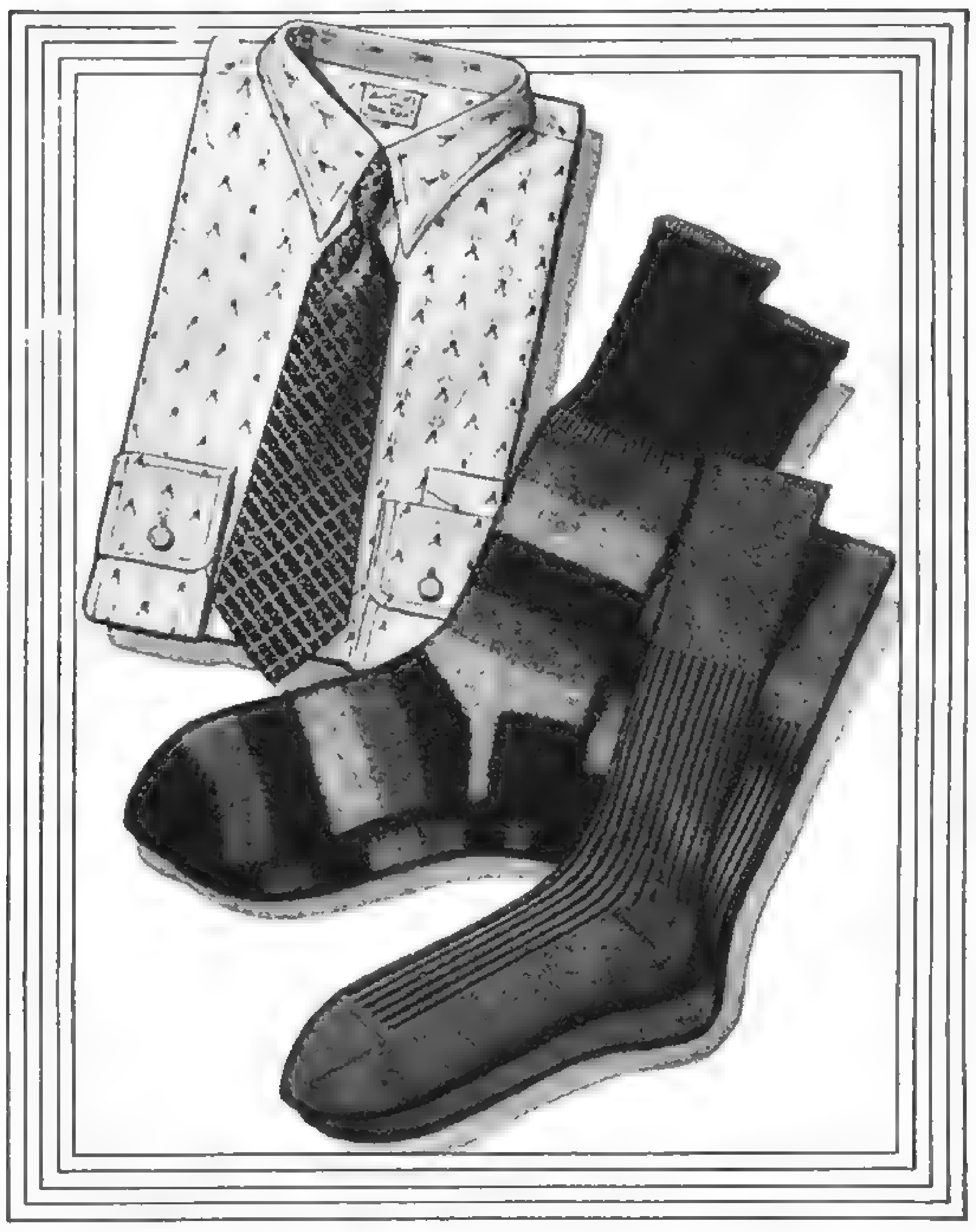
Here are ties to tickle the fancy of Wall Street Customer's Man or a sad-eyed Deacon. Here are shirts that may make you the envy of the Locker Room. Here is underwear that lets you bowl, sit, and run for the 8:15 in un-binding comfort. Here are pajamas that catch the eyes of the boys in the Pullman washroom.

But socks—ay! that's the thing that first made Realsilk famous. Six-ply toe and heel silks, made by no other company. New Realsilk Real-Wool Scottish Plaids that bespeak the bagpipes. "Toppers" (garterless) in wool or silk. New French-type lisles, 6 x 3. And all go longer without "Hole-i-toe-sis".

And *mirabile dictu*! sizes as small as 9—as gargantuan as 13.

The Realsilk Representative may call. If you 'phone he's sure to call. Do it now. Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. Branches in 200 cities.

REAL SILK
SERVICE FOR MEN
IN HOME OR OFFICE



CLIPSHAVING
is the modern, easy way
to get smooth, clean shaves

OVERNIGHT you can free yourself from the drudgery of shaving. Just step in to the nearest dealer's and ask to see a CLIPSHAVE — the dry shaver that substitutes the comfort of CLIPSHAVING for the nuisance of old-fashioned shaving. CLIPSHAVING eliminates blades, brush and lather. It does away with sore skin and cuts. And it's more economical, too . . . a few cents worth of current yearly is all it uses.

When you go to your dealer's be on the lookout for these exclusive CLIPSHAVE advantages:

1. Two-way visible shaving edge—CLIPSHAVE shaves along the leading edge, enabling you to see exactly what you're doing and to get closer, cleaner, professional shaves. For the same reasons you can CLIPSHAVE your sideburns, mustache or beard with barber-like neatness.
2. Powerful, silent triple-impulse motor—swift and vibrationless, CLIPSHAVE'S matchless motor is a triumph of precision manufacturing. It will last for years.
3. V-shaped notches in the clipping head permit every type of hair to enter and be shaved off skin-close at amazing speed. Whether your beard is fine or coarse, long or short makes no difference to CLIPSHAVE.
4. Clog-proof construction—CLIPSHAVE needs no oiling and it is self-cleaning. Hairs simply cannot get into the mechanism.
5. Highest quality electric cord is permanently attached, which lessens the danger of dropping the shaver.

Don't be a slave to your morning shave any longer — stop in at a dealer's today for a demonstration of CLIPSHAVING. If there is no dealer near you, write to Dept. G, CLIPSHAVE, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. CLIPSHAVE is fully guaranteed. (Women, too, like CLIPSHAVING for removing superfluous hair safely and simply. No irritation—No coarse regrowth.)

$10

AC-DC

Clipshave Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

HANLEY Clipshave

Listed in the U. S. by Underwriters' Laboratories and approved for sale in Canada by the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario

Price in Canada—$11.50. Victor A. Smith, Ltd.—Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

Pat. Nos. 2,077,367 & 2,078,896. Other Patents Pending

This Hard of Hearing Business

Continued from pages 76-168

We are all set now to take off for a look at the ace mystery—the inner ear. On second thought, it is perhaps best to check off the most of that excursion unless you happen to be one of those rare birds who gets a bigger drive out of quadratics and integral calculus than eating. This inner ear mechanism is very complicated and tricky and about as elusive as the fourth dimension, but before you get your diploma you should know that it's the place where the vibrations are translated into sounds and relayed to the brain for interpretation. Difficulty in this sector (also called the labyrinth) is usually manifested by deafness and head noises as well as other symptoms similar to the ones you experience when you come home loaded to the gunwales with bad gin such as dizziness, nausea, vertigo and the furniture going round and round. This is because the organ of equilibrium is also housed in the inner ear and closely tied up with the perception organ of hearing. Fortunately, infections of the inner ear (labyrinthitis) as an extension from the middle ear are rare, but such general systemic disturbances as mumps, severe anaemias, epidemic spinal meningitis, senile changes or hemorrhage into the labyrinth may knock it out of commission. Massive doses of such drugs as quinine or the salicylates may also have a deleterious effect. Buried deeply as it is in the hardest bone of the body it stands external shocks extremely well, but severe basal skull fractures may injure it permanently.

Sometimes congenital defects appear in this locality and lead to that pathetic condition known as deaf-mutism. While this subject is a little off the beaten path it might interest you to know that hearing is an absolute essential to the learning of speech and that any hearing defect, acquired or congenital, which leads to a severe type of deafness before about the age of seven will almost certainly lead to deaf-mutism. The little tikes, as you know, are great imitators and learn to speak by hearing others and then trying for themselves, and it is therefore entirely possible for a child to be born with normal hearing and speech mechanisms and yet never be able to speak if it be brought up in an isolated community by deaf-mute parents. Offsprings of the intermarriage of close blood relations and of deaf-mutes themselves make up the bulk of congenital deaf-mutism, but always bear in mind if you have a vital interest in some youngster that the apparently insignificant ear infections in infancy and early childhood deserve prompt and careful attention.

Another interesting inner ear disturbance is known as occupational or boilermaker's deafness which is supposedly due to the fatigue or destruction of certain delicate nerve cells in the perception organ from the long continued bombardment of harsh penetrating sounds so that they are unable to function and relay their messages to the brain. Where periods of rest and proper protection for the ears are instituted this condition can in a large measure be prevented. Along this same line, if you're one of those industrial tycoons who hasn't had much to do now that sitting down has become so popular, you might improve the moments by going over with your efficiency engineers the matter of decreasing noise in your plant. Experiments along this line definitely prove that labor is much more efficient and productive in quiet surroundings.

However, if you're really slow on the draw and always getting the signals balled up in this hearing game, it's an even money bet that you got that way through a disturbance which is known as otosclerosis. This is a little understood condition in which about half of the time a family history of deafness can be obtained, and which is believed by some authorities to be responsible for more than two-thirds of the cases of adult deafness. This disturbance begins to manifest itself in early adult life between about eighteen and thirty and is more common in females than males. It is a slowly progressive condition and the loss of hearing is generally accompanied by considerable tinnitus (head noises). The difficulty is first noticeable for tones in the lower registers. These patients often give the peculiar history that they seem to hear better in noisy places such as railroad stations and rowdy night spots. They generally speak in a low, well-modulated voice as compared to the harsh, unpleasant voice that appears in senile deafness. The Eustachian tubes are well open and the eardrums intact and apparently normal in appearance. The trouble we know is that mysterious bone changes occur in the inner ear and around the oval window, but we're over a barrel when it comes to telling you exactly how come. You mustn't be too optimistic if this one catches up with you, but often times the presence of some pathological process about the head, capable of correction, accelerates the condition so it isn't such a bad idea anyway to drop into your otologist's dry dock and see what he recommends in the line of aural repairs.

From all of the foregoing, which is but the veriest drop in the bucket about the whole business, you should have gathered the idea that there are many, many reasons, both hereditary and acquired, for the loss of hearing and should be able to figure out for yourself how ridiculous it is to believe that any shotgun prescription or line of treatment will suffice for all cases. Also you should be able to see what a diz you'd be to spend a lot of dough for such advertised cures as Chief Wahoo's Rattlesnake Oil or Egg Fu Yong's Manchukuon Ear Balsam and the like. Such preparations are just about as helpful as rubbing a papier maché sirloin on the outside of a hungry man's tummy. They don't reach headquarters in the first place and wouldn't do any good if they did arrive. Your best bet is again to lay your case in the hands of someone who knows what the game is all about, because you will want to know how much hearing you have actually lost, just where the seat of the difficulty is, whether there is some condition present, either local or general, which if corrected would restore some of your hearing or arrest further loss, whether a hearing device is indicated and what kind, whether your habits, occupation and mode of living are working for or against you and loads of other things.

It is most unfortunate that the average layman believes that every illness or affliction has a complete cure if only he can find it and in his constant search for the elusive cure-all bottle or pills he often strays into the wrong hands. Sometimes honest, conscientious practitioners of medicine admit they're baffled and up against a stone wall, but never a quack or a fakir. They'll promise anything as long as you can lay it on the line and sad to relate their worthless promises and advertisements are just the things that attract patients to them.

We now turn our attention briefly to the artificial hearing aids which only recently have received their merited attention. If you need one of these gadgets don't let the old false pride deter you, because you've worn Christmas neckties that were a lot more conspicuous. Your friends won't mind, the others don't matter and what difference is there anyway between carrying a neat hearing device or an umbrella or a pair of spats or spectacles? In the past these instruments have not been very popular as they were quite expensive and considerable of a nuisance because batteries were bulky and required frequent changing and were difficult to procure in the out-of-the-way places where the apparatus usually went hay wire. Then too, the amplification of street noises and other extraneous sounds were annoying to the wearer. Sometimes they were purchased under the spell of some glib high-pressure salesman and turned out to be costly playthings entirely unsuited for use. The value of these artificial aids to a great extent depends upon choosing the proper one for the condition at hand and every prospective purchaser should have the benefit of accurate, unbiased advice and before making a final selection from some reliable dealer should take it along home and try it out under all conditions for several days. Recently the research laboratories of some of the electrical manufacturers have spent much time and money toward a satisfactory solution of the problem with the result that excellent inconspicuous instruments at moderate prices are beginning to appear on the market, hence there is no reason now for holding the bag with an ornamental though practically useless instrument. If you do finally get one, be a little patient with it for a while. Remember that you didn't do a figure eight the first time you waltzed out on a pair of ice skates, nor did you break par the first time you lumbered around a golf course. You'll learn to filter out the sounds you don't want to hear just as you did with the traffic noises when you moved into the new apartment and you'll also become accustomed to the lack of refinement of tone that all mechanical contrivances possess. If you persevere you can swing it and later on you wouldn't peddle the bus for double its weight in gold.

Some of the deafened deeply resent their affliction and as a result become embittered with life or develop an inferiority complex. To this is added the constant nervous strain of attempting to hear and keeping their friends from discovering their true state. When this is combined with the fear of losing a job, loss of sleep and worry it's almost sufficient reason for asking the way to the river. In such situations, contact with organizations like the League for the Hard of Hearing or lip reading classes often work wonders as the mingling with busy cheerful individuals attempting to rehabilitate themselves is just the stimulus needed to set the deafened patient back on the right track.

And now in conclusion, if you don't mind, may I inject just a bit of friendly advice if you're really in the above class. In the first place admit your deficiency as the chances are that kind old Mother Nature has recompensed you with sharper acuity of the other senses or blessed you with a grand disposition. Beware of fake cures and quacks as their lofty promises are worthless and you'll only have your hopes dashed in the end. If necessary, get the best hearing device obtainable and don't let petty vanity stand in the way of your making continuous use of it. Don't envy the good hearing of others, but be happy in the thought that there are now many worth-while aids at your disposal. And above all, don't live the dark, shadowy existence of a recluse, but bask in the sunshine of companionship of your fellow men. That's the only way to give this hard of hearing business the horse laugh. ⵌ

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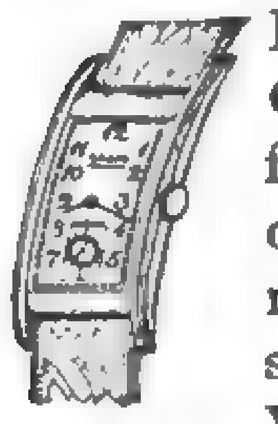

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 99

alarm he will still report that it was a fire, maybe even a conflagration, and an awe-inspiring one? And does Mr. Pemberton finally believe that the three awful duds he produced were "news events?" If he does, he is, I am constrained to say, a very peculiar fowl indeed, and in need of the devoted ministrations of a psychoanalyst. The plays he put on were tripe, plain, ordinary, cut-and-dried, A No. 1, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool, simon-pure tripe, and to see him or any other producer of the same disastrous judgment and taste bumptiously get up before a theatre convention designed to heighten the pride in the American stage and cheaply derogate a body of criticism which in turn is designed even further to heighten that pride is to become a little sick at the stomach.

Mr. Pemberton seems to imagine that if the critics were not to review plays, the plays, though bad or even superlatively rotten, would nevertheless draw audiences and, what is more, audiences that might possibly cherish them. Mr. Pemberton should consult Mr. Butler Davenport, whose plays, produced in the Bramhall Playhouse, are never reviewed by the critics. He might learn something.

At the same convention meeting, Mr. William A. Brady, the veteran producer, supported Mr. Pemberton's infatuated nonsense. "Some of the greatest successes in the American theatre did not get by the critics!" he exclaimed. True. But some of the finest plays that subsequently failed with audiences, he should recall, did. Then, Mr. Brady: "The theatre needs the same privilege as is given the motion pictures. If a Class B or Class C picture comes along, the film critic frankly admits it is such and judges it according to the tastes of the audience it is intended to please."

Did the drama critics who commented on this Brady boloney immediately characterize it as such? They did not. They again permitted spurious good manners to get the better of their ordinary good common sense. Bill Brady, who himself is at times also not without ordinary good common sense, knows perfectly well that he was talking through his hat (bought with money happily received from the rental of his Playhouse to two such intelligently silent producers as George Abbott and Alfred De Liagre, whose plays the critics, fortunately for Mr. Brady's millinery, generally praise). If a critic were to dub any of Bill's own productions as Class B or Class C drama and to endorse them fully but solely and singly for Class B or Class C audiences, Bill would be a whole lot madder than if they criticized them from the Class A viewpoint and allowed that, from any such reputable viewpoint, they stank. And Bill, being an honest man, himself blamed well knows it.

It is wasting valuable time being courteous toward such anguilliform humbug as was merchanted by the two boys. Theatrical criticism, to be worth anything, should designate the humbug for what it is, and in plain words. The American Theatre Council's first congress brought itself into disrepute and ridicule by permitting the discharge of such prejudiced and crotchety pap from its speakers' platform.

Burgess Meredith, that ablest of all our younger players, on behalf of actors addressing the producers as a group at the same congress, assisted in the promulgation of bosh. Expounded Meredith with no mother-playwright to guide him: "Hollywood has taken your game and developed it into a big-time sport. They make the proportionate amount of artistic mistakes that you do, the only difference being that they can compensate us for their blunders. If you were good enough promoters you would not be here. You would be out there where negotiations run into big money!"

Mr. Meredith, like all actors somewhat at intellectual sea when delivering lines not carefully composed beforehand for them by skilful dramatic writers, was guilty of some very ham logic, and not only some very ham logic but some actor-like base ingratitude to the theatrical producer hand that has fed him and brought him to the eminence he presently enjoys. For every Zanuck, Zukor, Warner, Mayer and Goldwyn who has had promotional success in Hollywood, there is a Miller, McClintic, Abbott, Gordon and Sam Harris who has done relatively well in the same direction in the theatre. Hollywood has its full share of sorry financial quacks, it shouldn't be overlooked, quite as Broadway has.

Mr. Meredith's silliness did not stop there. "They make the proportionate amount of artistic mistakes that you do, the only difference being that they can compensate us for their blunders." If this had any faintest meaning at all, it must have meant, in the Meredith actor-mind, that when a so-called "artistic" movie fails, the actor gets his money anyway, whereas when an "artistic" play fails for one reason or another the actor gets only a few weeks' salary. So far, so good. But what are the recent facts? Dismissing the selfishness of any actor who is set upon doing the finer things in drama, who is given the opportunity to do them by a theatrical producer who subsequently loses a small fortune on the dignified venture, and who then yelps because the producer who has liberally given him that opportunity can't afford to pay him as much as some other producer who might have cast him as some Irish Rose's Abie or the hind-end of a horse in a big Winter Garden show—dismissing the avarice and extor-

Continued at top of page 174

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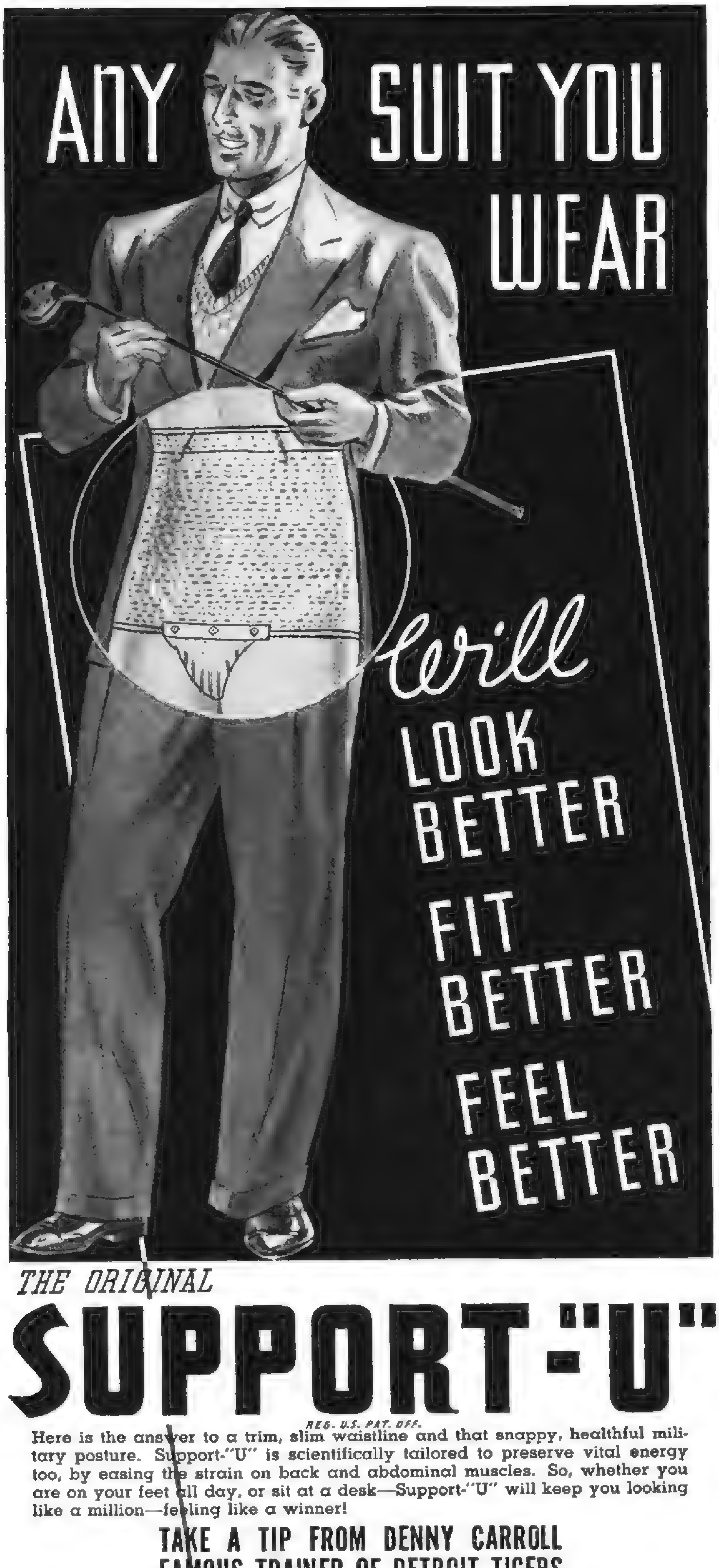

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 99-172

tionate illiberality of any such actor, just how many "proportionate amount of artistic mistakes" did the theatrical producers whom Meredith jeers at make this last season?

As for modern plays, unless my memory goes back on me, only one such mistake appears in the record. Of all these plays even remotely to be classed as "artistic," just one, Turney's *Daughters of Atreus*, failed promptly, due to the ignorant production given it by Delos Chappell. The actors got only their two weeks' salaries, as is customary. But all the other "artistic" plays of the year at the worst paid the run of their actors relatively more—whatever the producers and their backers may have lost—than they could have got for many more weeks' work in the Moscow Art Theatre, at the Old Vic, or at Macy's. As for the classics, two of Shakespeare's plays broke all American box-office records, while a third, unsuccessful in New York even though it kept its actors working there for a number of weeks, subsequently and prosperously kept its actors on the job out of town for several months longer. Besides, what is so grievously and shamefully inartistic about such box-office smashes and actor-paying gold mines as *You Can't Take It With You, Boy Meets Girl, Yes, My Darling Daughter, The Women, Tovarich* and *Dead End?*

Mr. Meredith's own producer, Mr. McClintic, gave Mr. Meredith a long, full season's good work and good pay a year ago in the artistic *Winterset*, which won the Critics' Circle's prize award. This last year he gave him a full five months' good work and good pay in the artistic *High Tor*, which again won the Critics' Circle's prize award. Mr. McClintic has in the meantime also and incidentally converted an indifferent performing youth into the best young actor in our theatre. And what thanks does he get? This young actor tells him that he ought to go to Hollywood and learn his business from Mr. Manny Cohen! #

Miss Personality

Continued from page 95

woman was leaning on the rail while the man stood a little way off waiting for her to come on. He was a fat, oily man with soft, heavy jowls and a black moustache and little petulant eyes. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "You don't want a picture made of *your* face do you?"

"Why not?" she asked coldly.

The man laughed shortly and the kid went to work.

She was close to forty and under the rouge her face was hard as brass. The kid rather liked the face. There was suffering in it and ruthlessness. The painted bow on her lips did not hide the grim set of her mouth. She was thin, almost gaunt, and the cords in her neck stood out. Her cheekbones were high with their circles of rouge and purple half moons sank under her eyes. The eyes, under thick mascara, were at once rebellious and weary. Her lifeless hair was dyed red. She was dressed in black with a string of bright red beads.

"For Christ's sake come on," said the man. "That's kid stuff."

"Go on if you want to," she said. "I dare you to go on."

The man took a cigar out of his vest pocket, bit the end off and lit it. "We don't have to make scenes in public," he said.

"Oh of course not," she said. "You don't want any scenes. You don't want any trouble."

She did not move as she spoke. She leaned on her elbows on the boardwalk railing, her chin tilted up a little, watching the artist from the corners of her eyes. She was posing.

For a second the kid had hesitated then with swift strokes he began the portrait full face. He was using all of the chalks. By God he was getting it. The ruthless face under the cheap make-up—amazing what you could do with chalk. A minute and a half passed. The kid worked on, slashing in his colors, the scarlet and the purple, the lifeless red. Then he stopped suddenly, let his arm fall and looked at the picture. Half aloud he murmured, "Damn it all, I'm good. I'm damn good."

Impulsively he seized the black crayon and wrote across the bottom of the picture, "Jael."

Then he tore the sheet off, rolled it up and thrust it to the boardwalk. The woman unrolled it and looked at it with no change of expression. The man peered over her shoulder and laughed greasily. "It's you all right,' he said.

"Yes," said the woman slowly, looking hard at the picture. "It's me." Then her manner sharpened and she said, "Give the guy some money."

The man, looking through his change, asked, "What does that mean, Jael?"

"I don't know," she said.

The man threw down half a dollar and they walked away.

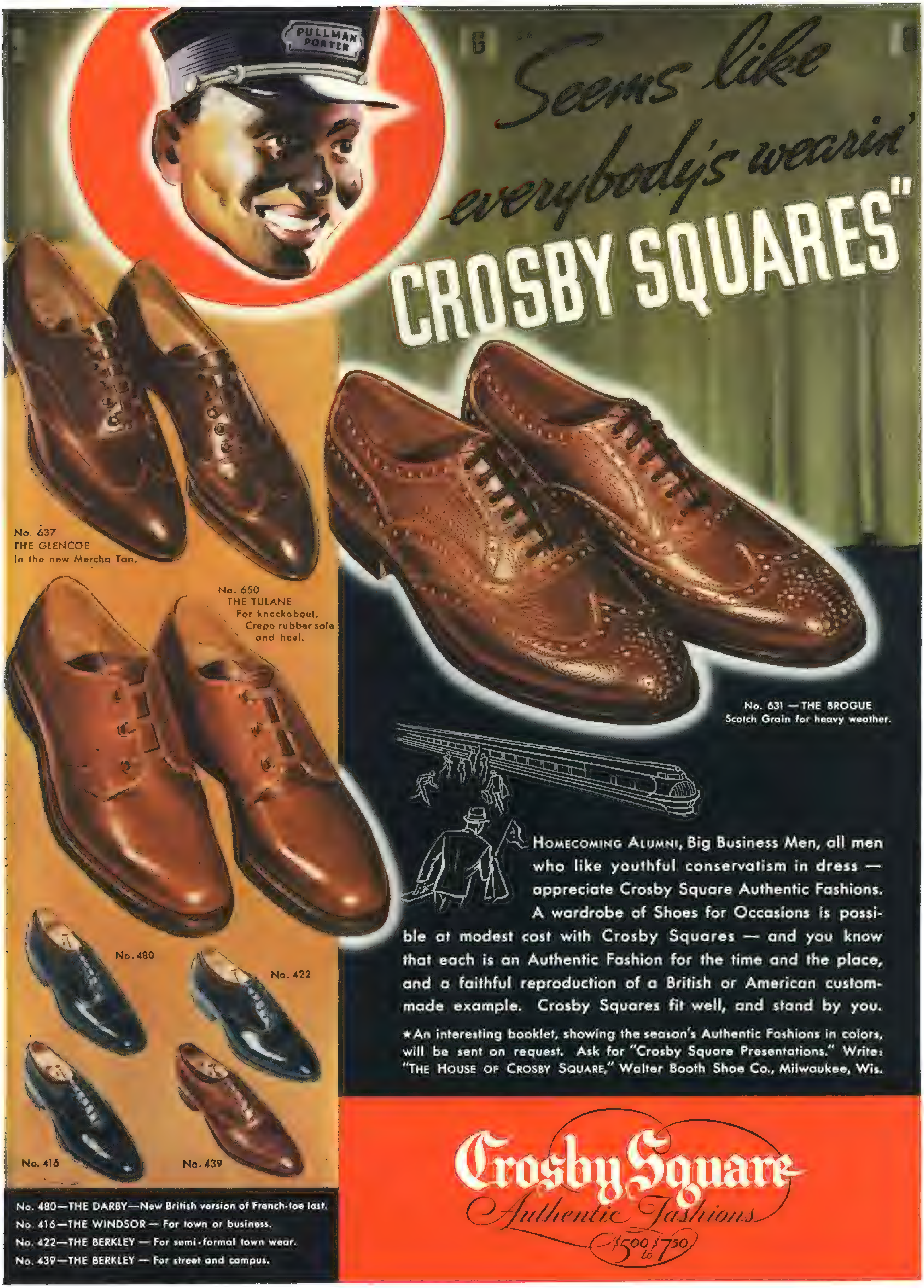
From the shadow of the boardwalk roared the concessionaire. "Say what the hell," he shouted. "You did everything wrong. Full face, took an hour to do it, what's the use my telling you these things?"

"Sorry," said the kid.

"And what the hell was that you wrote on it?"

"It was a girl's name. She looked like a girl I used to know."

The man who owned the concession shook his head disgustedly. "I ought to fire you," he said. "That's why we got that name, Miss Personality, for ugly dames like that." #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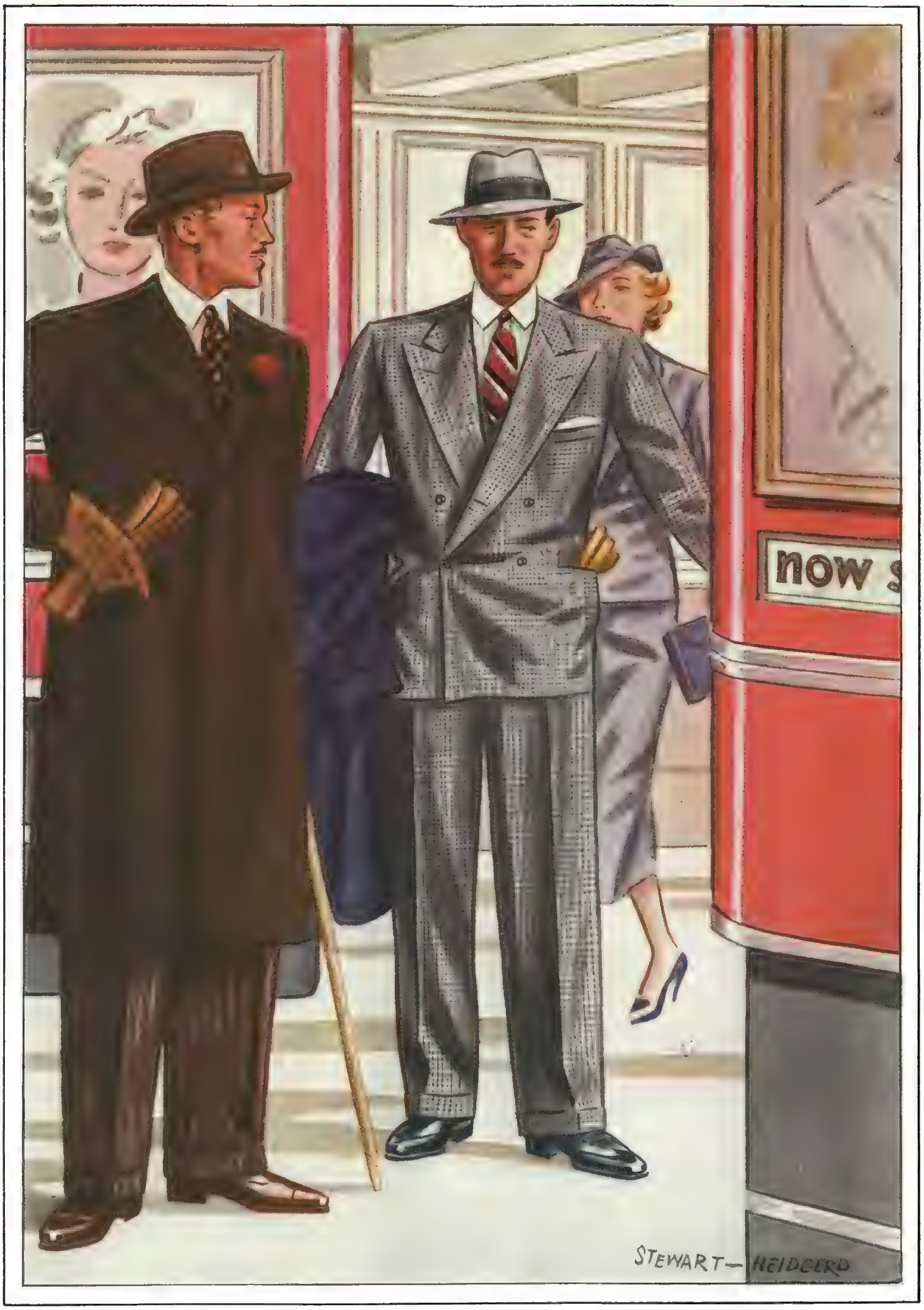

STIFF COLLARS FOR THE CARRIAGE TRADE

The scene may be a second-run neighborhood movie but these are first-run fashions. It is impossible to over-emphasize the newly revived importance of the white starched collar which has at last really reachieved its long-lost standing as an established fashion. The outfit on the left comprises a single-breasted Chesterfield in a brown and black herringbone weave, with flyfront and peak lapels, a dark brown worsted suit with silver stripe, a tan shirt, brown woven silk tie with spaced figures of red and very light tan, mahogany colored calf shoes and a medium-brown Homburg. At right, a double-breasted suit of unfinished worsted in a small Shepherd check, in the four-button model that is worn either buttoned at the waistline or in the British manner as sketched. Fine striped grey shirt, rep striped tie, black wing-tip shoes and a medium grey snapbrim hat with fairly wide brim and tapered crown.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Crossbreds Are Mean

Continued from page 86

At a prominent pit south of the Mason-Dixon line, where each year many hundreds of thousands of dollars change hands on the results of cock fights, an enthusiast with a pronounced embonpoint lost his life when one of the fighting cocks missed its adversary and pierced the spectator through the abdomen with its long gaff. Peritonitis set in and the victim died several days later.

Many similar cases might be cited, but none precisely identical with the slaying of Canales, for nowhere in this country do cock fighters employ "slashers." In the northeastern states short heels (inch-and-a-quarter spurs) are used; in the southern states long heels (any length). But everywhere in the United States, a steel spur, to be fair, must be round from socket to point.

In Mexico and South America they prefer slashers, which are simply knives sharpened to a razor's edge—which means that their fights are usually very brief and sanguine affairs. Only one of these deadly weapons is attached to a fighting cock, as the use of two might result in a chicken cutting off its own feet. In the far east, where the slow but powerful pure-blooded Aseel is the favorite of the native fancier, game fowl wage their wars in their natural spurs which result in long-drawn, bloody battles that often endure for hours—and, at times, for days before the victor is determined.

But if it is somewhat less dangerous to have one's hands, arms or legs pierced by the needle-sharp points of steel spurs attached to the feet of game cocks which possess in their small but astonishingly powerful bodies enough force to drive them through half-inch planks, than to have the same portions of one's anatomy subjected to the attack of razor-sharp slashers, cock fighting throughout the world remains a pastime not particularly suitable for those who flinch at injury. When a game cock is in full fighting fury, he is not finical as to whom or what he strikes and few are there of veteran cockers who have not tasted the steel of their own birds. But, as a rule, these handlers think little of such mishaps, usually sucking out the blood and applying a touch of iodine or turpentine and continuing with the main.

North American cock fighters are not an especially fragile or squeamish lot. This writer has known a number who were famous athletes and was well acquainted with one who possessed such strength that he could bend a silver half-dollar flat with the thumb and fingers of one hand. Very recently, he saw another, perhaps the most successful cock fighter of the 1936-1937 season, hold by the tip end and at arm's length, a full-sized broom, using as leverage only the rigid and unbent index and middle finger of his right hand, a feat requiring such unbelievable power in these digits that we stand willing to wager our bit for this piece, or a setting of pure Nugget eggs, that not one man in five thousand can repeat the stunt.

But if game fowl fanciers are in the main a hard-boned and hard-muscled lot, they are also surprisingly far removed from the sadistic brutes which imaginative artists, who never saw a cock fight or knew a cocker, like to picture them. Quite the contrary, they are usually a soft-spoken and courteous crew and among no class of sportsmen are large wagers made with such confidence and paid with such promptness as at a cockpit.

It is a game of countless paradoxes. The chief indictment against cock fighting in North America is based upon an allegation of cruelty—yet there are scores of cock fighters who are too "chicken-hearted" to enjoy hunting, fishing and several other legalized pastimes, because they consider them far more cruel than cocking. They reason that the quarry of the hunter or the fisherman has no chance for its life. On the other hand, a game cock fights for the very love of battle, always has an equal chance to survive, fights for its life but once or twice during the season—and the rest of the time lives the life of Reilly.

Many people believe that cock fighters "teach," or "train" their fowl to fight—but nothing could be more absurd. The truth of the matter is that fighting chickens at eight months, even though they have never had an opportunity to make a single hostile motion against one of their kind, instinctively know more about fighting than the best man that ever lived and the chief problem of the fancier is to keep them in separate pens, so that they will not kill each other, until the cocking season. Then, and only then, are they permitted to indulge their passion for the fray and to serve as the most inspiring example of deathless spirit in all nature.

"It wouldn't be so bad if they didn't use steel spurs," insist the enemies of cocking—and that's exactly where the opinion of the layman and that of the cocking enthusiast reach a deadlock. The average fancier of game fowl wouldn't consider permitting his prize bird to fight with its natural weapons, for the simple reason that he knows that such a contest would result in festering wounds that would bring intense agony. The difference between the steel spurs, used in the cockpit, and the natural spurs, used in the barnyard, is that the former are implements of death—and the latter implements of torture. But death, because of our conscious or subconscious fear of it, usually conveys the thought of the ultimate in cruelty.

Each year, during the cocking season, hundreds of handlers, while

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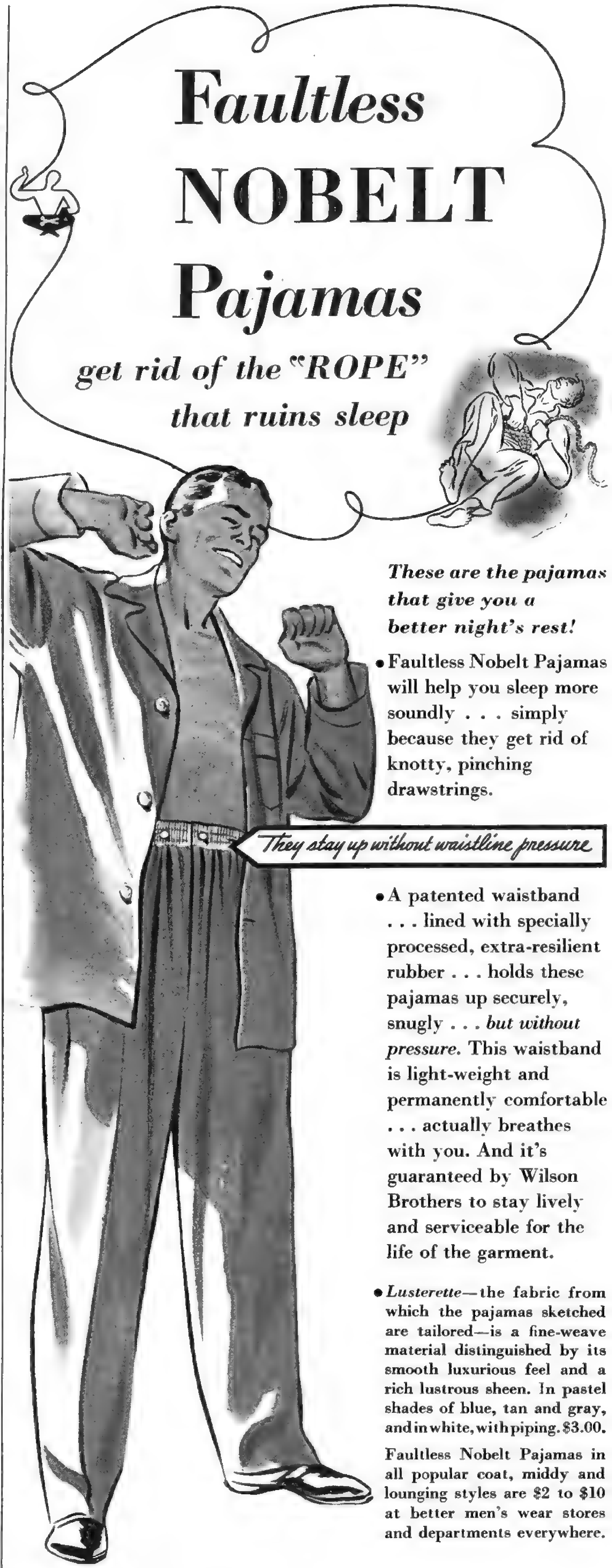

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Crossbreds Are Mean

Continued from pages 86-177

attempting to separate them in battle, are stabbed by the steel spurs of their fowl, but such injuries cause comparatively little pain and usually heal quickly. On the other hand, a blow from the naked heel of a fighting cock, or, for that matter, from any barnyard rooster, will invariably prove exceedingly painful and unless prompt medical attention is available, will be dangerously likely to cause serious infection.

Game fowl, with or without slashers, are rough playmates. On their walks, they will at times attack dogs, cats or children and once engaged in battle they will strike any living creature that comes between them and their opponents. Even the hens will often fight to the death, flapping their wings and crowing as raucously as any Oriental-Occidental cross. This writer will never forget a feud he once witnessed between a game hen with chicks and a two-year-old colt, a bitter struggle in which the colt, after vainly attempting to discourage the hen from flying six feet from the ground into his face—finally took to his thoroughbred heels.

But, here is a fact concerning North American cock fighting that will intrigue Mr. Ripley. Believe it or not, one of the leading cockers of our land is a woman—and a young, exceedingly pretty and highly intelligent woman at that!

This young lady excels in "heeling," which means the highly specialized art of adjusting the steel gaffs at exactly the right angle to be most effective, of tying the waxed cords just tight enough so that the spur will not slip—yet not so tight as to cramp the foot.

Never, however, will she expose her well-kept hands to the savage thrust of beak or spur of such ill-natured game cocks as the Occidental Mugwamp-Oriental Aseel cross, which, in the early spring, murdered Porfirio Canales at La Caridad. ##

The Mashed Potato League

Continued from page 79

automobile company. Among other duties, he made phonograph "pep talks" for the sales force. His famous incidents of fire-lighting between halves are a lasting part of the lore of football, but he could arouse crowds under other conditions than the exciting tenseness of a locker room in the midst of a dramatic battle.

At a banquet once he was called on suddenly to fill in for a speaker who had failed to appear. He got up in an apologetic manner, explaining that he hadn't any idea that he was going to be called on that evening, and didn't know what he might say to fill in the gap. He said that people often asked him what he said to his team between the halves of a close game. He said he might try to explain what it was like. Then he began to work in the atmosphere of the dressing room with its fumes of liniment and sweat, its atmosphere of nervous tension and uncertainty. Gradually he wove the magic spell. The whole audience felt the pull, the power of the leader to persuade; they could smell the liniment and the sweaty jerseys; gradually their pulses whipped up with the mounting excitement. Steadily Rockne went on, the master orator creeping up on his climax. Rhythmically he dropped in the chanting lines: "We are going out there and fight —FIGHT!" The listeners leaned forward in their chairs, hypnotized, breathless. At last he was taking off in his final soar, demanding dramatically of his fighting team (and his audience); "Now, we are going out there to fight . . . FIGHT and Win!" And then he demanded heroically with smashing abruptness: "Are you *with* me?"

And en masse the whole banquet room rose and shouted as one man "YES!" Then they looked at one another sheepishly and slipped back into their chairs with much scuffling and confusion as they realized how they had been tricked, how they had lost themselves completely in a magnetic personality.

Rockne visualized the size that could be made of a football coaching job. He was the one who lifted the work out of the field of the animal trainer. He made it a year-around job, and as other coaches soon followed suit, he unified, almost unionized, you might say, the football coach's job. He helped make the work a separate and recognized profession.

Rockne was always a great fellow for his fellow coaches, too. Like the big generals, he believed that it was the other coach that he was playing; the men in the line-up were only puppets. And many a shaking coach he has saved by putting him on his schedule and letting him off with a respectable score. He would go around the country quietly informing the reporters that the local coach was his "second choice" (with a smile) as the best coach in the country. Only a few times did he really let his team go. Once was in that 27-to-0 Southern California game of 1930 when he took offense at some remarks printed in the newspapers.

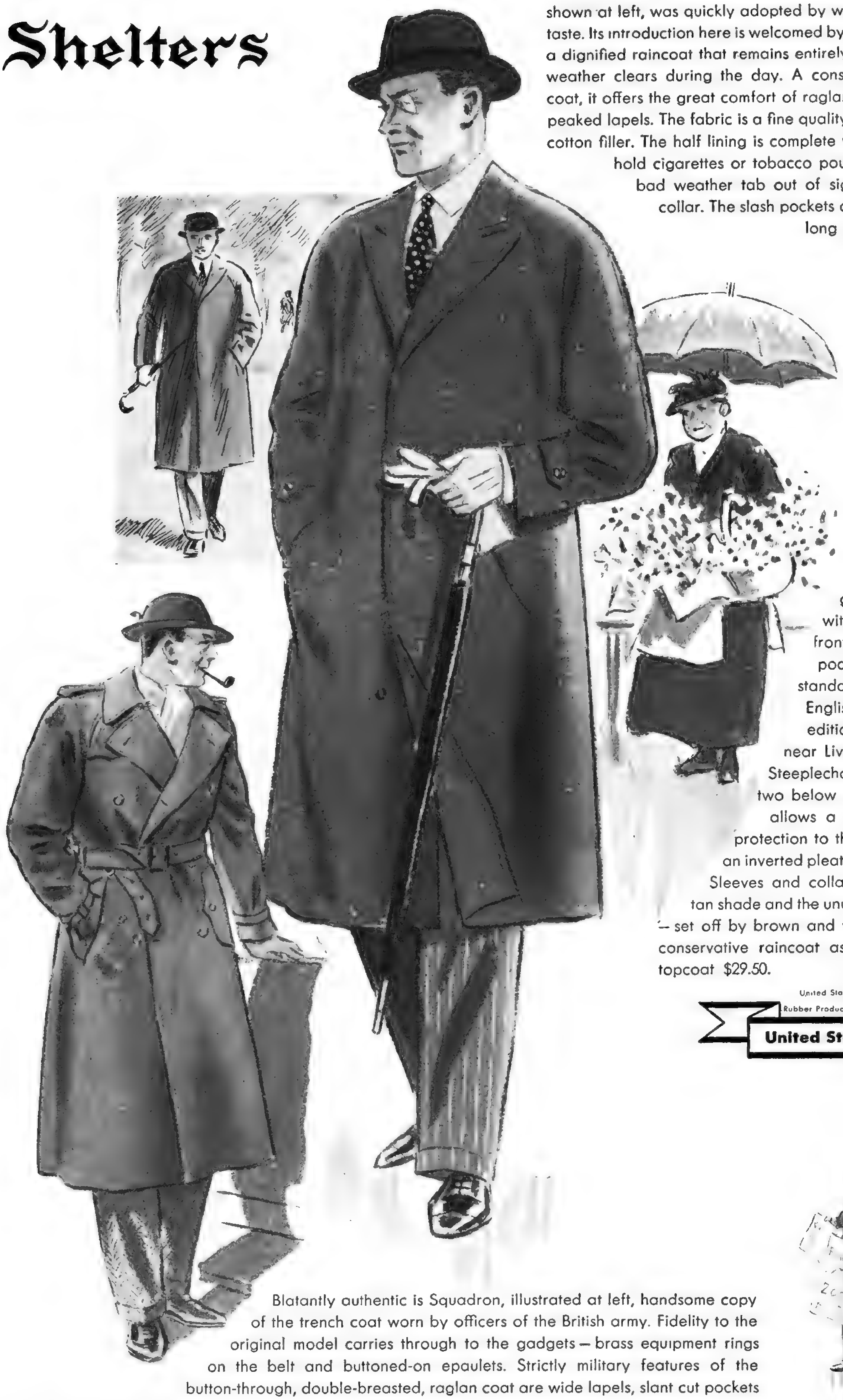
Rockne moved coaches back and forth across the country like a political boss. A Rockne recommendation almost meant a job. And the coaches recognized and appreciated his leadership and his interest in them, the value of his influence. They looked up to him as an honest helper and a genuine builder-upper of the trade.

He recognized the sales value of the banquet scenes, and he originated the string of funny stories

Continued on page 180

Shelters

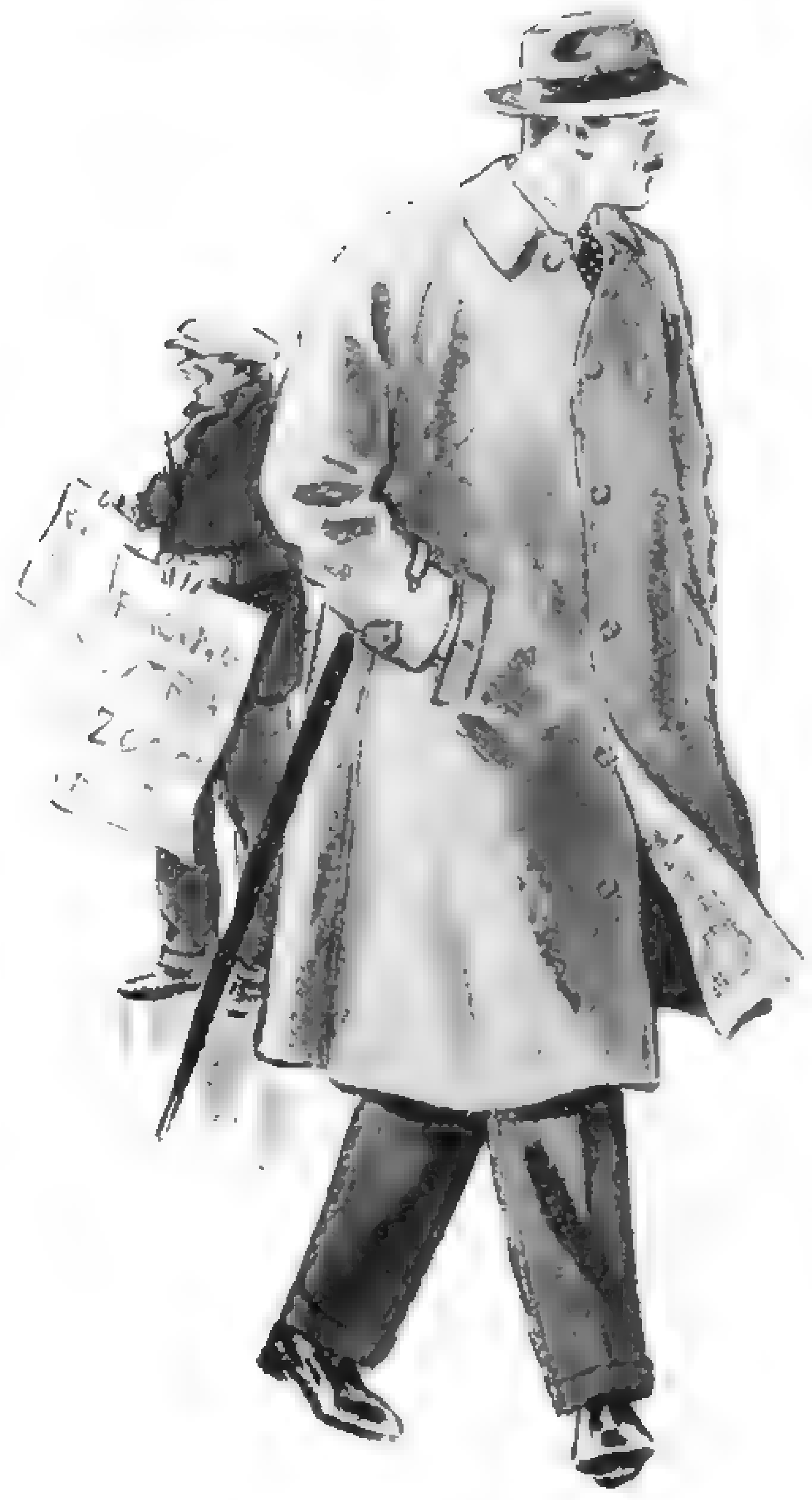
The English original of Guards, the midnight blue, showerproof topcoat shown at left, was quickly adopted by well-dressed Britishers of quiet good taste. Its introduction here is welcomed by the man whose wardrobe demands a dignified raincoat that remains entirely appropriate for town wear if the weather clears during the day. A conservative, single breasted, fly-front coat, it offers the great comfort of raglan shoulders and the smart detail of peaked lapels. The fabric is a fine quality French spun, two-ply worsted with cotton filler. The half lining is complete with three pockets, one of them to hold cigarettes or tobacco pouch, and buttons for anchoring the bad weather tab out of sight when it is not needed on the collar. The slash pockets are generous and well tailored. The long center vent has one button. $32.50.



The original of Aintree, the fine gabardine raincoat shown below, with raglan shoulders, button-through front, smart military collar and slash pockets might easily be considered standard equipment among well-dressed Englishmen at the races. The American edition has been named for the track near Liverpool where the Grand National Steeplechase is held. Worn only an inch or two below the knee, the wide skirted Aintree allows a maximum stride, yet gives ample protection to the legs. The center vent is actually an inverted pleat carrying two brass hooks and eyes. Sleeves and collar have weather tabs. The English tan shade and the unusually fine quality of the gabardine — set off by brown and white checked lining — suggest this conservative raincoat as a generally useful showerproof topcoat $29.50.

United States Rubber Products, Inc. 1790 Broadway; New York, N. Y.

United States Rubber Company



Blatantly authentic is Squadron, illustrated at left, handsome copy of the trench coat worn by officers of the British army. Fidelity to the original model carries through to the gadgets — brass equipment rings on the belt and buttoned-on epaulets. Strictly military features of the button-through, double-breasted, raglan coat are wide lapels, slant cut pockets with buttoned flaps, buckled sleeve tabs, and convertible collar with two brass hooks and chin high weather tab that both buttons and buckles in place. Double lined and so generously cut, no vent is needed. London tan gabardine of finest quality, with checked lining and additional buttoned-in flannel lining, makes Squadron storm-wise as well as showerproof. The extra detachable flannel lining is such a complete garment in itself that it can be worn as a separate coat. $50.00.

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The Mashed Potato League

Continued from pages 79-178

technique that has become the standard for football banquet addresses. Of course, this banquet work is confined largely to a definite group of the coaching jobs, but this coterie happens to include the top bracket of the game. A few of the large schools still do not favor the work, and it is more or less futile for most of the smaller colleges. West Point and Annapolis coaches, of course, are exempt and a good many of the elder coaches are unfitted temperamentally for the work, or else recoil from it because of personal pride, or for other personal reasons.

Some of these have on their staffs contact men who do that part of the work for them. For instance, Howard Jones of Southern California is a cold, remote, "banker" sort of fellow who doesn't arouse fire like a ward heeler. But he has jovial, florid Sam Barry who always makes a good impression. "Pop" Warner is no fire eater at a banquet table, and only recently has Bob Zuppke seriously recognized the importance of the winter banquet season to his team, although he is a masterful narrator of anecdote and an inspiring orator.

Other coaches still have to let the figures tell the tale. Among these I would class taciturn Bernie Bierman of Minnesota's perennial champions, and big Francis Schmidt of Ohio State. Most of the younger coaches—Fritz Crisler of Princeton, Harry Stuhldreher of Wisconsin, Harry Kipke of Michigan, to name only a few, are exceptionally fine public address men.

Young Stuhldreher, the famous Four Horseman quarterback who is doing such a fine job getting Wisconsin's resources knitted together again, says: "I personally enjoy meeting people and discussing problems, especially where the youngsters are concerned. It is always good policy to put the shoe on the other foot and just recall the days when we were high school students. We always felt that the appearance at the annual banquet of a college coach was one of the outstanding events of the year. As soon as we enter into this profession we know that we will have to do a certain amount of what I generally call 'barking for biscuits!' "

"Jock" Sutherland, coach of the Rose Bowl champion Pittsburgh Panthers, is a professional man who naturally finds the banquet season intrusive, but still necessary. "Laid end to end," he says, "all the breasts of chicken that I have consumed in the last four months following a good season would probably reach from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles. However, these banquets unquestionably promote good will toward the athletic department, and I think most coaches feel that it is part of their jobs."

Lou Little of Columbia, another famous Rose Bowl winner of not so long ago, believes that "most coaches dislike the banquet season but we have to put up with it due to the fact that it all helps this game of football. I can recall as a youngster that I used to like to sit and listen to athletic leaders talk. To me they seemed to carry a message that I always enjoyed hearing. It is quite difficult to be on the 'go' night after night, but after all if it is going to do some good, why shouldn't it be continued?"

"Tiny" Thornhill of Stanford, still another Rose Bowl hero, finds green peas rather than mashed potatoes the keynote of the "Chautauqua Tours." "And have you," he demands, "ever tried to get any meat off the bones of a scrawny, under-developed chicken with a football nut on either side of you and two hundred pairs of eyes periodically checking on your table manners? I don't suppose that you will find half a dozen coaches in the country who will come right out and say that they enjoy speaking at luncheons, dinners, yes, and even breakfasts. I shall have to confess that it's one of the most difficult parts of my job—and it really has become part of the job of coaching.

"I don't object to talking at alumni clubs, before groups of youngsters or other organizations whose members are really interested in football, but many organizations believe that they must have at least one football meeting during the season because it is the thing to do, regardless of whether or not their members are really interested. One of our coaches, who is a very good speaker, was prevailed upon to speak before a mixed group one evening. Just as the chairman introduced him, a very large lady sitting next to and squarely in front of the speakers' table unfolded the evening edition of the local newspaper and proceeded to read it through, never once glancing at the speaker. Maybe a great many of my listeners would have been grateful for some reading matter, too.

"Perhaps the solution of the matter is a reorganization of our coaching staff. Now most universities have a head coach, backfield coach, line coach, end coach, and probably two or three other general assistants. Maybe we should appoint an assistant coach in charge of Public Speaking. It wouldn't be necessary for him to show up at practice at all. His chief duties would be to keep his voice and hand-shaking arm in the best of condition and be sure that he always had at least one clean white shirt. He could report back at the end of the season and we could probably lend him to the Public Speaking Department until the opening of the next season.

"In lieu of that reform, a general improvement of the menus would be a big help. If the folks would just toss in a good thick steak or a nice, juicy slice of roast beef once in a while, I feel certain they would have the eternal gratitude of the football coaches."

Andy Kerr of Colgate reports that he doesn't mind a reasonable number of such functions, but adds that "after you attend six football banquets in succession you are almost ashamed to look a turkey in the face."

Matty Bell, Southern Methodist's fine coach, is philosophically willing to go along with the good work. "In the coaching profession," he states, "I am always anxious to do anything which, in my opinion, will help football and create a better understanding between the people who are in it and those who are on the outside and support it. In my opinion, these banquets serve a great purpose in that respect. In other words, they give a coach the opportunity to express himself in regard to the worthwhile side of football, and they also provide a very fine opportunity to make acquaintances and contacts which are beneficial to the welfare of the school which the coach represents."

Humorous "Bo" McMillin, who has brought Indiana rapidly to the fore, modestly denies that he is a popular favorite as a speaker. One of Rockne's favorite stories was in "Bo's" dialect. It was about that Harvard-Centre game in which "Bo" was relating the great punting of his team. "Well, who was doing this great punting?" the listener would ask, and "Bo" would reply: "Oh, it just happened that Ah was doin' the puntin' that day!"

"Bo" says: "I go to a good many banquets, and frankly I really enjoy them with the exception of the small part that I play in them. The boys who win championships are called on most frequently, and to date I haven't been bothered too much."

Wade Alexander of Georgia Tech also states that he "has not been winning enough games in recent years to be bothered with banquet troubles," while Chic Meehan of Manhattan declares that while he "would like to dodge these banquets you are more or less obliged to attend them."

Noble Kizer of Purdue says: "Some coaches do not like dinners, but I feel that they give a coach an opportunity to present the kind of work he is doing to the communities in his section of the country. Although it gets tiresome it is quite obviously a part of his duties and I believe it is of mutual benefit to all concerned."

Wallace Wade of Duke explains that he dislikes to attend banquets but does it "out of consideration of the fact that I feel like it may help in some way to explain to the public the proper attitude we should have toward college athletics and to help interest people in the right kind of athletics."

Jimmy Phelan, who won the Pacific Coast championship last year with his University of Washington eleven after taking Purdue to the top for the first time in history in 1929, confesses to being an "old campaigner" in the mashed potato league, but adds that he could "only wish we could always count on getting mashed potatoes at the majority of these functions. I have found that we usually get cold boiled potatoes or hard French fries dished out of a galvanized iron can that has been packed into some local fire barn or Chamber of Commerce headquarters, which might be located in the basement of a church or on the second floor of the town's most edifying structure.

"It is no great pleasure for a coach to be hauled away from his fireside after a tough season to speak before some small town Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Active Club, or Usadians, where we are required to drive through heavy traffic in all sorts of weather and arrive shortly before the meeting to shake hands with the local celebrities as well as to meet the high school football captain, coach and mayor.

"The local barber, hotel clerk, but most likely some insurance salesman, is the chairman of the evening, and after the hard working women of the community have volunteered their services to arrange for the meal we start in with the usual convocation and before the dishes are cleared away the toastmaster starts introducing the celebrities until he gets down to the man of the evening who happens to be the coach.

"After tossing out one or two well worn jokes that might or might not land, the speaker watches his audience for a reaction and tries to feel the mental pulse of the group and arrange his talk accordingly. After extolling the virtues of athletics and outlining the qualities of the young athlete—the mine-run speech usually winds up with a little arm waving and table pounding on the subject of sportsmanship, courage, brains and loyalty. If a flag is at hand that can be waved a little bit at the finish. Then all wind up by 'facing the flag and singing one verse of *America.*'

"Having traveled many thousands of miles early and late in all sorts of weather during some two thousand of these affairs, I speak from the standpoint of experience that this is no great dish for any coach, and I am in favor of the closed season."

Perhaps the "out" for Jim and the other coaches who are fed up on "mashed potatoes" would be to adopt Zuppke's famous epigram on the subject. In order to get out of unwelcomed public appearances, Zup used to have a stock telegraphic reply: "My price is $200. You can't pay it, and I'm not worth it!" #

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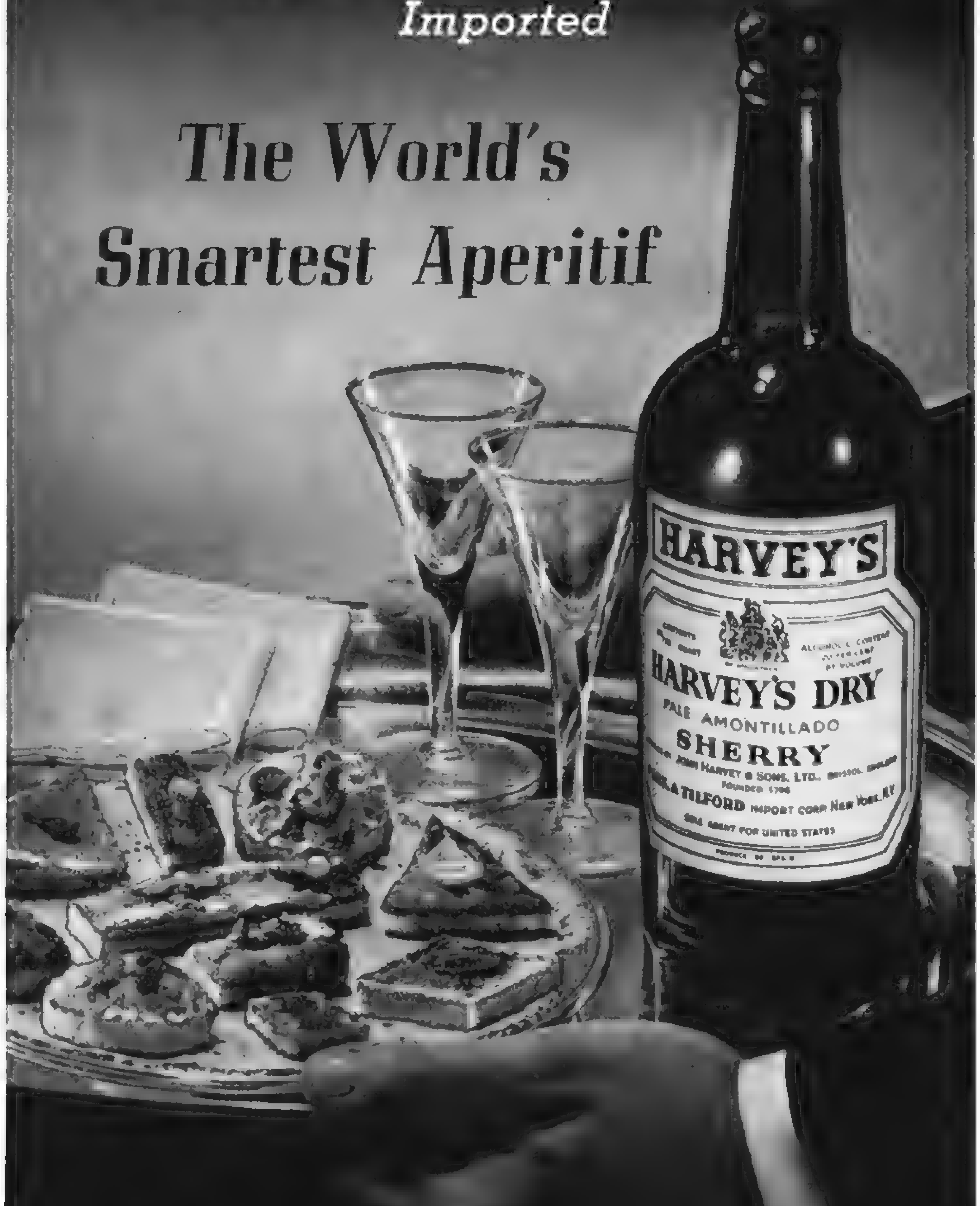

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She Had Good Legs

Continued from page 106

coming that day. "And she has that long report to copy," Zita complained. "Now I'll have to do it for her." Mumbling and pouting she went about opening and closing drawers, looking for the report.

Claudia opened her desk and began to brush her typewriter.

It was nine when the buzzer called. Mr. Sayles wanted Claudia. She swept up her notebook and pencil and rushed to answer the call, excitement tinting her cheeks. In the hall she paused to straighten her stockings. Mr. Sayles would not, of course, mention her legs. He was not that type. But he would notice. She would be able to tell by his eyes. He was going to discover that the plain Miss Bender had something very much worth while. Claudia blushed harder at this thought. She who had never had a beau—and thinking such things! Not that she was Victorian or anything, but her aunt had brought her up to. . . .

"Good morning, Miss Bender."

"Good morning, Mr. Sayles." She sat as near him as possible, and crossed one of her legs over the other. Her skirt climbed up a little bit more than she usually allowed it to go; she let it remain that way.

Mr. Sayles adjusted his pince-nez, cleared his throat, and began to dictate. One letter, another, another, Claudia dangled a leg just a trifle. Mr. Sayles' eyes were on the papers before him. Another letter, another, another. Claudia uncrossed her legs. Mr. Sayles went on dictating.

At eleven, he said, "That's all, Miss Bender. See if you can get them out by noon."

"Yes, sir."

She dropped her notebook; when she stooped to pick it up he would see. He did not. She shuffled her feet, and at that he looked at her, directly into her eyes. "What was it, Miss Bender?"

Of a sudden fear for her job clutched at Claudia. Would Mr. Sayles think she rebelled at writing so many letters by twelve? She had to do something. Her eyes went to the notebook. "This letter to Solomon Brothers—is that Solomon, s-o-l-o-m-o-n?"

"Yes. We have written them many times." He stared at her. The girl was acting queerly. Staid, efficient Miss Bender did not need to ask anyone how to spell.

"Yes, sir. Thank you," Claudia said.

Despite her mortification, she had not forgotten her legs. Mr. Sayles would see how beautiful they were when she walked across the room. At the door she looked quickly back, only to find that the man was busy over his papers. Quietly she closed the door and in the hall amost cried. "The old baboon!" she said. "And he isn't even handsome; and besides he's married!"

Transcription of the letters demanded all her attention. She finished them a little before noon.

At the drugstore where she always had her noon meals Claudia perched herself on a high stool and stretched her legs gracefully to one side. In so doing she gave the young man sitting next to her a rather strong kick. The youth turned his pimply countenance full on her.

"I am sorry," she said.

"It's quite all right," he answered in a tone which screamed he did not mean it. He gave her his back and again devoted himself to the milkshake before him.

Claudia placed her legs primly in front of her. A big lump was in her throat, and she was hardly able to swallow her sandwich. She was beginning to suspect that she had wasted a hundred and fifty cents.

That afternoon in the office went far towards confirming her suspicions. Mr. Sayles called her in for dictation again, and although she gave him every opportunity, even risked annoying him by again dropping her notebook, he never so much as glanced at her legs. A younger partner also asked her to take dictation from him; he did not notice her legs either.

At five, when she was in the washroom putting on her hat, Claudia studied her legs in a mirror, as she had done the night before. But now she did not find them so extraordinary. She began to be angry. That fresh clerk had made her buy something she did not need. Beige stockings at fifty-nine cents a pair were all right for her, as the ten-fifty suit was all right, as the dollar hat was all right. What if she did earn enough to afford more expensive clothes? Her bank account was growing fat on the money she saved through wearing sensible things. Her job demanded efficiency and nothing else. Why, even if one did wear good things, no one noticed. Maizie and Zita spent all they made on clothes, yet their salaries were far beneath hers.

She looked at her legs again and sighed. A few tears came to her eyes. She wiped them away quickly. She had been a fool. A little lip from a man had turned her head. Beautiful legs indeed! Lani, hmph! Beige stockings at fifty-nine from now on. Maizie and Zita might have their boy friends, but she had a bank account that was going to take her to Europe.

Thinking of Europe Claudia went down in the elevator. In Paris it was the Seine. She would walk a few blocks before taking the bus. In Berlin—would Hitler let her into Germany? After all, her father had been a professor, and she herself was sort of intellectual. Her pumps stepped down from a sidewalk. And Switzerland. . . .

Screeching brakes. An enormous truck stopped a few feet away. An enraged red-faced driver

Continued at top of page 184

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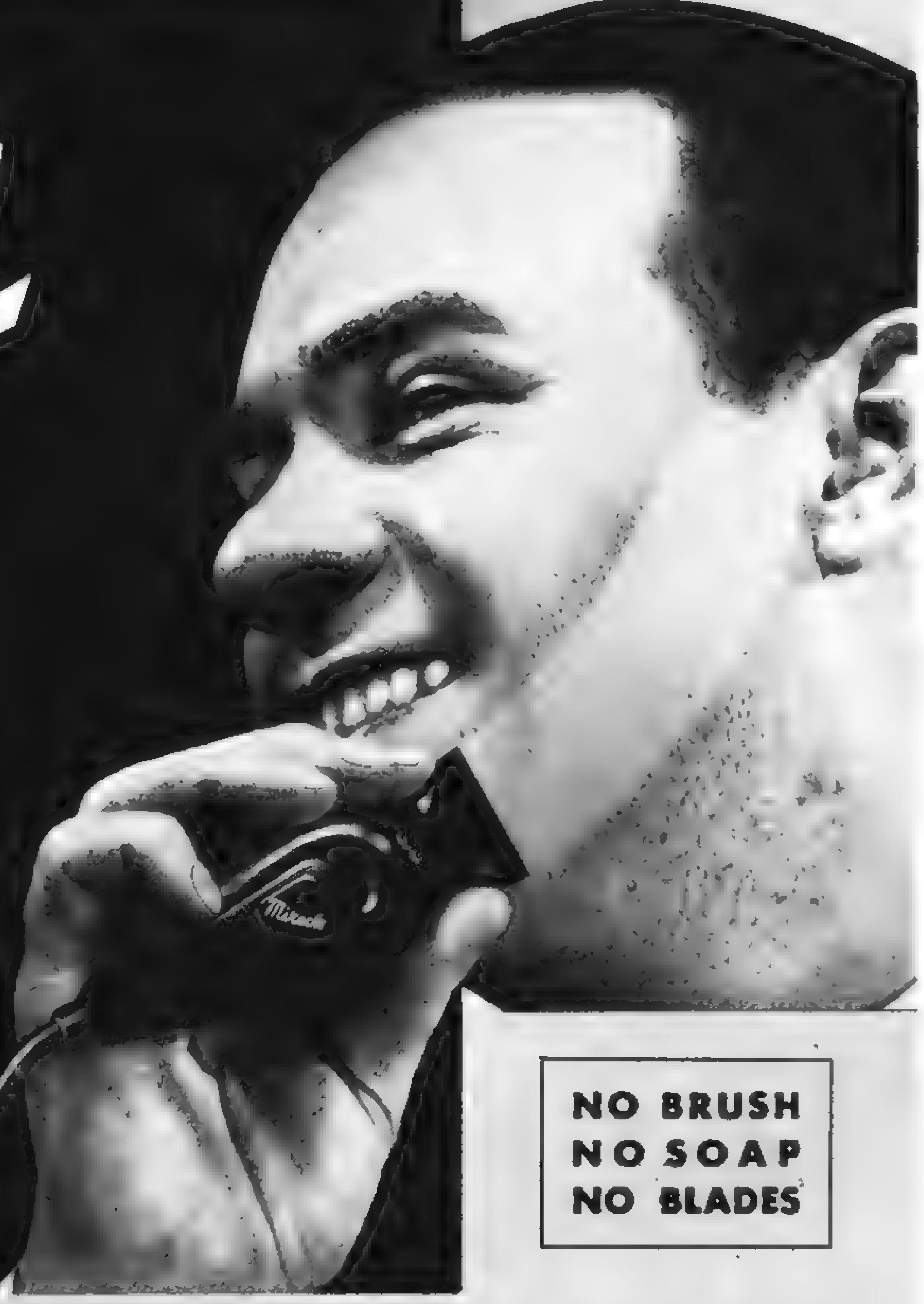

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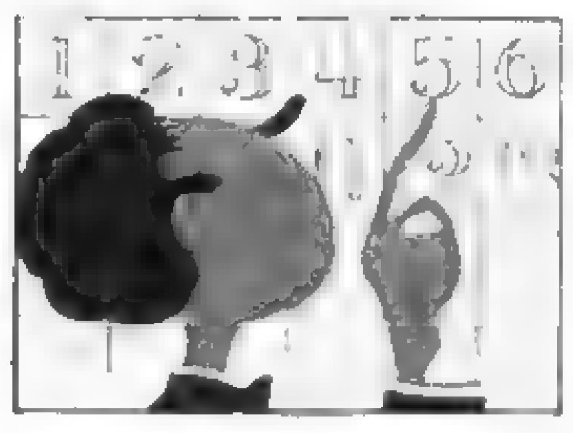

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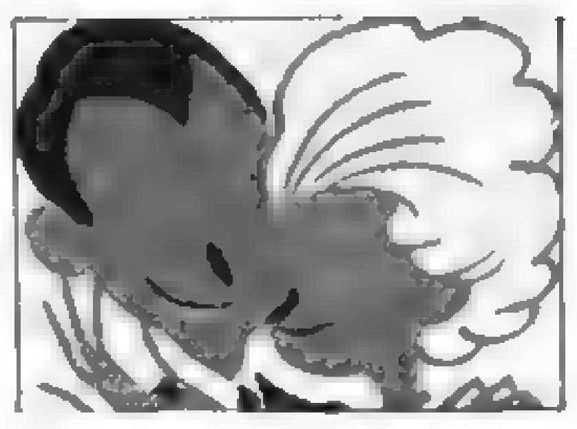
In less than a week your own familiar shaving stroke does the work.



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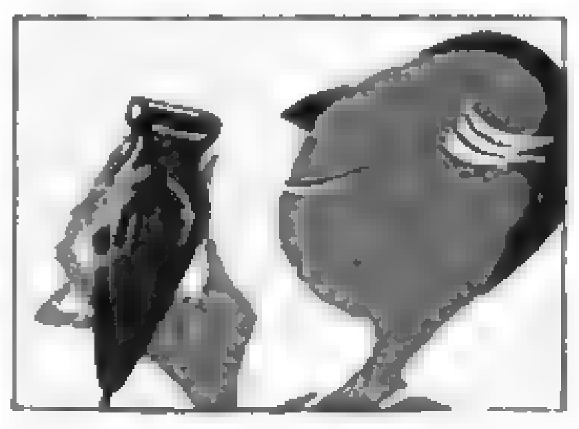
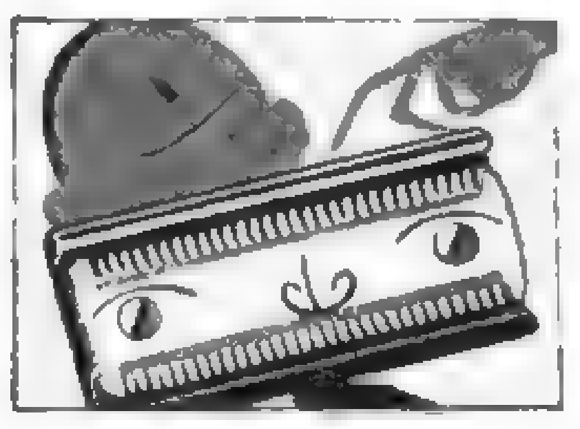
It gets down to the surface of the skin and neatly removes all hair.



COMFORT GRIP
Shaped to fit the hand comfortably while shaving in any position.

NO PULL
Extra power motor whips the toughest beard without a struggle.



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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH • NEW YORK
EUGENE VOIT, *Manager*

She Had Good Legs

Continued from pages 106-182

scowled down at her. "Say, sister, why don't you watch where you are going?"

Claudia had not had time to become frightened. She barely knew what had happened. "I—" she said.

"If I wasn't such a good driver you'd be stiff by now. And listen—" The man's eyes out of habit sped down her body. He did not finish telling her what to listen to. He whistled shrilly. He grinned. "Excuse me, baby," he said. "The street is yours."

Other cars were honking behind the truck. A policeman was coming. Claudia's only desire was to get away from there as soon as possible.

She crossed the street. She had reached the opposite sidewalk when she heard the driver shout, "For a gal with gams like yours anytime!"

She kept on walking, but her heart was bursting and the blood was in her face. She could feel people looking at her, but she was not embarrassed. A laugh came to her throat, and she suppressed it with her hand. A store mirror reflected her figure. *For a gal with gams like yours.* It was true, it was true she had good legs! All she needed was a suit that fit a little better, a hat that was not so bargain counter, and maybe her make-up could be improved. She smiled at her reflection, and she said under her breath, "Yeah, man!"

There Were Giants

Continued from page 111

liminary over, and Mr. Bick winding up the main event introductions: ". . . . and the Kilkenny Kid, known . . . countless admirers . . . uncrowned welterweight king."

The Irish cheered, and Mr. Schultz muttered: "They crowned him with everything but the water bucket the last time out."

Then the final instructions, a breathless silence, and the gong.

. . . I remember feeling excited but not nervous. It would be only a question of time. You knew it before the end of the first round. The Wildcat's left hand, keeping the enemy just off balance; his right hand, reddening the Kilkenny's white body with steady, short jolts. Late in the fight, when the crowd started yelling "stop it," he would cock that right hand and finish it. . . .

"Make it look good," I heard Mr. Schultz tell him in a low voice at the end of the third. It seemed an odd way to phrase it, because the Wildcat was looking very good as it was. . . .

One Punch Jones appeared from nowhere between the fourth and fifth.

"Ten to one now," he told Mr. Schultz.

Mr. Schultz handed him a large, green roll. "Get this down," he said, "an' remember I know how much is there."

"He ain't got anything left," said Mr. Schultz after the sixth, looking across the ring at the puffing Kilkenny. "Maybe," said Mr. Schultz, "he'll just fall on his face. Maybe you better do something about that."

So this would be it, I thought. The panther had stalked his prey and now would cut him down. The bell sent them away, and they had just come out of a clinch, the Wildcat with his back to us, when Mr. Schultz slapped the canvas with his open hand.

"Now!" he said.

We saw the Wildcat start to throw a long right—longer, slower than it should have been, as even I could see, because it left him wide open for a full second. We saw the Kilkenny throwing his weight behind a short counterpunch, and then Wildcat Simms was dissolving into the canvas in his own corner. This time he seemed to be really asleep.

The east-bound train—it would reach the Twin Cities day after tomorrow morning—pulled in. The two stables climbed aboard. Only now, singularly, they seemed to be one stable, and nobody was calling anybody a bum or a tramp.

"Here it is," said One Punch Jones, running up from the direction of Water Street, where bets were being paid off. He handed Mr. Schultz a package.

"It better be," said Mr. Duffy, watching closely.

Mr. Schultz tore open a corner of the package. He pulled out a ten dollar bill and handed it to me.

"Don't never bet on fights, son," he said. "Or if you do, bet on the short-ender."

The train rambled off into the night, the town seemed suddenly very still and empty, and then I turned and saw a weatherbeaten face smiling faintly in the dark.

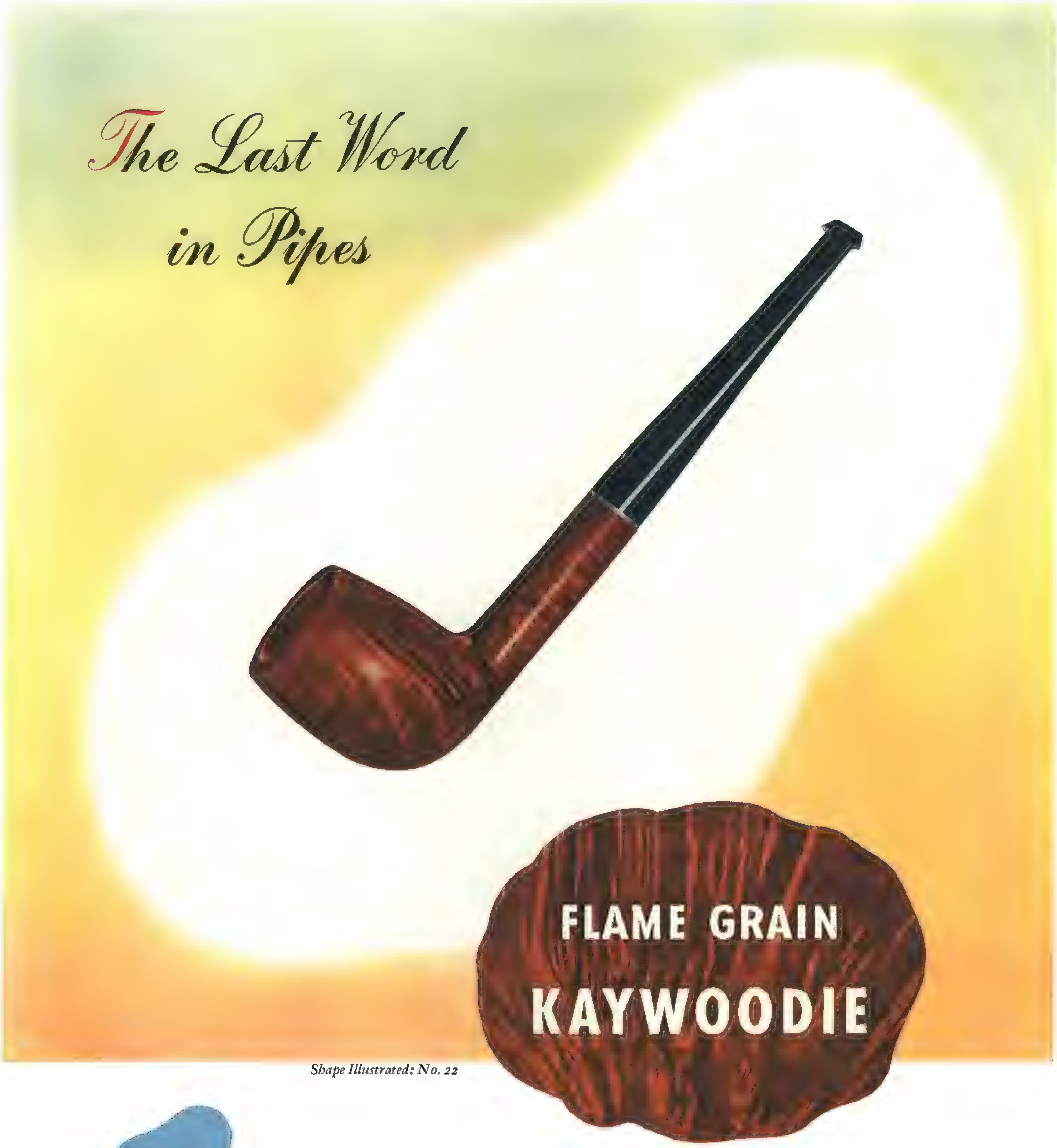
"Did you see the Kilkenny's punch land?" asked Maurice Thompson, the man who twice beat the young Stanley Ketchell.

"No," I said.

"Neither did anybody else," said Maurice Thompson.

And the strange thing was, I didn't care. The train was almost out of sight now, and with it would go the prize fight business for a long time. But what I would remember would be that sound of crashing leather and the good smell of sweat and arnica and the mornings on the road and the shop talk. I would have a fine time remembering everything but the finish.

So that is why I do not go often to the fights in New York. It is not cynicism. On the contrary, it's sentiment. I mean, I would rather be an insider at a fight like that than a mere spectator at an honest one. Screwy, isn't it? But that's the way it is.



Shape Illustrated: No. 22

$10

Inspect these beautiful pipes at your Kaywoodie dealer's. If he doesn't have them he will get them, for you to see. Or write our New York office, International Building, Rockefeller Center.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK *and* LONDON

Isn't this a beautiful pipe?

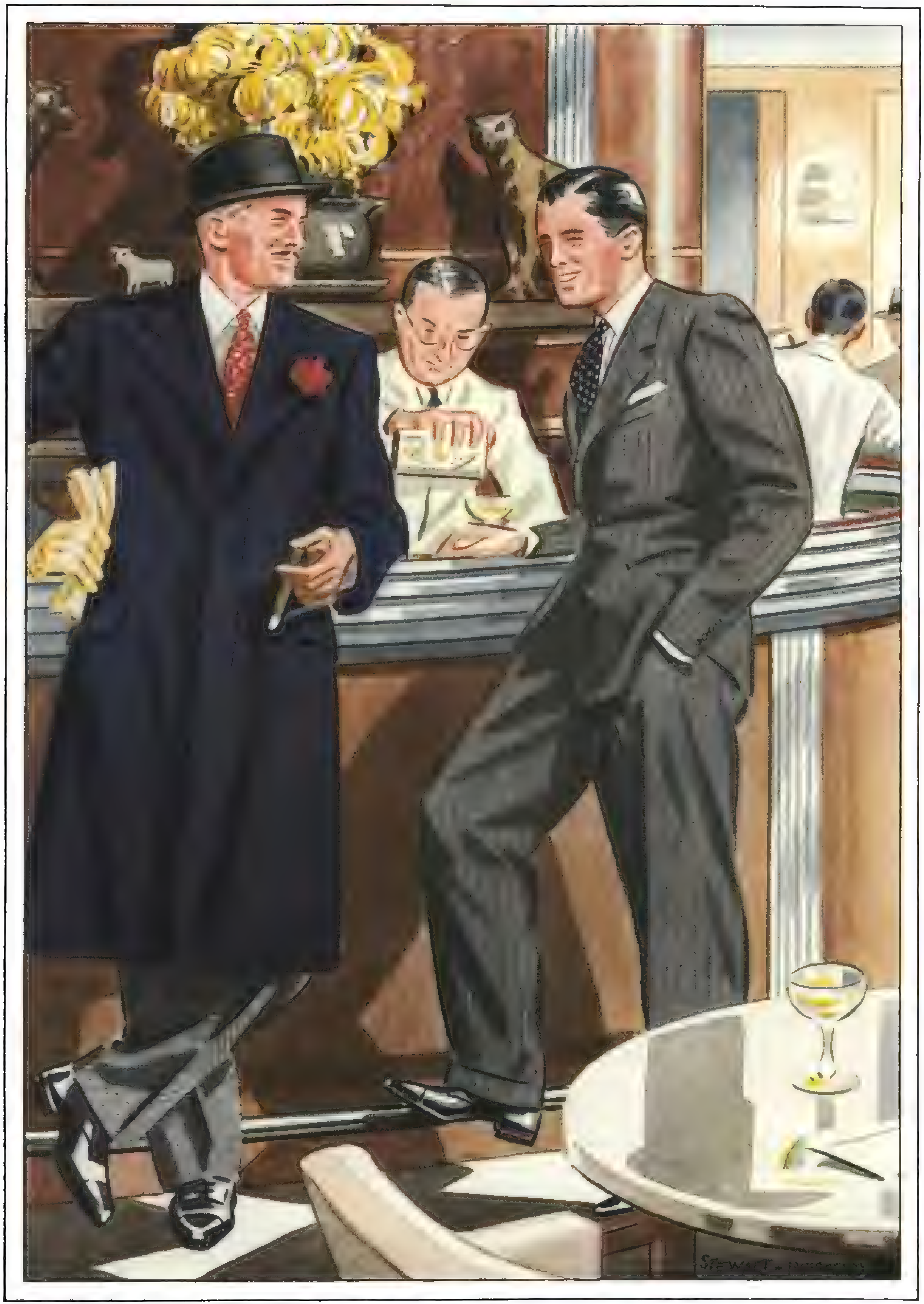
Doesn't it belong with those fine fabrics and good-looking cravats of yours? Can you imagine how much enjoyment you'd get out of it?

Flame Grain Kaywoodies are about the most beautiful objects in wood that Nature ever produced. Your pipe is so much a part of YOU—and in itself is so full of character, that you ought to be smoking one of these rare Flame-Grain specimens. Each has its own individuality and is indispensable to being well-dressed.

None less than 100 years old, these briars are the finest pipes in the world today. The burls from which they are cut, are of enormous size and about as easy to find as a needle in a haystack. Some are 400 years old. Only such rare briar produces the rugged, exquisite "grain patterns" that are Flame Grain. You won't find such wood in any other pipe.*

Discover the pleasure there is in owning and smoking one of these beautiful specimen pipes.

* We are the largest makers of pipes in the world, using about 11 million pieces of briar yearly. That is why we can bring you Flame Grain for $10.



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NEW YORK BY STEWART-HEIDGERD

This scene shows one of New York's favorite men's bars in the downtown district, which has become a traditional meeting ground in Wall Street.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GETTING STIFF

We refer, of course, to the importance of getting stiff collars for town wear this fall. Every man should have some. It is practically the only fashion seen in London today and it is rapidly gaining ground with young business men in New York. In other details, too, the two outfits pictured here exemplify the current tendency to increased townishness in business wear. The combination of black rough finished Homburg with a classic blue Chesterfield and a grey sharkskin suit with cuffless trousers is a case in point. Note the grey broadcloth shirt and all-important white stiff collar with semi-spread opening in the new higher-on-the-neck shape. The tie is a Spitalsfield of maroon and white woven plaid, complementing the dark red carnation. The gloves are yellow chamois. The other suit is oxford grey unfinished worsted with a soft two-tone stripe, with striped white shirt and black satin dotted tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

To Beat the Races

Continued from page 66

racing his own class of animal, to win or run in the money in a high percentage of all his starts. I first confined play to nags which had won at least one-half of at least ten starts this year, but found that very few plays turned up and that prices on winners were inadequate. I then began to play all horses which were the only ones in their races to have won a third of their starts this year and last (if they had run less than ten times this year) or this year only (if they had raced ten times or more), provided that, counting wins again, they also had run in the money (first, second or third) at least one-half the time.

In addition to this principle for selection of plays I also employed certain rules of exclusion grounded in horsemen's horse-sense—to play only fast tracks, to play no aged horses, to play no females against males, to play no overweighted animals, etc., etc.

Some months ago (March, 1937) I published in ESQUIRE an outline of this method—under the title *Win with the Winners*—and a summary of results of following it from May to November, 1936, on the assumption that $2 was bet on each system-horse to win only, that after a loss the bet was increased by $1 (the amount going back to the original $2 after a win), also that an additional $2 was bet on each system-horse to be parlayed over on the next in the event of a win.

Here is the summary again.

Number of plays to win only	192
Number of winners secured	85
Percentage winners secured	44%
Average price secured (to $1)	$2.21
Progression-profit—	
$270.25 on $596	45%
Parlay-profit—	
$444.40 on $384	115%
Total profit	$714.65
Total bet	$980.00

I now have a check on the method (resulting from actual play) from January 20 to July 13, 1937, on the same scale as was outlined above. I shall not break this down in terms of percentages and averages until the end of the year, since to do so is a most laborious job, but here are the net results, from sheet to sheet of my records.

Jan. 20-30, net loss	$ 8.90
Feb. 1-16, this had become net profit	6.30
Feb. 16-24, net profit	148.20
Feb. 25-Mar. 9, net profit	173.85
Mar. 10-Mar. 29, net profit	377.55
Apr. 1-Apr. 19, net profit	412.25
Apr. 19-Apr. 28, net profit	775.95
Apr. 29-May 6, net profit	759.90
May 6-May 13, net profit	695.90
May 13-May 21, net profit	654.30
May 21-May 31, net profit	535.30
June 1-June 5, net profit	561.60
June 5-June 12, net profit	566.40
June 12-June 23, net profit	608.40
June 23-June 30, net profit	540.30
July 1-July 5, net profit	573.50
July 5-July 13, net profit	798.40

Each figure gives the net position of the whole operation at the second date shown in each line; in other words, total profits to and including July 13 were $798.40, not the total of the seventeen amounts shown in the column. It will be noted that profits reached a high of $775.95 on April 28, a figure not exceeded nor even attained again until July 13. The months of May and June, as shown by the abnormally low percentage of winning favorites at major American tracks, were extremely severe on solid horses; the mere fact that this system lost back so little of its profits during the period is a strong endorsement of its merits and probable permanent validity. Like everything else of human invention it has its good days and months and bad days and months, but the good heavily predominate. The profits of $798.40 shown for a period of almost exactly six months (January 20 to July 13) resulted from hazarding a total of less than $1500, so that the percentage-return was in excess of 50 per cent. This is somewhat inferior to experience in about six months of 1936, when $714.65 was made on $980 risked, but the profit is still most substantial in relation to the total amount bet.

Possibly I should add here that the tracks checked and played were those represented in the past performances of *The Morning Telegraph*, a standard racing-sheet circulating in the East. However, tracks represented in any other standard sheet carrying past performances, as *Daily Racing Form* (in its several editions) or *American Racing Record*, may be played with similar results.

Something was said above about the amount of time necessarily consumed in thorough handicapping along conventional lines. The consistency-figures of each horse, on which alone my method depends for selection of plays, are given in all racing-sheets in connection with the past performances, and a day's card of six to eight races at five or six tracks can be analyzed for sound system-plays in less than fifteen minutes.

This method of play is not ballyhooed by me simply because it is mine. If another had tumbled on, elaborated and published it I would check on the system and give it and him all credit if it stood up half as well as the one outlined here. But so far as I know—and I know most of 'em—this is the only method which will beat the races in a worthwhile and substantial way on small capital if carefully and accurately followed by a sensible amateur. To you, to me and to the world systems are a dime a dozen. Usually they are poorly printed or mimeographed, worse written, idiotically reasoned and sold at inflated prices to an avid and optimistic booboisie by horse-touting racketeers. The publisher gets $5, $10 or $25—and the nearest bookie gets what the player has left. But the consistency principle of selecting win-

Continued at top of page 188

FOR A
PIXILATED
COCKTAIL...

TRY THE

Dubonnet

(Say Doo-bo-nay)

You win with gin...when Dubonnet is put in. For that's the Dubonnet Cocktail! It's pitipating...piquant...pixilated...with a tangy tingle that tones up your taste. Or drink Dubonnet the Parisian way...unmixed. Just say—"Dubonnet, well chilled." Cocktail or aperitif...you'll enjoy Dubonnet, either way!

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Alcohol 18% by volume

DUBONNET COCKTAIL
½ Dubonnet ½ Dry Gin
Stir with ice until very cold. (Do not shake.) Serve in cocktail glass with a twist of lemon peel.

A. M. Cassandre

Seen in the washroom of the 20th Century Limited

The Shave Luxurious ...in 3 Short Acts

A—He whips up a fine clinging lather of Mansfield Shaving Soap from the Shav-Pak (or tube, if you prefer shaving cream). It's now easy for any razor to give a smooth, perfect shave.

B—Next, he whisks on a few drops of quick-cooling Mansfield After Shave Lotion. This is extremely soothing and refreshing to the skin. It is cooling, invigorating... leaves the face feeling fit.

C—He finishes with Mansfield Talcum—light, invisible, and with the scent of cleanliness—and it's prepared from the world's finest imported talcum in a special texture for the masculine face.

And here he is, after his complete Mansfield shave, ready to go forth to a busy day of appointments... keen, fresh and fit—with assurance of perfect grooming and well-being through the day.

Meet a really enlightened gentleman before breakfast—in the act of revealing the secrets of faultless grooming. With keen taste for *practical luxury*, he follows the Mansfield A B C route to perfect shaving results.

Mansfield

FOR MEN... BY BOURJOIS

To Beat the Races

Continued from pages 66-187

ning plays has enough dynamite in it to make any player yell for help.

I am not particularly proud of having discovered and elaborated this method. I know as well as you do that possibly a billion people have tried for three hundred years to beat the races, that mighty few succeeded, and that most of them died broke. Instead of gently massaging my own back I am violently kicking the seat of my pants because I didn't have sense enough to realize twenty-five years ago when I first tackled the horse-game (1) that horses are raced in well-defined classes, stake-horses against stake-horses, handicap-horses against handicap-horses, and platers against platers, (2) that the only real test of an animal's ability is to win consistently against his own kind and to run close by when not winning, (3) that what a horse has been doing with some frequency he may be expected to do again, unless he has gone wrong or is not in racing condition. My method depends strictly and only on the validity of these three propositions, and their truth and intimate relationship can be denied neither by horseman nor logician.

Let's assume that you have found a race where only one of the entrants has won a third of his starts this year and run in the money half the time when not winning. (As stated above, wins are counted again, as well as seconds and thirds, in making the in-the-money computation.) I suggest that you eliminate him as a play if he's a two-year-old. If he's a she, a filly or a mare, pass the race if there are any males in it. If the track is muddy, pass the race also. If the consistent horse is aged, over six, make no bet. If he's a chronic quitter, runs on the front end most of the way but often stops in the stretch, keep your money in your pocket. Pass the selection and the race if the consistent horse is a sprinter which has made his record at distances short of a mile but today must run over a route of a mile or more. Likewise pass a route-horse in a sprint, any distance short of a mile. And be sure the consistent horse is not stepped up. A record made against $1500 platers means nothing on the issue of the animal's chances when entered for $2500 against horses which previously have been entered at the latter figure.

These are just suggestions. You pick your horse strictly on the basis of consistency in winning and running in the money, and then make sure, by applying the suggestions in the paragraph above, that there's nothing chancey in the bet. If and after you get the hang of it you'll have your bookmaker playing your horses with his lay-off man. ⌗

The Music Martyr

Continued from page 59

and this brain-child almost ended up in a free-for-all fight during another presentation of *Aida*.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, was engaged to play, not sing, the rôle of a captured Ethiopian chieftain. It was a special part for Mr. Johnson's talents. There are occasions when the Flatbush impresario takes liberties with scores.

Came the second act once again and the much awaited triumphal scene. Rhadames marched to the great fanfare of the trumpets—most of them off key. Followed the captured ladies—all in nude and painted in bronze, being carried on silver platters, (Mr. Salmaggi's conception of grandeur). Mr. Johnson then made his entry. Clad in tiger skins and chained, Mr. Johnson was being held by two Egyptians. (They were hired on Sixth Avenue and received four bits.)

At this point, Mr. Johnson, according to the Salmaggi script and not Verdi's—must try for an involuntary departure from his captors but fail in the attempt.

The erstwhile champion didn't know his own strength. He must have heard the second say: "Go get 'em Jack, this is the round." Mr. Johnson made a lurch. The two Sixth Avenue boys, or Egyptians—fell to the floor with a thud. The former boxer glared at them and retreated for the nearest corner, to await the count.

The Maestro shouted from the wings: "Grab him again." They made another lurch for him all right but Mr. Johnson didn't like the hold. The music came to the rescue. But for the rest of the act, L'il Arthur continued glaring at his captors. The fighter shared in the applause for his vivid delineation of an "added" part to *Aida*.

That performance being a success, Mr. Salmaggi signed Mickey Walker, known to fight enthusiasts as the "toy bulldog." The announcement disclosed that Mr. Walker "would portray the rôle of a toreador in *Carmen*, fighting bulls of Spanish pedigree, astride a white charger." Came the performance but no Mr. Walker. Mr. Salmaggi's Oxford press agent advised the audience that Mr. Walker had developed a bad case of laryngitis, "a great destroyer of tonal harmony." Inquiry disclosed that Mr. Walker was too busy to be annoyed with an operatic début. He was tending bar in his new Café and Grill on Eighth Avenue that night.

The Maestro is a man with broad vision. He's got one supreme ambition. He'd like to present *Aida* in the vast dirigible hangar at Akron, Ohio, with a capacity of 85,000.

The Maestro always has an eye on the City Desks. He announced the revival of Rossini's *Moses* in

Continued at top of page 190

VAT 69

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VAT 69

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"That reminds me—
'Vat 69, please!'"

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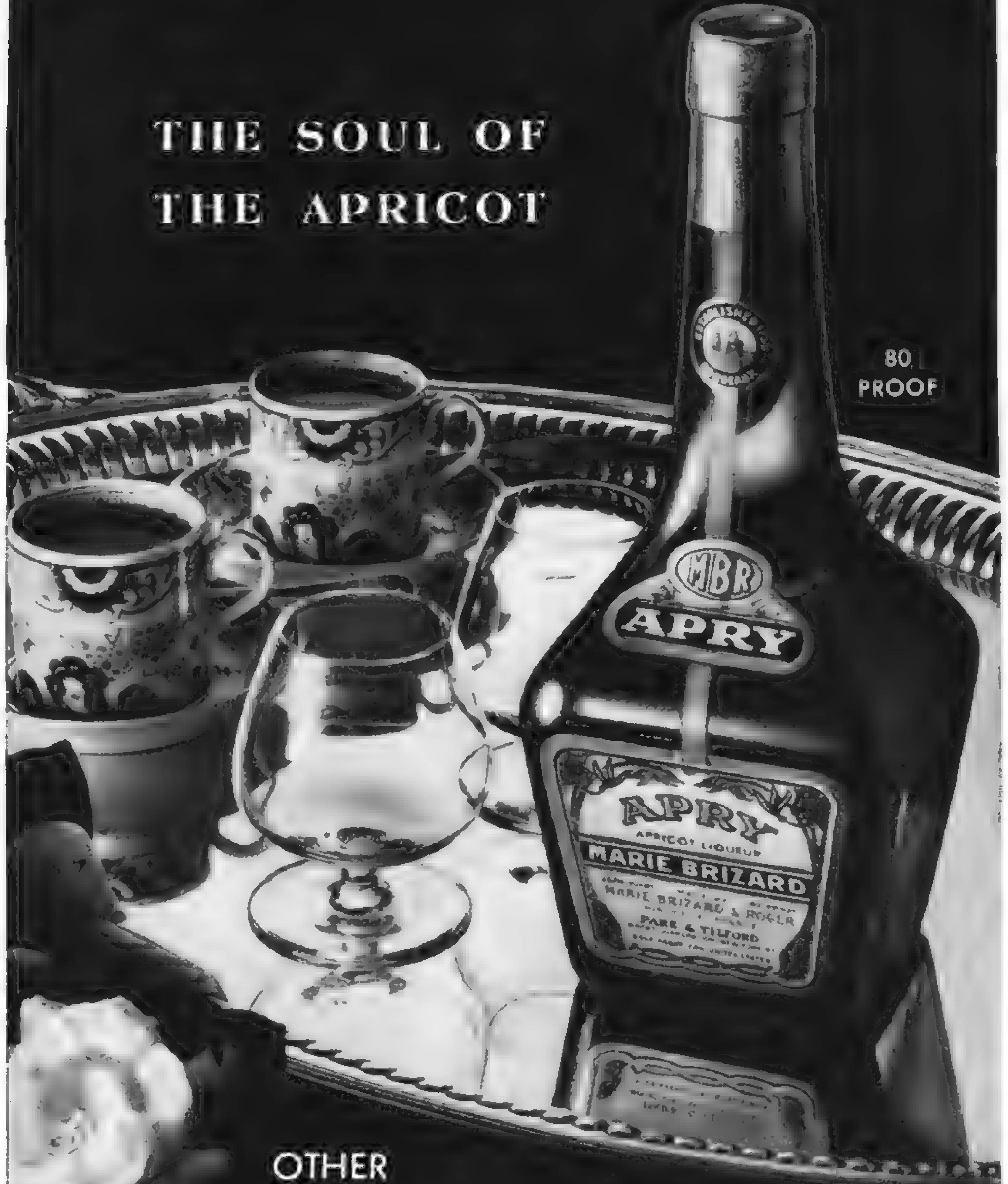

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The Music Martyr

Continued from pages 59-188

1935. The work hadn't been performed in these parts for many a year. Mr. Salmaggi wasn't content with the mere announcement. He wrote a letter to Park Commissioner Moses requesting the use of fifty sheep as added color for the production. The sheep were resting in their winter quarters in Central and Prospect Parks.

Mr. Moses' answer was unenthusiastic. He didn't favor the idea of sheep in opera. In any event, Mr. Salmaggi had to post a substantial bond as security. Now posting bonds is not Mr. Salmaggi's idea of art.

Mr. Salmaggi replied that the Hippodrome in its time had housed Bengal tigers and could certainly accommodate fifty sheep. The singers, Mr. Salmaggi added, would not "eat the sheep." Mr. Moses stuck to his guns. The publicity filled the house.

Strict informality is the keynote at the Hippodrome. Between acts, the vendor shouts, "ice cream, cigarettes," and "ask for it, we've got it." In fact, it reached such a point that the intermission lasted for half-an-hour and the opera was over around 1 a. m. Mr. Salmaggi put an end to the long intermissions but not to the selling.

He believes that long intermissions cause a conflicting emotional state. Too much ice cream and candy, he contends, leaves no mood for the tragic happenings of the next act.

In recent years, the Maestro has made few visits to the West with his company. But when he did, he left in his wake, half the population singing or whistling some tune from Italian or French repertoires. Many a time the Flatbush impresario and his company didn't know where the railroad fare was coming from. It took him a long time to make the small-town population develop "growing pains" for opera.

And that recalls Mr. Salmaggi's visit to Houston, Texas. The presentation was *Carmen.* For the first act, the Maestro employed the services of several youngsters to sing a soldier's chorus. He needed uniforms for them. Mr. Salmaggi talked a local department store into supplying them. After the performance, he remembered the uniforms could be put to good use. He sent them to his own youngsters. The department store threatened to sue. But Mr. Salmaggi convinced the owners that their store had been well advertised. They relented.

It was by a rare stroke of luck that Mr. Salmaggi attracted the public to the Hippodrome. Before opening up five years ago, he had his printer make the usual distribution of posters throughout the city. The orders were for each poster a couple of free passes. But the passes were to be distributed for different nights. The printer misunderstood and distributed several thousand passes for the opening night. Police emergency squads had to be called out to handle the overflowing crowd, both in Hippodrome and on Sixth Avenue. Large heads in the papers.

The Maestro's ventures at the Brooklyn Academy of Music were sad—financially. On one night, the management demanded payment before it would open the doors. Mr. Salmaggi made an impassioned speech before a crowd in the lobby of the Academy. The hat was passed around. The management was paid off.

The Flatbush impresario is now casting an envious look at the Yankee Stadium. It won't be long before an announcement hits the newspaper offices that popular-price opera productions will be given at the Stadium.

So, Mr. Salmaggi is here for a fifth season and many chuckles could be had at a nominal price, that is if—among other things—you don't object to a *La Traviata* set being found in *Lohengrin.* ⧺

Off the Highway

Continued from page 65

That way he lay for a short while, fear curdling him. Then, desperately, he called again, "What do you want, for Christ sake, tell me what you want?" and waited a moment, but no answer came from anywhere. "I'll give you what you want," he cried again, his voice trembling. "For Christ sake, tell me what you want. I've got a family," and waited again. His neck quivered with the effort of supporting his head and he dropped his heavy, teeming head, letting his starched collar cut into his chin. His eyes had grown large with pain and when he lifted his head again, his chin shook and his mouth sagged open. The skin of his face, too, seemed to be shaking, so wildly did the blood run through it, almost as if it were tumbling.

But no sound came in reply. He heard only the sounds of the world as they had melted together in the air, and the sound of himself living, breath bursting from between his hanging lips, the booming of his heart in his chest and the knocking of the blood against his temples. And he began suddenly to fill with rage, literally to fill to bursting, his ears ringing and hot, his blood draining from his finger tips and bounding up his body to his head, his throat swelling into a red, corded pillar.

Holding me here like I was an animal, he thought. Something crazy, he thought, like I was in a war. All right, you fight a war for democracy or something like that, but you don't get fooled into walking into it. When you walk into a war, you know why, you know the Germans are going to run over the country and cut off babies' arms, but this here had no sense to it. If he was killed here now, what would be the point?

"This isn't my fight," he thought. "I've got my work to do. I've got my responsibilities and my life to live. I'm a family man. I've got kids and a woman looking to me for food."

And here it was, something outside his life, something that had not the remotest connection with him, except that it was happening to him. A mad, horrible thing, created by a force of which he had no knowledge and over which he had no control, had taken complete charge of the structure of his existence, had brought the entire routine of his life to a halt and had commanded him, on penalty of death, to lie quaking against the earth like an animal, his blood pounding hot, his skin drenched with sweat, his stomach knotted in a cramp and on the edge of retching, the nape of his neck prickling with fear.

"A guy walks down a country road," he thought, "and it's like walking into somewhere in Goddamn France."

"What do you want of me?" he whimpered suddenly, his rage gone. "I'll give you anything. I'm a family man." He stopped and waited for an answer and when none came shrieked with all the force within him, "I'm a family man!"

Abruptly his assailant replied, the voice sounding shockingly close: "You're in the army now."

And the salesman thought he had never heard such a strange, dead voice, barren, mechanical.

"You're not behind a plow," the voice went on methodically, the words evenly toned and spaced as on a printed page.

"You son of a bitch," it said emotionlessly.

"You'll never get rich."

"You're in the army now." And there it stopped, like a squad ordered to halt. There had been no form to the words, as if the throat that uttered them were full of gears grinding and now the gears had stopped grinding.

The salesman listened stunned. A nut, the man was a nut. Oh Jesus God, a looney trying to kill him. He must get away. He must escape. But the country was so thin. There were twenty feet of humpy ground to cover between the ridge behind which he lay and the first cluster of stringy trees and yards more of openness between that and the next cluster and then a roll of ground to the horizon. No good, no more good than running down the road.

But he must do something. He thought of shouting for help. Surely in this country, in this complex and civilized state, where every rock and twig and blade of grass was owned by someone, where every bug must be a trespasser crawling over titled, deeded, warranted property, there would be someone to hear him.

Sounds carried far through the warm quiet, he thought, and when he stopped and concentrated he could disassociate from the air around him a blurred roar that could only be motor traffic, cars, busses, trucks bowling along swiftly, serenely, sure in the wonderfully blessed routine of their progress.

"How many hundreds of people," he thought, "must have heard the nut shooting at me. Why don't they come? Does a guy get shot at every day in this dump of a hole in the ground?" But he knew, as he argued with himself, why they didn't come. He himself, stretched in a hammock in the country, had heard shooting many times and had never stirred because it was always some farmer hunting crows or buzzards. And he knew, as he argued with himself, why he didn't yell for help, why he couldn't. The cry would only force the maniac's hand and the help couldn't possibly come in time. If he only had some weapon, some ruse, some something to stave off attack if only for a few moments until help could come, but he had nothing and no way and he must lie and hope and wait.

"Look," he called suddenly, his voice heavy with pleading, "I just want to go away, that's all. I just want to go away. Honest to God, believe me, believe me." He trembled in his earnestness and he found his voice getting erratic and he stopped and tried to pull himself together. After a moment, he began again. "I won't do nothing," he said. "I just want to go away. I won't say a word. I won't tell anyone. Why should I tell? I promise. I promise on the grave of my mother."

He stopped and listened and waited, cocking his head, screwing up his face unconsciously in an agonized effort to hear some response, but there was none and he began to talk again. "I just need some gasoline," he said. "I'll come right back. It won't take me five minutes and I'll be back. You can walk along with me to make sure. Honest to God, I swear it, I swear it, I swear it, I'll be right back."

He stopped again and listened again, with the same helpless cock of his head, wrinkling his gray sweated forehead, pinching up his eyelids. He waited a long time and then the mechanical voice answered, "You're in the army now."

The salesman's face unfolded slowly, his mouth sagging down, his eyes drooping wide, only the wrinkles remaining fixed in his brow, looking like gashes in the fat, flat layer of sweat. He lay a long time staring straight ahead of him, thinking nothing, feeling only the hopelessness that engulfed him. Then, in a sudden spurt of fear, he began once more,

Continued on page 192

EMERSON HATS

See these three Emerson feature Hats for fall

$4 · $5 · $7.50

ASK YOUR HATTER!

The PARKSIDE

The DRAKE

The COLLEGE HILL

At leading stores

On sale throughout the United States. In London at Davids, Charing Cross Road.

EMERSON HAT COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
EST. 1888

Exclusive Emerson Features

(1) The "Dryette" Showerproof Process at $5 and $7.50. (2) The "Emerway" Leather — Sweatproof Protection.

Read this aloud

TO YOUR WIFE

Remember, when we first were married? And we looked at people ten years older and we said: *We'll never be that old?*

How we planned to save some money, something every year, and just about the time most people start to crystalize, we'd take a brand new lease on life... and take a trip around the world?

Remember?

Here's why I'm asking you:

Every other week one of the regular world-cruising President Liners starts out around the world. And we could be aboard for just about exactly what it costs to stay at home!

$1067 is the complete First Class fare, twenty-one hundred and thirty-four dollars for the two of us for 104 days—almost a third of a year.

From New York, these ships cut south, first to Havana, then through the Caribbean to the Panama Canal. Los Angeles and San Francisco are their California ports of call. Then, out along the *Sunshine Route*, Honolulu, in Hawaii, and picture-book Japan.

After Kobe, they sail out through the Inland Sea, across to the Whang-poo, up to Shanghai. Then Hong Kong. Then Manila, in the Philippines.

Penang follows Singapore in the Malay States. Then comes Colombo, on the island of Ceylon, and India's Bombay.

Port Said, Suez and Alexandria are the Egyptian ports. Next, in the Mediterranean, Italy's Naples and Genoa and France's Marseilles. And finally, New York again.

Your fare includes your comfortable outside stateroom on a big, smooth-riding liner... with ample play decks and an outdoor swimming pool, spacious, informal lounges. It includes your meals, and all your entertainment on board ship.

Ashore, in every single port of call, guides are provided for sightseeing. Local transportation is included, and all admission fees and meals. And your ship is your *American* hotel.

You may leave from New York, Los Angeles or San Francisco... take 104 days for the complete trip, or as little as 85 days if you cross America by plane or train, omitting only the Canal cruise.

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Off the Highway

Continued from pages 65-191

his voice so thin and desperate it sounded strange in his ears.

"Have you got a cigarette?" he said. He tried to get some chattiness into his voice and couldn't and kept trying. "I'm dying for a smoke. Let me come over for a cigarette and then I'll come right back here and we can start again, start playing again just where we left off," thinking that if he could only get close he might have a chance to jump him or at least if he could see this lunatic, if he could talk eye to eye with him, he might change him back into the docile fuzzy-wit he must be ordinarily to be let loose like this.

"Against regulations to fraternize with enemy troops," said the barren, mechanical voice and methodically sent over the shot that had scuffed the gravel and had set dust to nestling up the salesman's nose.

So the waiting took over again, the salesman flat in his scoop of earth, smelling the earth as he had smelt it before only on picnics or one day in August so many years before on his honeymoon when he had lain with his wife in the grass, feeling herself close beside him, fleshless and haunting, as if she were music, and thinking over and over again, "By God, I'm married. By God, I'm married now. I'm a married man. I'm married," the words having meaning as they had never had before and had had only rarely since.

He thought of that now and thought, without emotion, if he were killed, would she too be destroyed, as once she would have been, something going dead forever inside of her, or would she be glad secretly of the chance to take up a new life?

But how, he wondered, could he think like this, tranquilly, when all his heart revolted at the thought of smashing his family, setting them adrift in the stream of living—a widow who had never worked, two children not old enough to work, $2800 insurance, $750 down payment on a house for which there was no market, $329 in the bank, $175 owed on a car.

He must do something. God Almighty, he must do something. He crawled to a depression in the stone ridge before him and over it he saw the madman, or the tip of him protruding from the side of a huge boulder across the road, gun at the ready, eyes squinting keenly down its barrel as he waited for more target to show. The salesman shuddered back hastily out of sight. What in the name of all the hell on earth was the man waiting for? Why didn't he just walk ten feet down the road and shoot him dead from the side? He must know his opponent wasn't armed.

The minutes dragged on, each one silent as a tick that has ended, until finally, from across twelve and four-tenth miles of country air came winding faintly the noon hoot of Emmitsville's factory whistle. The voice of civilization speaking in his ear and the salesman realized with new anxiety that the end of this lunatic catastrophe was nearing. People were starting home for lunch, field-hands, hunters, fishermen, school-children, shopkeepers and whoever passed would pass not ten feet from where he lay.

What should he do? Should he call out? He couldn't, but he must. It was impossible to stay where he was. I can't stand any more. I just can't stand any more, he thought, and sooner or later the madman would lose interest in whatever game he was playing and come over and finish it. He'd yell and run. That was the answer. Yell and run like hell, dodging and weaving and hoping that the maniac would lose lifegiving seconds making up his mind at whom to shoot. Let the one who came along take care of himself. Say, a man can stand only so much. If it were a car that came, all the better. He'd try to get it to stop and keep it between him and the gun.

But it wasn't a car. Footsteps, far off, a light, easy patter of them, crunching the ruts softly around a distant curve. Then he saw two boys, brothers they seemed, slouching along both sides of the road, their mouths sucking their tongues, their long red faces bored, the dust kicking up from their swiftly moving, careless feet. He thought, sickly, they would pass so close he could smell them.

If it had been anybody, anything else! But how could he drag them into this? Schoolboys hearing his cry to LOOKOUTDUCK! standing openmouthed, dumbfounded, rooted with surprise. Both would be killed and he'd be to blame. How possibly could he do it? And the thought struck through his brain that they might see him lying there, might become terrified, might run of their own volition and then he would not be to blame. Then he too could run, dodging and weaving, to the first cover.

He could see them easily now. But they could not see him unless they looked directly at him and they weren't looking at anything, just down the road at the world with the shining, blind eyes of children in a hurry. The salesman held himself tense, every muscle bunched to quivering, his breath strangling into snorts, as they came scuffling along patiently, saying no words, their little boy feet chunky in black ribbed stockings, the flesh plumping above their high shoes. They looked to be eight and ten years old, maybe eleven, and the eight-year-old had a face like a man, only smooth. Long and shrewd looking, the nose sharp, the lips thin, the chin square. His brother's face was rounder and duller. Under thin blond hair it had a look of kind emptiness.

Continued on page 194

OVER-SLEEPERS

Whether or not you're in a hurry, you appreciate the speed and ease of the TALON slide fastener. "*One* fastening instead of *five* — that makes sense!" men say.

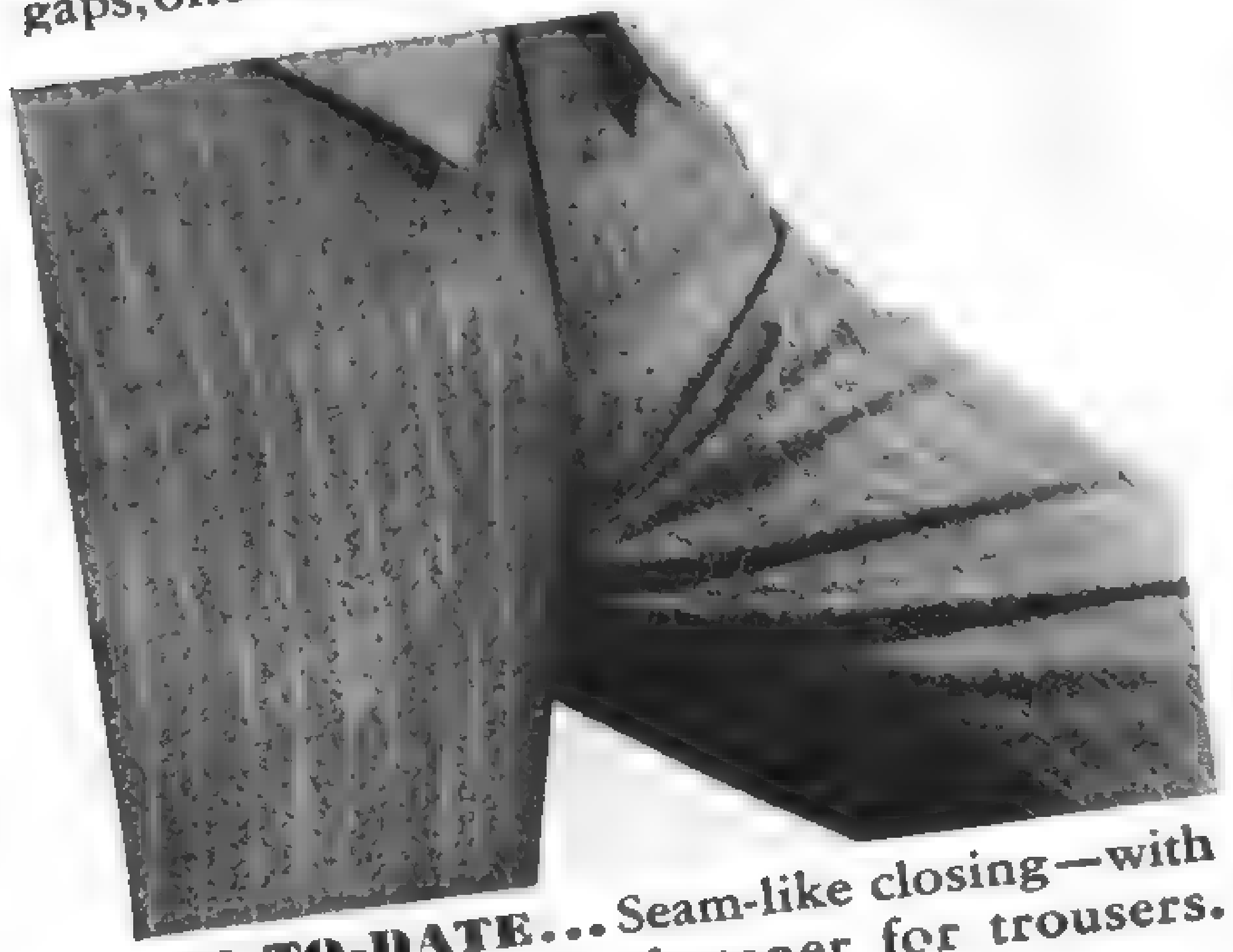
BACHELORS (AND WIVES)

"It's a major relief," says a bachelor, "to be rid of fastenings that break off—have to be sewn on again!" And millions of wives agree!

"It turned me into a One Pants Man!"

MILLIONS OF MEN NOW DEMAND THE EASE, SECURITY, NEATNESS OF **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. TROUSER FASTENER ON ALL SUITS

BEHIND THE TIMES... Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old trouser closure.



UP-TO-DATE... Seam-like closing—with the TALON slide fastener for trousers.

"DEAR SIRS," writes a humorous Pennsylvanian, "I wish to make a complaint. Your Talon slide fastener has made my friends think I own only one suit.

"Two weeks ago, I bought my first suit with the Talon fastener. I've been so fascinated by its speed, so relieved by its security, so delighted with its neatness, that I've actually worn this one suit every day!"

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MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE

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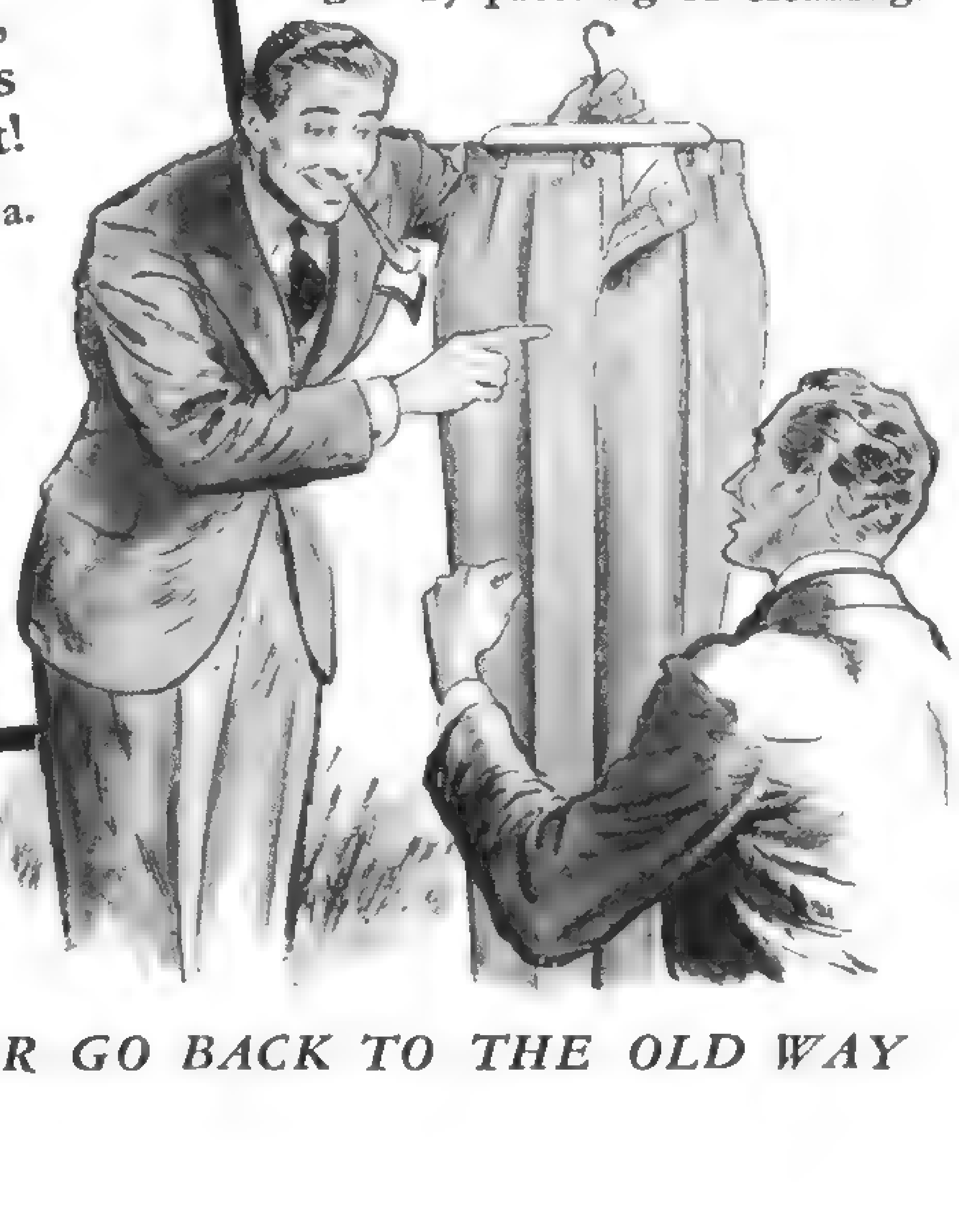


*TRY THE **TALON** Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:

1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up . . . and sets you up for the day They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also . . it's swell after the shower.)

MENNEN SKIN BALM
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
Neutral Tint Won't Show On Your Face
MENNEN SKIN BRACER

finish up with MENNEN

HOW TO FOOL A CANDID CAMERA

This real-life photograph of a Goodrich Shuglov and a fine British Brogue shows how hard it is to tell them apart. Why, you'll hardly know you're wearing these *modern* rubbers. Right down to the stitches, laces, and exact reproduction of leather, Shuglovs look like a pair of shoes. Light and flexible, they'll give you the foot-comfort you demand. Yet they afford the same protection against the weather as heavy, old-fashioned rubbers. See them at your nearest dealer—or write for illustrated folder "E."

B. F. GOODRICH CO. • Footwear Division • WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

GOODRICH Shuglovs FOR MEN

Off the Highway

Continued from pages 65-191-192

He was shot first. He was shot in the heart and died instantly, his face stretched into prodigious astonishment by a wide open mouth. Dead, he stood stock still for a moment, trapped by death as by a camera, and then melted slowly down to earth. The younger boy was shot in the neck, the bullet riding up to blunt against his collarbone and mushroom through his throat. It was as if he had been kicked. He bounded up and backward, his little feet flinging wildly up to the level of his chin and he landed with a scraping jar and sat upright and startled in the road, his mouth working like that of a fish out of water. Half his neck had been shot away by the spreading bullet, but, by some miracle of cruelty, no nerves had been severed. And he sat there, almost motionless, shocked into paralysis, bleeding to death, his fuzzy ball of a head wobbling slowly on half a neck. Once he tried to speak and he squeaked, "Ma," and then he couldn't hold himself up any more and began to sway back and forth sluggishly and finally he went all the way over backwards and hit his head with a thump against the road and was still.

The salesman's face had become like a mask, so stricken it was, so frozen, so unreal, as if his flesh were cardboard and his features lumps and creases in it. He was sick. Inside he had dissolved and a stink rose up from him, filling his mouth, drenching his nostrils. "Oh," he said, pushing the word up through his constricted throat, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!" and he was not conscious at all of the sudden roar of silence that came pouring over the ridge to him and did not hear the madman say abruptly:

"I call on you to negotiate under a flag of truce for full surrender."

He didn't answer. No words could come to him through the clattering in his ears. I'm so tired, he thought, I'm a sick man, and he lay flat, his wet face resting on the warm, dry stone and let his body bang and shake and flop as if he himself were not there.

"Why should you waste any more of your men?" came the voice from across the road. And suddenly the voice boomed large as the world, filling it with its flat, mechanical tone. "Two minutes to surrender," it said, "then I shall order an advance."

The salesman heard. He tried to say "yes." For a moment he could not utter a sound. Then he said in hardly more than a whimper, "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"I give up," he roared suddenly at the top of his voice. "I surrender, I surrender," the words teetering crazily on the edge of each other as they shrilled from his mouth.

"Stand up," replied the madman. "Throw away your guns. Every one of you. Throw them in front of you. Hold your hands up. Come out hands first."

The salesman's body felt light and empty, but it was hard to stand up. His muscles lay nerveless, flat against his bones and his bones hurt as if they had been trampled. All the life was out of him and he had to drag himself erect ponderously and he stood lurching and lunging on trembling knees. He clung to the ridge of stone to stay himself from falling. "Hold your hands up high," said the madman and the salesman slowly raised his gray hands high above his head. He looked grotesque, dust and burrs and wisps and bits of gravel thick up the front of him clear past his chin, a man smashed into dead-eyed emptiness.

The madman lifted himself cautiously from behind the boulder, gun at the ready, and walked warily, step by slow step to the middle of the road and halted. A small, dumpy, middle-aged man, his blue eyes dancing wildly in his slack, quiet, red face. A pathetic creature caught up in a frenzy of alertness. Once he had been a farmer and now he was a lunatic and the tin khaki helmet bulging over his bald skull made him look sad and frightened. "Jenkins, Williams, Johnson and you, you Hall there, fall out, take these prisoners to the depot and bring the receipt back to me right away," he called loudly, his darting eyes never leaving the salesman. Then suddenly he turned around and whispered loudly, "They put up a good fight. Remember these no-good killing bastards put up a good fight and held up our advance."

His back was turned and the saleman thought, now was the time to jump him. But he couldn't do it. He wanted to lie down and let his body go banging and shaking and flopping on by itself, just let everything go.

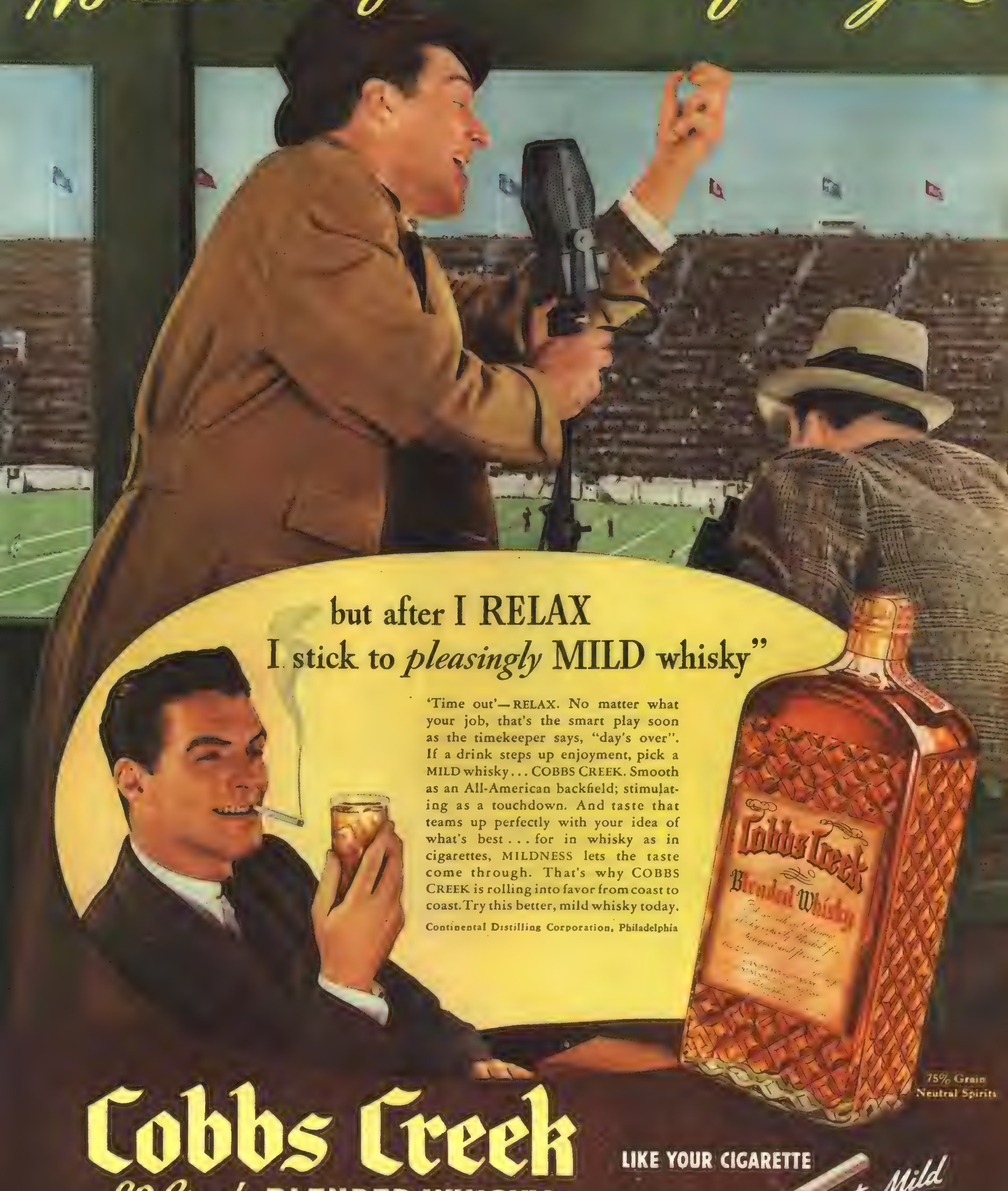
"They're heroes in their own army," the lunatic was whispering hoarsely, "and I don't want them killed. You hear you, you there, Hall, they're not to be killed. If that receipt doesn't read for all prisoners, you'll answer to me. I'll have you court-martialed for murder. They're heroes all right."

He turned back. "All right, let's go," he said and stepped warily around the salesman, not looking at him, looking straight ahead, his eyes racing in his head, his gun cocked, looking funny, looking crazy in his faded blue overalls and stained, scuffed workshoes, and sweat-blackened galluses and tin helmet, the smell of the barn thick and sweet on him and the acrid smell of the chicken coop stinging out from him.

He clambered warily over the ridge and, crouching almost double, worked his way across the field and crawled under a barbed wire fence and out of sight down a roll of ground. ⌗

"No time out for me 'til the final gun

but after I RELAX
I stick to *pleasingly* MILD whisky"



'Time out'—RELAX. No matter what your job, that's the smart play soon as the timekeeper says, "day's over". If a drink steps up enjoyment, pick a MILD whisky . . . COBBS CREEK. Smooth as an All-American backfield; stimulating as a touchdown. And taste that teams up perfectly with your idea of what's best . . . for in whisky as in cigarettes, MILDNESS lets the taste come through. That's why COBBS CREEK is rolling into favor from coast to coast. Try this better, mild whisky today.

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90 Proof **BLENDED WHISKY**

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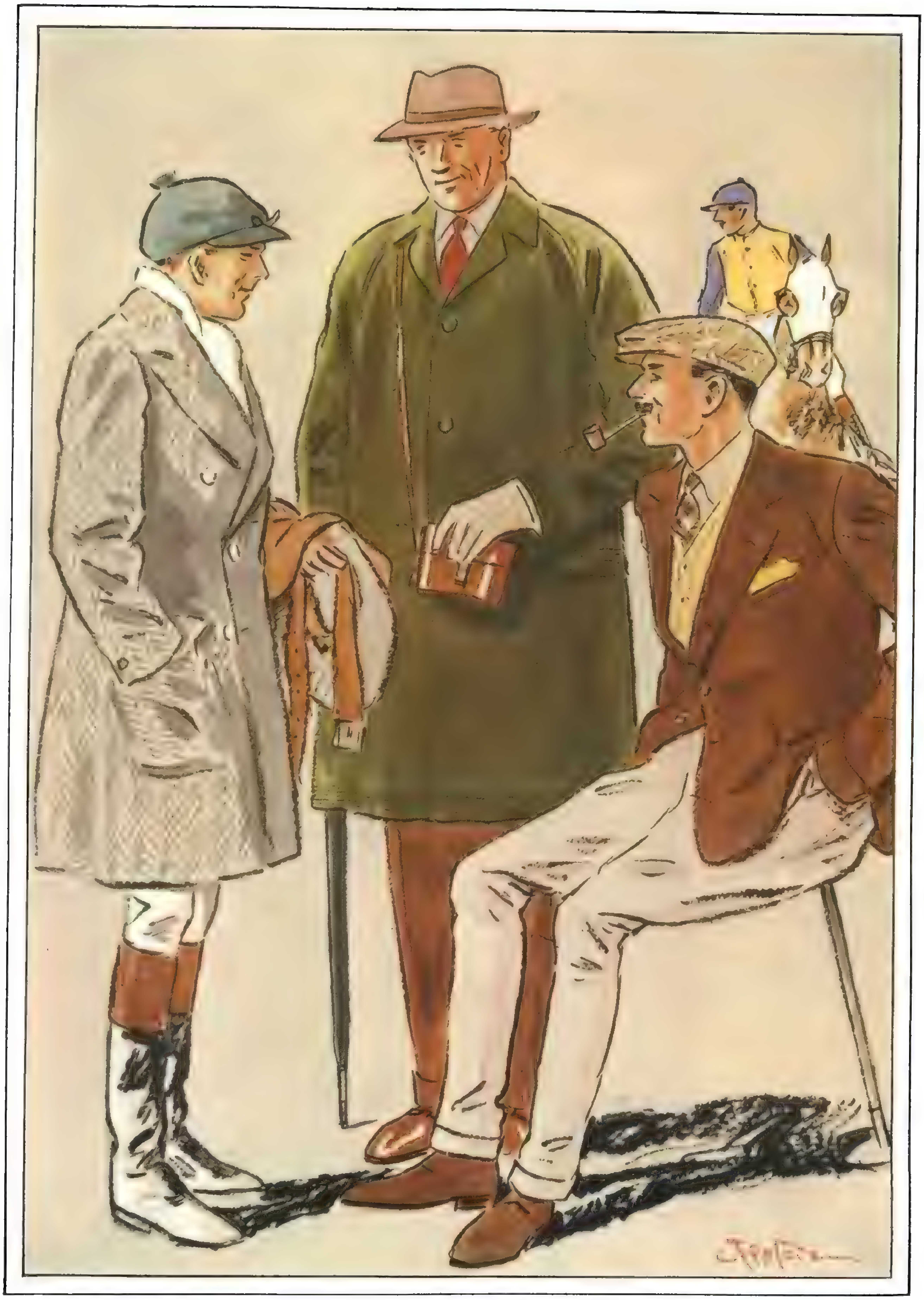

MEMBERS OF A COUNTRY RACE MEET CROWD

These are some of the newest fashions in informal country clothes, as established by international sportsmen. The man in the center is wearing a single-breasted fingertip length coat of a soft finish fabric, long popular in Austria and more recently taken up in England. It has two long side vents in the back, permitting the maximum stride for country wear. The rest of the outfit consists of brown corduroy trousers, a solid color flannel shirt, knit tie, a fawn color rough finish semi-sports hat, hogskin gloves and monkfront shoes of brown calf. On the right, a Scotch tweed jacket, noteworthy for its gauntlet cuffs, worn with a tan oxford shirt with soft collar to match, a plaid wool tie, a yellow knitted sleeveless cardigan, light tan jodhpurs, brown reversed calf Molière boots and herringbone tweed cap. Note that his pipe is that current favorite of the sportsman, a cherrywood bowl on a quill stem.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

We Have Met the Enemy

Continued from page 80

back up their patent than you have to back up the *sta-snug* construction."

"For instance," said Gruber, "we could turn it around like this, which would make it a different *design*—and might even make it zip better. Look, Rizzick—like this. Of course, I'm only suggesting. Rizzick builds 'em—I only sell 'em."

"How about it, Mr. Zahler?" asked Getney.

"I don't see what's to stop you," said Zahler.

Traff was quick to comprehend. "The new Getney ZIP-O-SNUG!" He took his pipe by the bowl, pointed the stem at Getney. "*Goes on quicker, stays on snugger!*"

"And *comfier*," said Getney. There were little joy-wrinkles at the sides of his smiling eyes. He winked at Gruber. "They crib from us, so we'll borrow a little something from them."

Biddleport: "A unique application of the idea."

Hamp: "Very ingenious."

Gruber: "Leave it to the sales department to get the ideas that sell."

Rizzick: "I can't wait to get started on it. I'll have a crude sample ready by this time tomorrow."

Getney shook hands with Gruber and Zahler. "Gentlemen, as president of the Getney Belt Company, and in behalf of the stockholders, I congratulate you. We have met the enemy, and—"

"And *theirs* is *ours!*" said Traff. #

Kenneth Hayes Miller: Intellectual

Continued from page 89

tradition. "Who was Rubens? Who was Titian?" Mr. Miller rhetorically queried his interviewer and answered with a question: "What does it matter?" The sanction of a painting is that a man did it. But of course a man did it. That common denominator of all art is the least significant thing about all art. It is a little fantastic to imagine such a man "cultivating" his "market" otherwise than by painting the best pictures there are in him to paint.

So strongly does he feel that biography should be banished from art that it was at first with the greatest difficulty that I could obtain from him the simplest details, and it wasn't as if he were putting on a show of modesty for me. "I don't seek the personality of the artists in the art I admire." The moral is plain. And yet it is a rather cruel revenge, albeit unintentional, that most reviewers take a keen delight not only in spotting Miller canvases but also the Miller influence in the pictures of those who were once his students.

He was born more than sixty-one years ago (March 11, 1876) in the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York. This, it may interest those left-wing brethren who detest Mr. Miller, was one of the most successful American communist (in the sense of communal) settlements, and his father, George Noyes Miller, a native of Vermont, was related to the founder of the Community. Perhaps a remote ancestor practiced the trade by which Rembrandt's father also lived. Miller's roots are deep in America; after his loyalty to the beautiful plastic art of painting is his loyalty to America. "I'm one of this nation, heart and soul, and I have an infinite desire to add a crumb to its treasure. I believe in my native land, my feeling for it is strong and deep-rooted." In appearance he is very much the Yankee, tall and lean, with hardly an extra ounce of flesh on his frame. His face is dominated by a large aquiline nose and an Adam's apple occasionally heaving into view accentuates the impression of gauntness. He is the spare Vermonter following the light of opulent Venice. His voice is slow and drawling but with no sectional peculiarities. Superficially, the impression he conveys is that of angularity and saplessness.

Always, even as a child, he assumed he was going to be an artist. There simply was no doubt about it. He has no recollection that the sight of a sunset or of a picture first kindled in him the desire; he assumes that it was always there. One of his earliest definite recollections dates from the age of eight or nine when going over the back numbers of the *Century Magazine* in the school library—"I was always looking for pictures, the way a child does"—he came across reproductions of several paintings by Ryder. He remembers that there was something haunting about them and years later, when he had a studio on 15th Street, he called on Ryder, who also had a studio on 15th Street, a fact which thrilled the young Miller. He was a close friend of Ryder's during the last seven years of his life and was deeply influenced in his own early period by the mystical strain of that painter. Miller's portrait of the elder artist, a double rarity in that it is a portrait by Miller and the portrait of a man, is in the collection of the Phillips Memorial Gallery and is accepted as the standard portrait of that artist.

Miller began to draw as early as he could remember. For a brief period during his boyhood, around the age of ten, he was absorbed in mechanical matters, creating a number of trifling inventions. In New York City he was a student at the Horace Mann School, from which he did not take the trouble to graduate, then took courses in painting and drawing at the Art Students' League under H. Sid-

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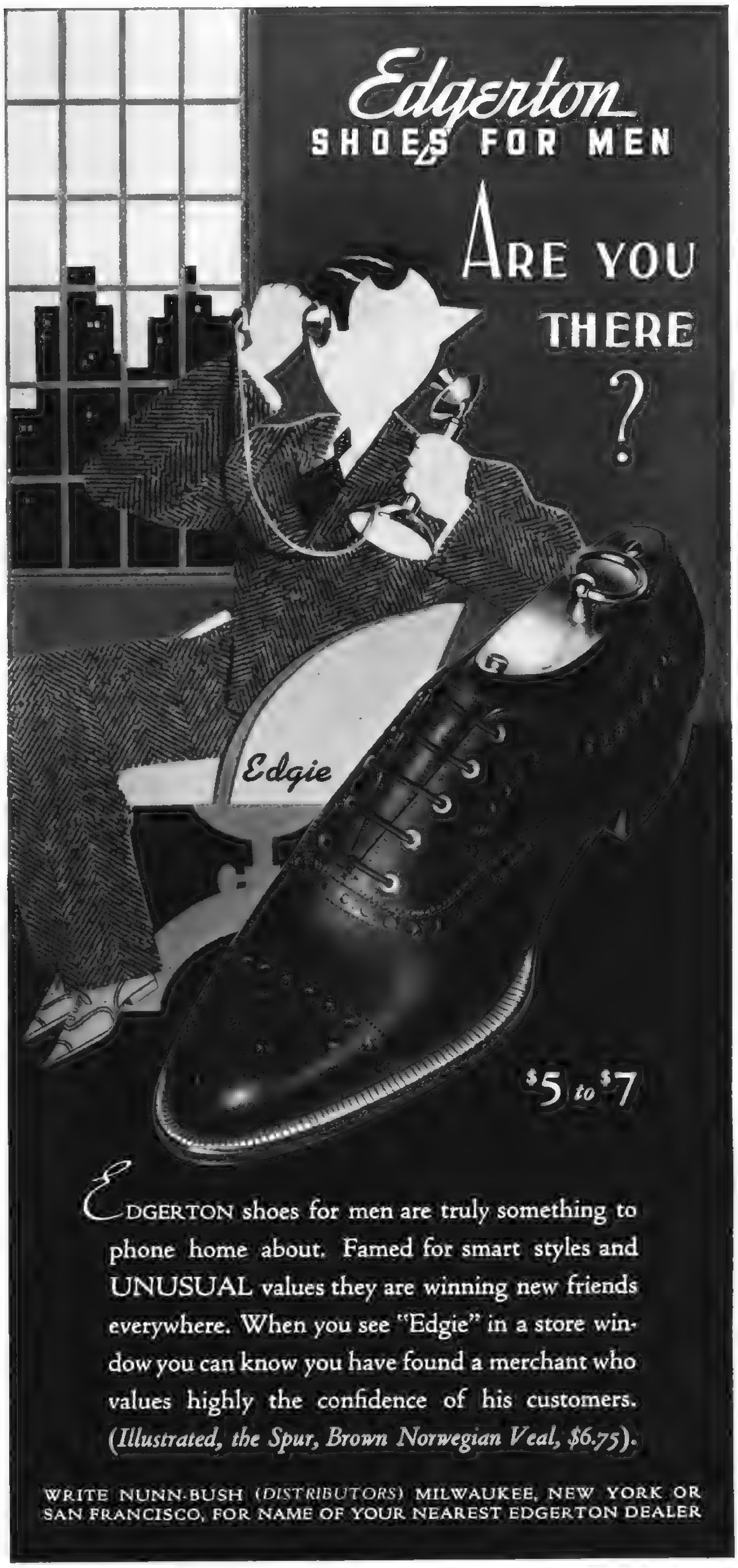

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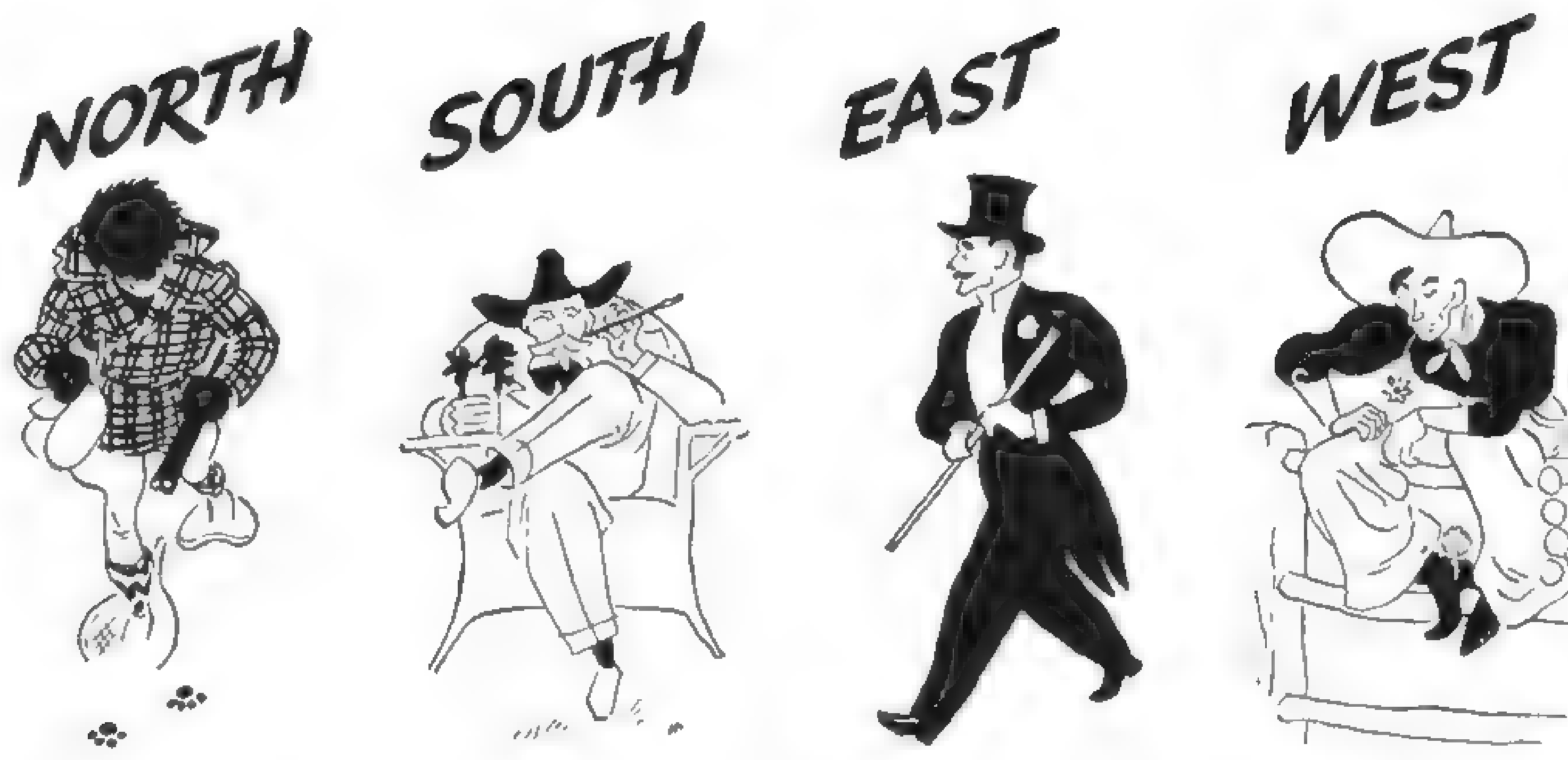

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THE BRACER

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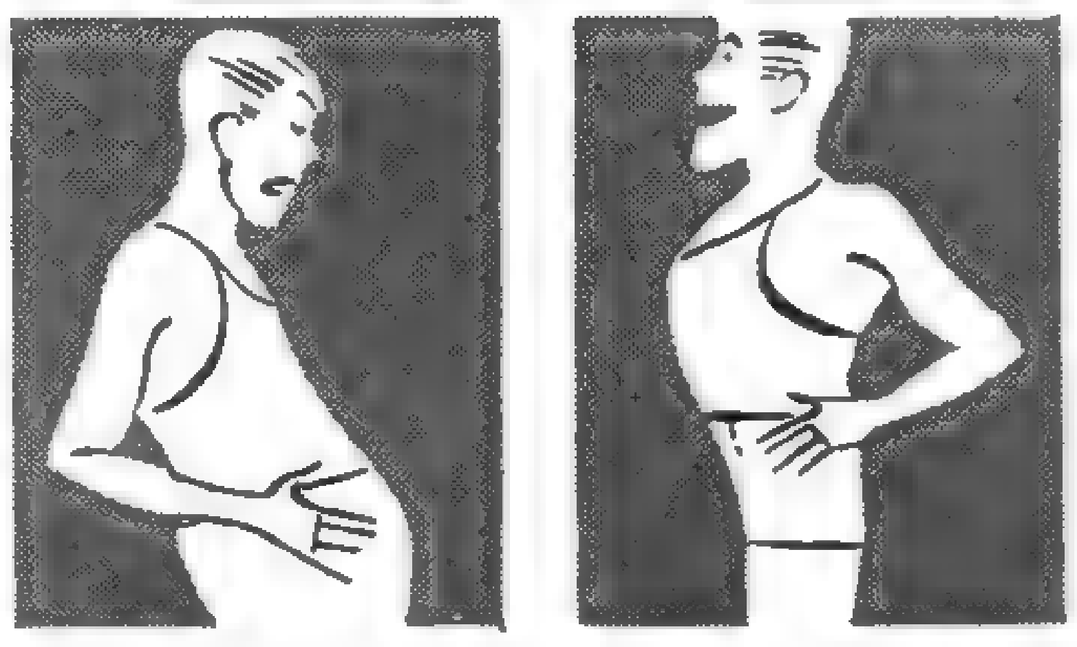

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THE BRACER

Kenneth Hayes Miller: Intellectual

Continued from pages 89-197

dons Mowbray and Kenyon Cox and continued at the Chase School under William M. Chase. He visited Europe for the first time in 1900, drinking deeply from the original founts of art in the museums and picture galleries of Italy, Holland, Germany and England. The year before he had commenced his career as teacher at the New York School of Art (originally the Chase School), where he remained until 1911, a doubly-starred date, for it is the year of his marriage and the year in which he began teaching at the League and in which, until 1936, he impressed his influence without a break on successive generations of students.

His chief struggle during his early period consisted in the attempt to create the forms of art with the casual materials that were lying to his hand. "I had as hard a time as possible to bring together the elements of my art which were not lying where I could easily pick them up." For six or seven years the record was one of failure. He could not make the life which he wanted to mirror speak the idiom of art. He could not organize his materials into significance. He felt that he lacked either the means or the knowledge to do the right thing by the subject matter available to him. Even at the beginning he never had the wish merely to make representations, likenesses, of street scenes. Always was there in his attitude about art a sense of mission, supervised by the ghostly forms of the masters of the Renaissance. "I surrendered, I felt it was too much for my strength or my knowledge." Then he did that thing which, it seems to me, is most difficult for Miller; he yielded all conscious aim and submitted to an intuitive one. That is how he began his early manner. That early work he carried to a certain pitch of development. "While I was doing that, I always regretted the greater aim and after ten or twelve years I abandoned the early method and began again on the original idea, believing that now I had gained the knowledge sufficient for it." Incidentally, he destroyed the work of ten years (it must have been bad!) keeping only the painting called *The Brush Gatherers*, dated 1902, which was originally in the Lewisohn collection and has since found another home.

Had he kept the paintings he destroyed, he pointed out, the body of his work would reveal an unbroken arc of development instead of indicating, as it does, the great divide between his vague generalizations of mystic primitive figures set in imagined landscapes bathed in a light never seen on land or sea and his latter-day representations (organizations, rather) of shoppers in specific 14th Street settings under a light with which we are familiar. *Figures with Landscape* in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is an excellent example of his early manner; *Fitting Room*, in the same museum, represents the contemporary Miller in a typical, but not in his best, vein.

There is no doubt now that he has mastered the elements of his art. Out of the mundane scenes at his door he is creating forms of art in the great tradition. Some critics may not like and some museums may not buy his present-day work but there is no doubt that he is doing what he wants to do and is enjoying that sense of serenity that comes with the power to reconcile achievement with desire. There is no doubt that within the past few years his painting has developed discernibly, if not by leaps and bounds. His grasp on his medium has become more firm, his forms more solid and more plastic and his color more deeply integrated with his forms. It used to be a reproach against him that his figures were either wooden or puffed up in the manner of balloons and his plaster-like colors applied as if in afterthought, but each new canvas is a more thoroughgoing denial of these charges than its predecessor.

There is in his recent pictures what might be called a positive, sensuous quality the absence of which, in some of his earlier pictures, may have disturbed his admirers.

Miller lives a simple and a thrilling life, simple in that it is subordinated to and integrated by art, thrilling in that, for him, there is no greater victory than the solution of a problem, the painting of a picture that may give him even a momentary sense of satisfaction. His relation has been to plastic art, not to a patron, not to a dealer. I do not believe that he has ever fulfilled a commission. Now that he has given up teaching it is possible that his life in art has been oversimplified and that the law of his nature, if no minor circumstance, may compel him again to take the teacher's place. The chief contact that he has sought to make in life has been with perfection. "I am in art for the beauty of the thing, not for the effects of personality." When, musingly, he uses that phrase which recurs so often in his talk, the plastic art of painting, it is in a way in which another man might refer to a beloved mistress. His attitude is perhaps best expressed by the answer he gave to a question relating to the economic difficulties under which he struggled at the beginning of his career: "The difficulties of art are so much more difficult than the other difficulties that those other difficulties just don't exist."

One of the least literary of painters he is one of the most literate. There is no one more capable than he of detailed analysis of art in general and pictures

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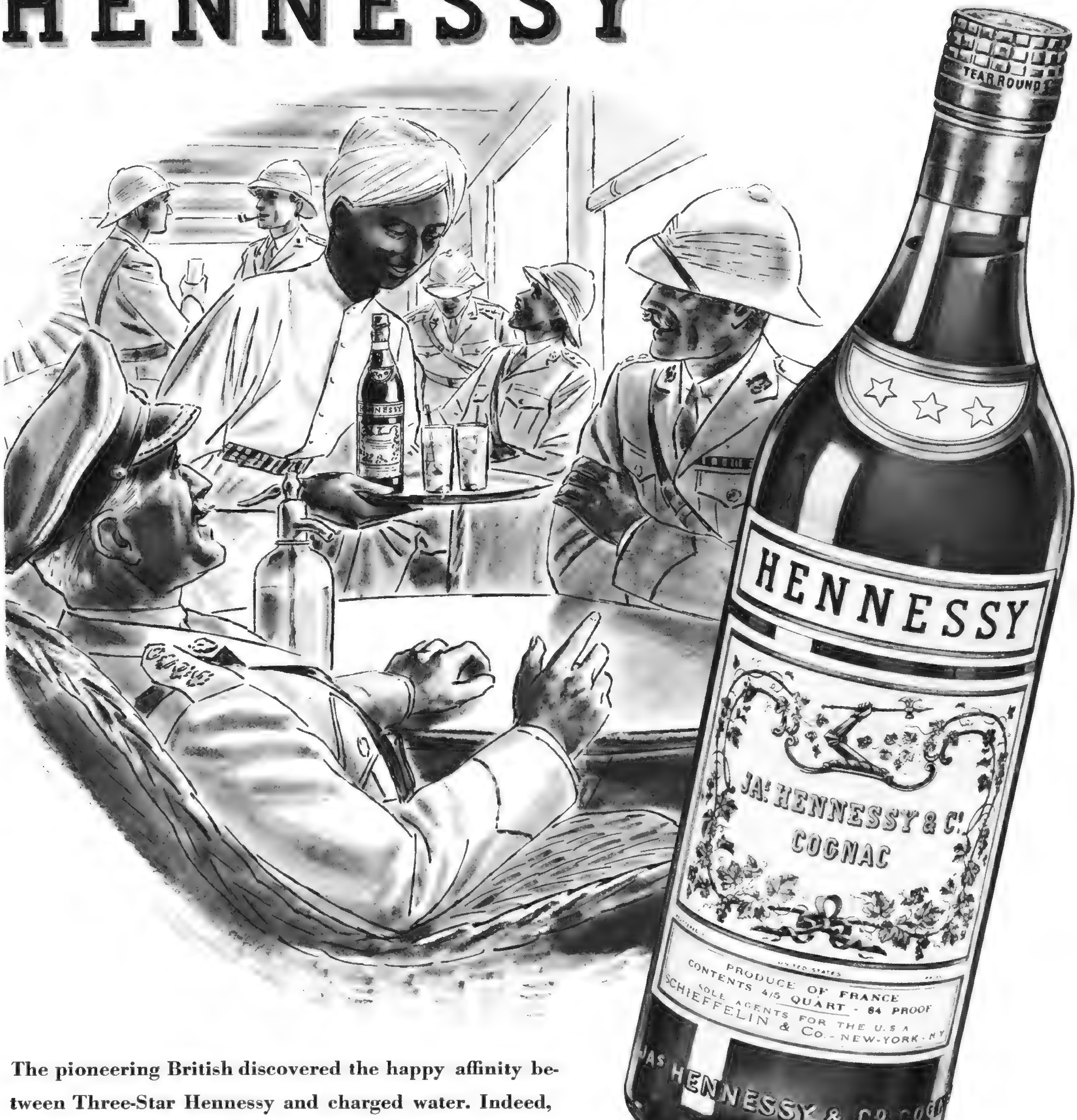
★ ★ ★

HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY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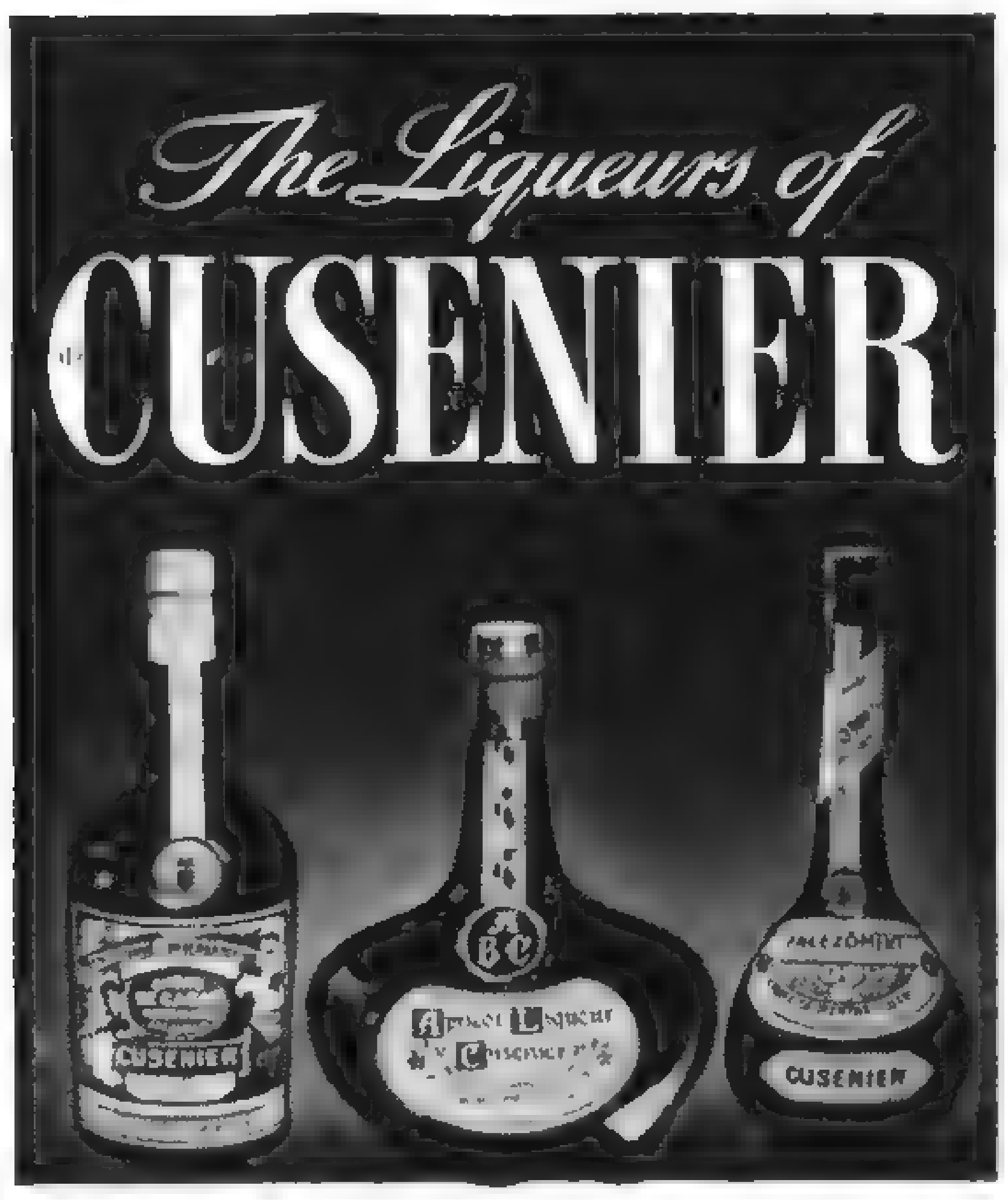

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Kenneth Hayes Miller: Intellectual

Continued from pages 89-197-198

in particular. I would not have so strong a sense of his secondary mission as a teacher had not his casual talks with me been so deeply rewarding. There are people who distrust artists who not only know what they are doing but who can also tell about it. They are the people who imagine that art expression is a result of the seizure of the spirit with the artist himself a half-conscious instrument in the process. These gentry might distrust Miller because he not only paints pictures, he knows why and how he paints them and why he paints them in the way that he does. Miller's work as a painter may yield sensuous effects but never without intellectual purpose and self-conscious aim. Whatever defects his paintings may have, they are defects of the will being unequal to the intention.

Miller completes about six pictures a year. This is in addition to his drawings, which are often by-products of his paintings, and etchings. Since he abandoned teaching he has not added to his annual output but more of his recent paintings are constructed on larger designs, such as *Box Party*, now in the collection of the Whitney Museum. Another recent superficial phenomenon is that men are reappearing in his latest canvasses (as in *Café Bar*), which, in the *14th Street* phase of his work, had been peopled entirely by women.

The processes which he follows before setting paint to canvas illustrate his general method of work and his attitude toward it. For one of his pictures, *In 14th Street*, which is reminiscent of his *Entrance to the Shop*, of 1930, he had drawn, first, a cartoon in monotone and after that five drawings in black and white, each one of which differed from the others in the working out of various details. (It is in this sense that his drawings constitute a by-product, although they stand creditably on their own.) It rarely takes him less than a month to think out the design of a single painting and several weeks in which to paint it. Every painting is preceded by a cartoon in monotone, which is the sub-structure of the painting itself, although not necessarily by as many as five drawings.

During as cool and thorough an analysis of a painting as I have ever heard, Miller showed how deliberately designed and classically derived was every square inch of his *In 14th Street*. He showed, for example, how the arc of the store front, between the flanking show cases, stemmed from paintings by Watteau and Rubens which had been similarly designed, except, of course, in antique architectural settings. He showed how the leash of the Pekinese tied him into the body of the painting and how the creases in the women's dresses were plotted in order to lead the eye from and to the center, and how the dominant note was struck by the arc of the store front and the suggestion of depth beyond. Even the form of the electric light bulbs and the women's sleeves—which one might suppose to be incidental details—Miller proved to be subordinate to the main design and contributing to the impression the painter sought to convey.

When it was intimated that perhaps a picture might communicate, with less conscious plan, the artist's undisciplined delight in the world about him, Miller's reply was that "it would be naïve indeed to feel that one could go anywhere in the plastic art by just being spontaneous." Delight must be disciplined to the classic values.

Miller's approach to painting is not through subject matter. That is, he does not illustrate titles. He does not look out the window and capture, as Marsh has done, a procession of musical beggars and call it, say, *Beggars on 14th Street*. With Miller the subject matter is the consequence and afterthought of the solution of a problem, the problem being, possibly, what would Titian, or Watteau, or Leonardo, or Rubens have done in the organization of this material? His approach to painting may be even more cerebral than that. A yet untitled picture, which was reposing on his easel on the occasion of my latest visit, may be taken as an example of his procedure. His chief problem was to paint a female figure in which you could illuminate the body, although it was dressed, by juxtaposing darks against lights with a strongly developed light on the bosom. Therefore, evening dress, therefore, green of the dress against white of the cape. To make the situation suit the solution, to make the juxtaposition of the green and white logical, the woman is shown waiting on the arm of a chair, the cape thrown back, for a man in full dress seen through a door. It was imperative that the artist, as story teller, had to imply that the woman was ready to go, but waiting.

The relation of the furnishings of the room and the lighting had to be arranged with reference not to an actual room but to the illumination of the female figure and the probable circumstances of that female figure. The lady happens to be one of his most discreetly voluptuous creations. His brief statement prepared for the color reproduction of his *The Little Coat and Fur Shop* in the Living Art series sums up his intention as a painter: "My aim in this painting . . . was, as always, simply to find in the changing spectacle of common life some sensuous materials and to detain them in a form arranged for the esthetic contemplation of a moment."

Continued on page 203

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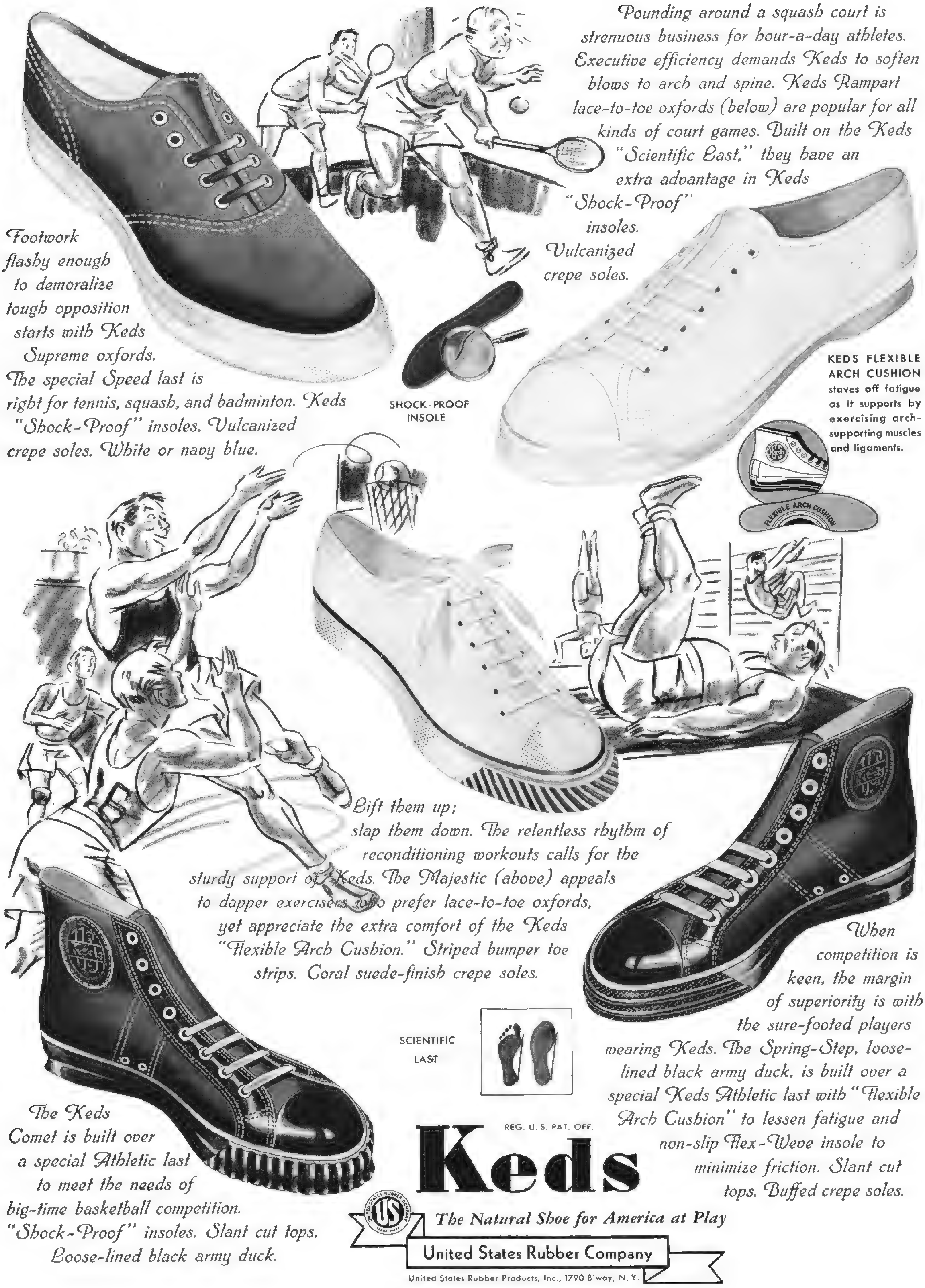
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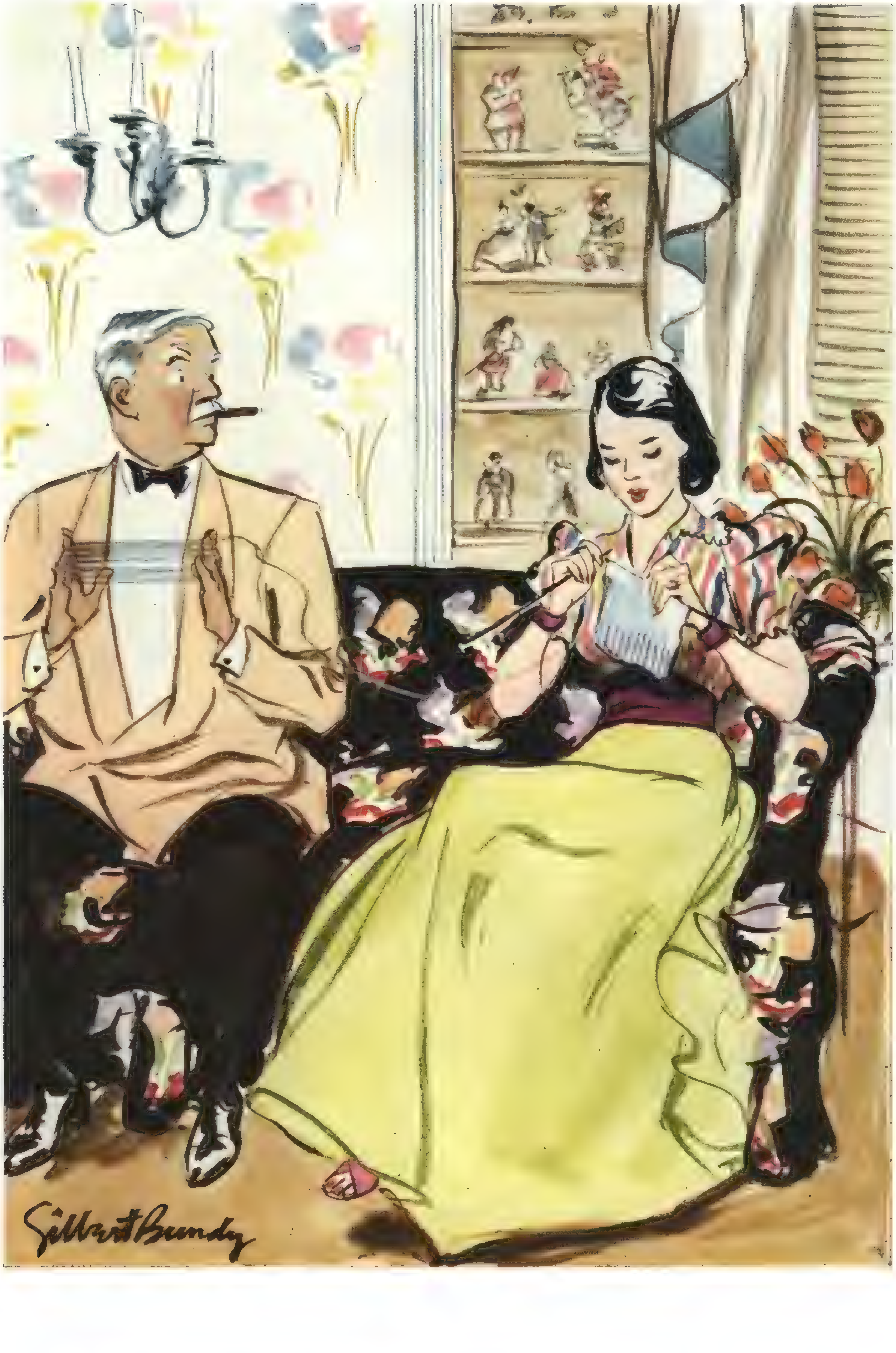

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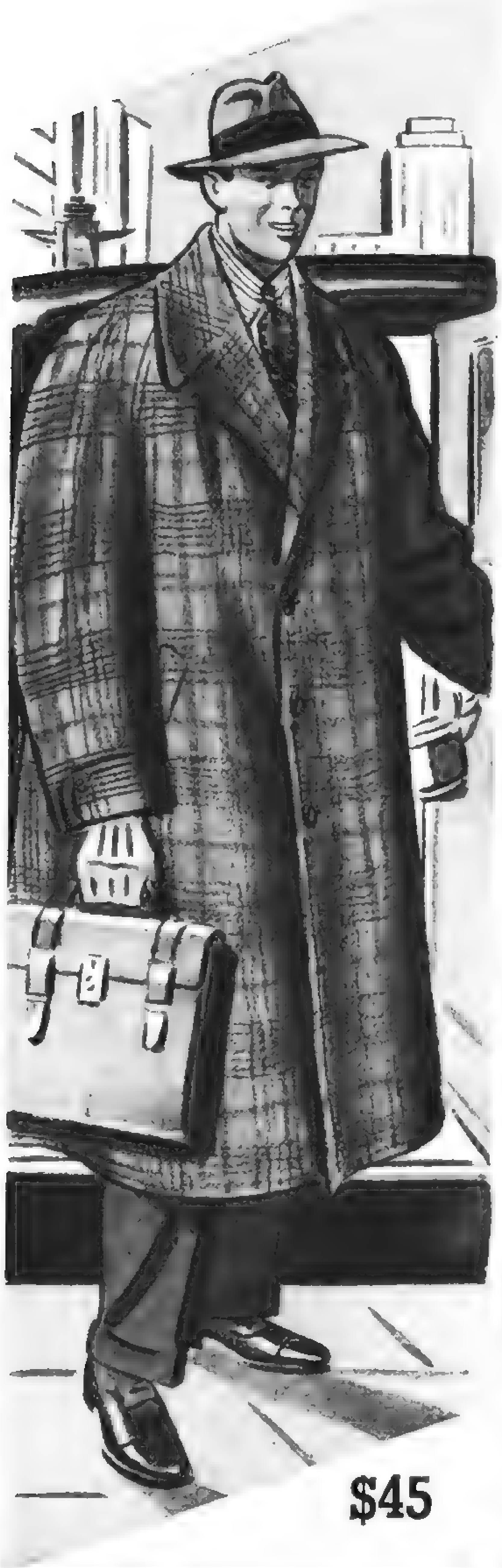

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Kenneth Hayes Miller: Intellectual

Continued from pages 89-197-198-200

Miller cannot be understood by anyone who supposes that art is in the service of Nature. His point of reference is not nature, but Art. For Miller there is nothing so dreary as a landcape unorganized by art. This must sound silly to anyone who has not yet learned that the painting of a picture is a creative and not an imitative process. From Nature, he says, we get subject matter and sensuousness, but, quoting Renoir, we get art from the museums, not Nature. It is from art that we create art. Art is the way of looking at Nature. The imposition of intellectual power on folk melody to the point where emotion is created in the listener of a symphony is analogous to the function of the artist imposing intellectual order in a painting whose point of departure only abided in Nature.

He loves the land symbolically rather than literally. He quotes Santayana's allusion to Nature as being infinite in variety and infinite in monotony as a reason for not spending any part of the year in the country. The landscape which he will not desert even during the sultriest summers is 14th Street, a humanity-jammed landscape in the artistic exploitation of which he was a pioneer, leading to it such younger artists as Reginald Marsh and Isabel Bishop.

Art is a tradition and Miller proposes to stay in line. He is not in art for the effects of personality, as he has said, but for the tradition. That is why he sees 14th Street shoppers in the terms of Leonardo, Rubens and Titian. Perhaps he implies incapacity to see them on his own, but then he would not care to, even if he could, look upon a scene uninstructed by their vision and their example. When artists attempting denigration of his work say that this head is out of Leonardo and that figure out of Rubens, they are saying the things least calculated to displease him. Few remarks delighted him more than that made by Diego Rivera several years ago, that not since the Flemish painters of the 17th century has anyone done such work as Miller's. He is happy, I believe, to be counted a modern Fleming even if he sits below the salt in their company. He regards it as no reproach to be called derivative so long as you make it clear that his derivation is from the masters. Renoir's influence used to be detected in his work during the period when he, too, painted bathing nudes, and it was an ingratiating influence but although Renoir still delights him, he puts his work on a lower level, on the ground that "the complexity of Renoir is the complexity of feeling arising out of direct sensuous perception; it isn't the complexity of composition," adding that structural development and scope of intellect are lacking. Yet even had Miller the desire, it is no longer possible for him to dissociate himself from the 16th and 17th centuries. Kenneth Hayes Miller is our Yankee Rubens, a strange confluence within himself of conflicting currents.

Up to the time of his resignation from the teaching staff of the Art Students' League Miller was regarded as the greatest art teacher in America. His influence was confessed even by those who thought it was harmful. He has influenced painters who have not been his students, among them Paul Cadmus who would like to say that he had formed his art on Miller's standards. I have heard it said that the impress of his personality was so strong that he succeeded only too well in turning out minor Millers. He used to say that if he thought that the best he could do for his students was to turn them into carbon copies "I should never rest till I stopped teaching, but I don't think so." Yet he was fonder of his carbon copy students than of his originals. Now he has stopped teaching not because, as it was rumored, he had made a killing on Wall Street or come into an inheritance, but to simplify his life for art. Today the man who used to refresh his energies for art by teaching declares that he would not be tempted to return to teaching for even so vast a sum as $10,000 a year.

It is hard to believe that Miller's teaching career is ended. He has strengthened the will for art and clarified the method by which it may be produced for so many students that his withdrawal must be a loss. But whether his career as teacher is ended or not, let it be recorded that among his students there have been such notable painters as Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Katherine Schmidt (the first Mrs. Kuniyoshi), Alexander Brook and Peggy Bacon (Mrs. Brook), Niles Spencer, Reginald Marsh, Edward Laning, Denys Wortman, the late George Bellows and Monty Lewis.

The record might contain also evidence that Miller has a sturdy group of private collectors and museum curators who believe in him.

In New York City his paintings are to be found not only in the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums, but also in the Modern. The Phillips Memorial Gallery has five of his paintings and others of his are scattered among institutions in Andover, Massachusetts, Cleveland, Columbus, Los Angeles, and in Richmond, Virgina. Two important evaluations of his work have appeared in brochure form. Because of the slow pace at which he works, he exhibits but rarely, for which reason, in part, announcement of a Miller one-man show is news of the utmost importance. Such news is impending. ♯

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Grogan on Tradition

Continued from page 100

duced, machine-made article."

I said, "But . . ." I said it three times, and that was all I could say. I wanted to say a machine-made arrow could not be any good; that it was against all tradition, against all nature; and that the skilled work of an expert fletcher must be more perfect than the output of a soulless, quantity-production machine. But I did not say all this, because on the score sheet before my incredulous eyes were the *results* produced by Grogan. This man who scorned the bowmans' sacred ritual, who shot in plus fours with a bow made out of a fruit tree and with horrible machine-made arrows—this man—this sacrilegious paynim was actually making a bigger score than anyone else on the ground.

I do not propose to enlarge further concerning this unfortunate occurrence, because the memory is too painful. Suffice it to say that Grogan made the highest score at our Southern Counties Championship Meeting. Let no proud American think, however, that Grogan thus became Champion of our Southern Counties. By no means. We fortunately have a tradition, a very ancient one which nothing can break, that no one can be Champion of our Southern Counties unless he be domiciled therein.

When Boyle-Bindon explained this tradition to Grogan, Grogan said, "So that's the tradition, is it? Well Colonel, I never had any use for tradition, but now I see a light. I'll have to get a handy set of traditions for personal use. They'll be mighty useful—now you've shown me how to make 'em work for their keep."

I next came across Grogan in Tokyo. I had gone to Japan to see the cherry blossoms; but Grogan had a better excuse. He was on a life-saving expedition, showing the Japanese how to make steel-framed, earthquake-proof, dividend-paying office buildings.

When two archers meet they talk shop. Grogan told me how he had improved his shooting by using light twenty-six inch arrows instead of heavy twenty-eights. I was shocked when I heard this; it was against all tradition. I said, "But you can't, Grogan! Twenty-six inch is a woman's arrow. A man can't shoot with that."

Grogan said, "Can't he? If there was a range here I'd show you. Since I started to use twenty-six inch arrows my average for the York Round has gone up fifteen per cent. The lighter the arrow the faster it flies, so I get a lower trajectory."

I said, "Yes. But the shorter the arrow the shorter the draw and the less cast you get out of the bow. Rodger Ascham showed that, hundreds of years ago. A light arrow may fly fast, but a short arrow flies slow."

Grogan said he couldn't help that, and he might be all wrong in theory. but he knew when he got results. "And I'll tell you something else," he continued. "Wooden bows are obsolete junk, and I'm going to burn all mine and get me one of those steel bows the Swedes have just invented."

I said, "Ah! Tin bows. I've heard about them. They're heavy and rough and jar you to bits when you loose. . . . They're no good. How can they be? Whoever heard of a steel bow? No. You'll be sorry if you get one. You can't beat a good, old, self-yew."

"That's all you know," said Grogan. "I was at Prague this summer for the International Championships, and a Swede beat me for first place. He was using a reflexed steel bow, and knocked the stuffing out of all of us. He shot a perfect length and kept it up the whole week. The secret is, a steel bow doesn't get tired like your sensitive self-yews. Yes. Steel's the stuff."

I said, "You're talking rot. That Swede must have been just a case of a man shooting well, in spite of his bow. Good bows have always been made of wood, and always will be. And I don't want to hear you talking any more heresy."

Grogan said, "I may be a heretic, but that's better than being a bone-headed bigot. And wood be damned. What about Turkish, composite bows? You talk about old Rodger Ascham; but I know my history, too. Why! In the Crusades the Turks stood off out of range of your longbows and shot your guys so full of arrows they went off home again, quick—those that could."

I changed the subject. I asked Grogan if he would like to see some Japanese archery. He took fire at once. "What!" he cried. "Do they shoot here? I haven't had a bow in my hand since I left Skeatakit. Let's go!"

I said, "Steady on. It isn't as simple as all that. I may be able to arrange for you to see some shooting, but they'll never let you shoot. I've been poking about since I landed here, trying to buy some Japanese bows, and I've managed to meet a few archers. They're a queer crowd; proud Samurais and all that sort of thing. You know how seriously we take our archery in England?"

"I do," answered Grogan. "I'll never forget Winchester. That was about as cheerful as a morgue. All you lads in green outfits, pussy-footing around and speaking in whispers. I wonder I wasn't black-balled or something for smoking while I shot."

"You nearly were," I answered. "You were shooting in shirt-sleeves, and you would have been asked to withdraw if I hadn't managed to head off the Secretary. But what I'm getting at is, the Japs take their archery much more seriously even than we do. Archery's a rite with us; but with the Jap archer it's a religion. You can't just butt in here and shoot. I'll have to arrange it. I'll see

Continued on page 206

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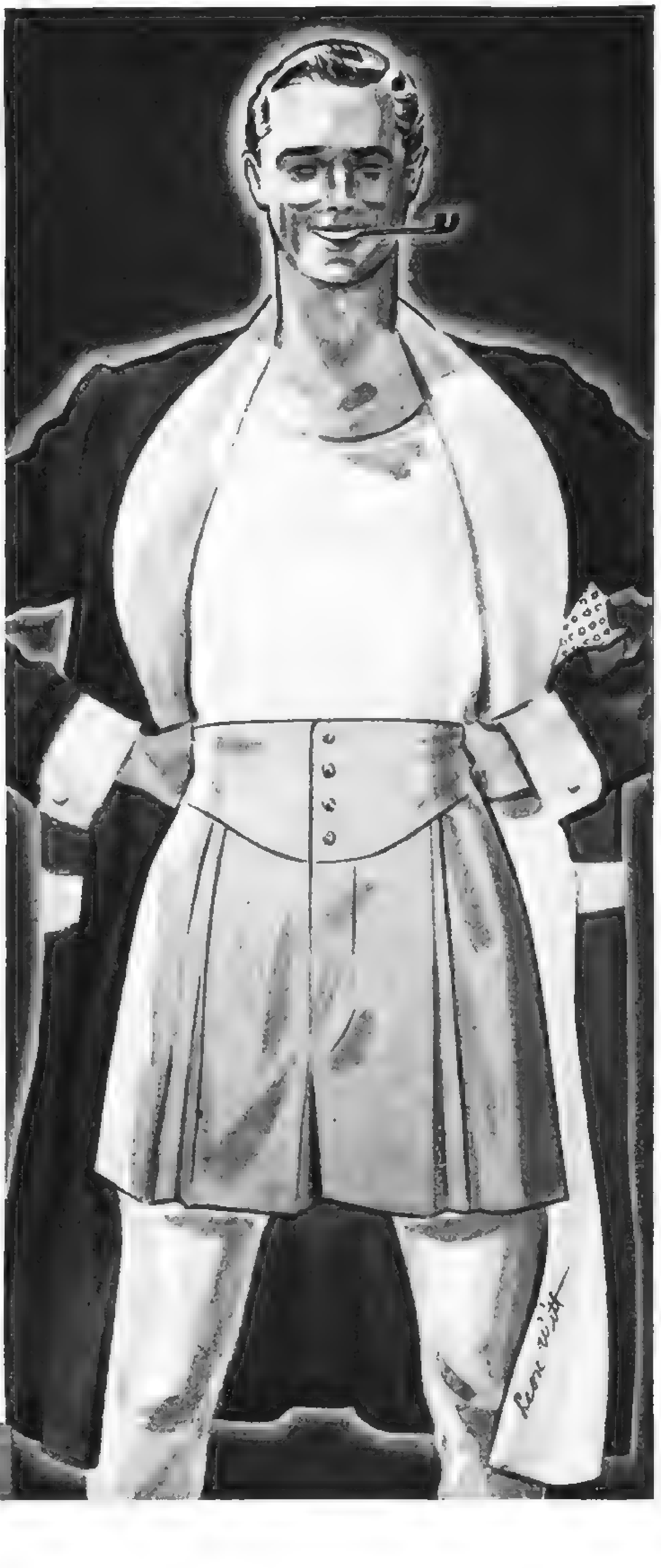

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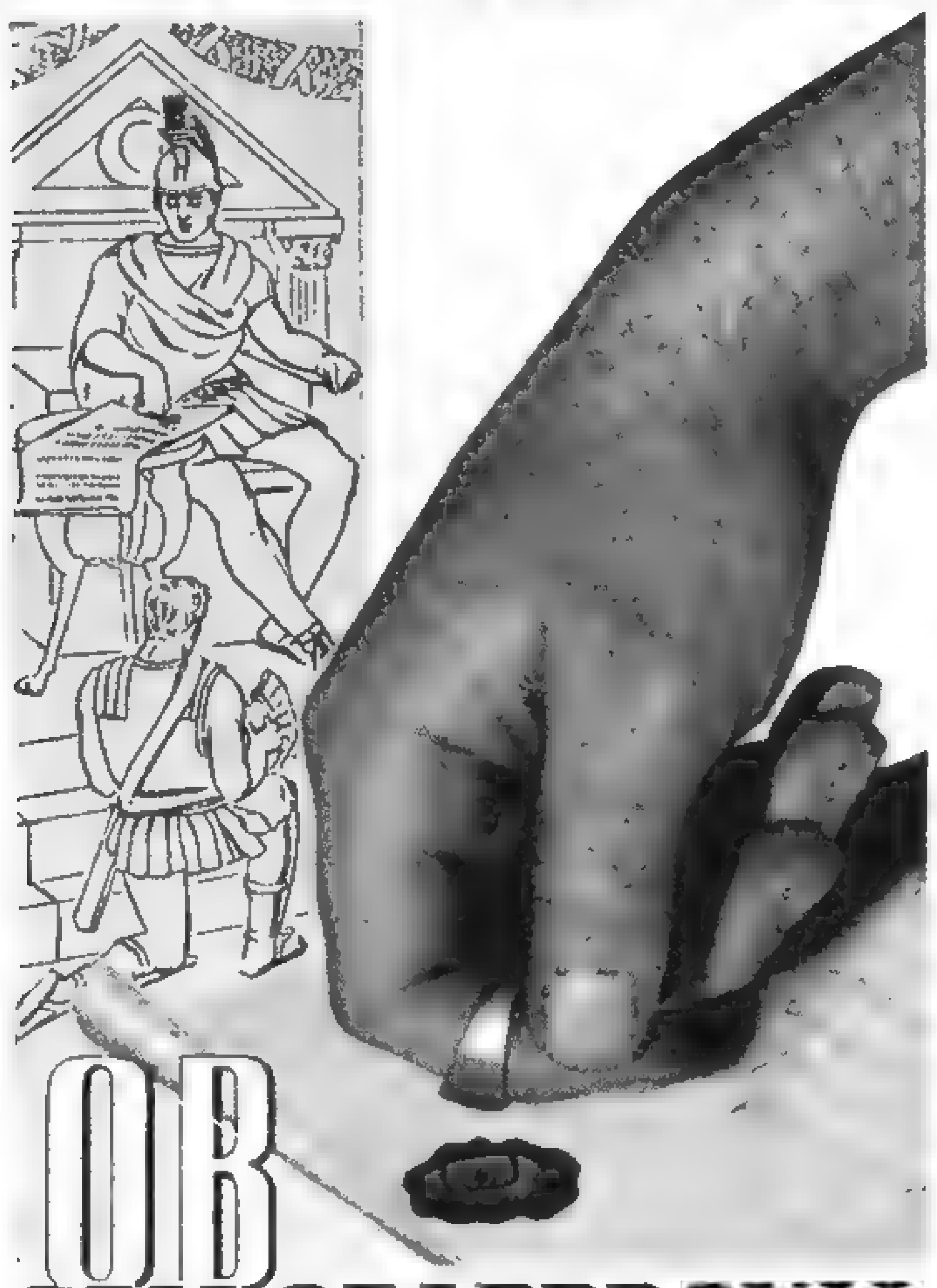

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Grogan on Tradition

Continued from pages 100-204

Ishibashi. He's a Jap I bought some bows from. I told him I was anxious to see some shooting here, but he wasn't keen. Tried to put me off. But I pressed him. Brother archers, and all that. So he said he'd see what he could do for me. It took him a week. When he brought me an invitation to go and watch Professor Nakagawa's pupils shooting, he made it clear it was a great honor and I was lucky. You laugh at our green jackets, but. . . . Well, Ishibashi was so horrified when I turned up for my call on the Professor in a lounge suit that I had to change into a frock coat and top hat."

Grogan said, "Oh, Hell! All I want is to see how the Japs shoot and pop off a few arrows myself; but if it means getting converted to Buddhism first, or taking the veil, or something, we won't worry."

I said, "It's something you ought to see, now you're in this country, and I'll try and fix it up through Ishibashi. The shooting's pretty good. They use huge bamboo bows nearly twice as long as ours, and their arrows are young spears. They shoot right handed but they use a thumb loose—the Tartar loose—and put the arrow on the right of the bow. And the ceremony and ritual are most interesting. Ishibashi tells me there are three hundred and sixty-four things the archer has to think of and do as he takes up position, draws the bow and looses his arrow. And it looked like that at the Professor's. They were tremendously solemn about it all. In England, we say, if you haven't a good style you'll never be a good shot. But here, if you don't do each of the three hundred and sixty-four things right, you can't shoot at all. They won't let you."

"Then they're poor fish," said Grogan. "If they won't let a man try anything new, it means death to all progress."

"You don't get the idea," I answered. "The Japs have been shooting with the bow and arrow for so many thousands of years that they *know* the best way to shoot has been worked out and perfected long ago. And if anyone thinks he's found out something new, he's a fool, because that something's bound to have been thought of and tried out already, and if it isn't incorporated in the traditional bowmans' style it means it's been tried and found wanting."

Grogan said, "That's standing still. And if you stand still you never get anywhere. When I see this old Nakagaga or whatever his name is, I'll show him."

I said, "For Heaven's sake! Professor Nakagawa is *the* authority on Japanese archery. And when I say authority I mean Authority. He's a sort of High Priest of the Cult. He's a Samurai, the descendent of fighting Samurai, and the clan of Nakagawa has always specialized in fighting with the bow. According to Ishibashi, Japanese history is sprinkled with Nakagawas winning battles with their wonderful shooting and performing great feats of archery. And the Professor is the last of the line, so he's dedicated his life to teaching archery and inculcating all the old traditions upon his pupils so that they won't be lost."

Grogan said, "Huh!"

I said, "Don't let any Japanese archer hear you say so. As far as I could see, his pupils not only venerate Nakagawa, they worship him. They make obeisance to him three times before they shoot, and I believe they bathe and purify themselves before the doings. It's all fearfully solemn. No one talks. If he did he'd be thrown out for good, I think. The only one who says anything is the old gentleman himself, and he only speaks if he sees a man not doing one of the 364 things he ought to be doing. When the Professor ticks you off, you bow to the earth three times, and evaporate out of the presence backwards."

Grogan grunted. Said he, "Well, we'll go. You fix it. They don't shoot like we do, so I might learn something, and I'd certainly like to watch that Tartar loose. If you keep your eye open you can generally learn something—even from fossils."

Ishibashi had a lot of trouble arranging for our visit, and I had a lot of trouble getting Grogan properly dressed when our invitation came at last. As we got into our rickshaws, Grogan said, "Catch me telling the boys back at Skeatakit how I went shooting in a top hat and Prince Albert!"

Professor Nakagawa taught the mysteries of his art in a long bare building which looked and felt like a Shinto temple. The place was mostly roof, with a bare, clean interior and a floor of tatami mats. Before we went in we had to take off our hats and our shoes, and Grogan said, "Good Lord, I've got holes in the heels of both socks!"

Ishibashi said, "Please not to speak. To make noise here very improper."

One end of the great room was filled with the Professor's pupils, sitting on their heels on the mats. It is difficult to sit on your heels, and it is very difficult to sit on your heels in a reverent attitude. But those Japanese managed it. In front stood a pupil in the act of drawing his bow, and the Professor stood beside him.

Ishibashi slid into the room, made obeisance and sank upon his hunkers. I bowed to the Professor and sat down cross-legged in the back row. And Grogan waded through the seated worshipers, saying, "Pardon me. Don't let me interrupt, but I sure want to let you know how much I appreciate this chance to see you people shooting. I'm an archer myself and I'll say this

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

looks mighty interesting. Put it there, Professor."

I know the Professor was shocked. He must have been deeply shocked. Nothing like Grogan had ever happened to him before. Grogan appeared to Nakagawa as a rude barbarian noisily invading those sacred precincts, and his first impulse was to cut Grogan down in his tracks. I was watching his face and I saw that impulse form—and die. For O Nakagawa San was a gentleman and a Samurai and he had his traditions.

He remembered, just in time, that Grogan was his guest.

Said Grogan, "Go right ahead, Professor. Don't mind me. Let's see how you do it. That's certainly a great old bow you've got. Let her go. But if there's such a thing as a chair in the place . . . I'm a poor hand at sitting on my feet. I'm not built that way."

Hereabouts Ishibashi gave tongue in a tone that was awed but urgent. I imagine the little man was apologizing. He must have been translating, too, for the Professor bowed to Grogan and presently two chairs appeared.

We sat and watched the shooting. It was interesting, for Japanese archery is unique and, according to our ideas, everything is done the wrong way. We shoot from the left side and the middle of the bow; the Japanese shoot from the bow's lower third and from its right side. We draw the string with our fingers; the Japanese draw with the thumb. We draw to the jaw; the Japanese draw to the shoulder. There are further radical differences in method which it is difficult to explain without being technical, so it must suffice, therefore, to quote Grogan, to indicate what a foreign archer thinks of the Japanese style. Said Grogan, "What the hell! You can't shoot like that. If that lad doesn't look out the string'll take him back of the ear and scrape the side of his face off."

The Professor glared at Grogan. I said "Hush." The archer loosed his shaft and Grogan said, "Gosh! His ear's still there, and I'll be damned if he hasn't hit the target."

I said, "We'll get thrown out if you don't dry up." And for a little while we watched the shooting in silence.

It was fair shooting, I thought. The range was about 30 yards and the target something over one foot in diameter. We watched a dozen men shoot three arrows each, and only four failed to hit the target.

Then Grogan said, "Not too bad—for beginners. Ishibashi tell the Professor I'd like to see him shoot. I want to see some real shooting."

I do not know what Ishibashi said to the Professor because I cannot speak Japanese; but I have a good idea what the Professor said to Ishibashi, because I was studying his face most anxiously. I think a very free translation of the Professor's remarks would be about as follows: "I should like to tell your nasty friend he's about as welcome here as a Chinese bandit at a New York Yacht Club committee meeting; but as he is, unfortunately, a guest, you'd better say I shall be delighted to accede to his impudent and unheard of request—but don't say I put it that way."

The Professor bowed to us politely, and then loosed three arrows. The bull's-eye was a two-inch black spot and the first arrow hit three inches below it. The second shaft was two inches higher. The third cut the black at six o'clock, and I said, "Oh, good shot, sir!"

Grogan said, "He's hot. But I grouped closer than that at Prague at the 25 meters. Ishi! Tell the Professor I'd like to have a shot." He thereupon arose, shed his frock coat and took the bow from the stand where the Professor had reverently laid it.

Ishibashi was clearly terrified. The Professor was, obviously, scandalized; and, from the look of them, the assembled pupils merely awaited a sign from the Master to fall upon the sacrilegious Grogan and tear him apart.

Grogan took a tentative pull at the bow. Said he, "She's a hefty weapon, but the draw's good and sweet. Gimme some arrows, and tell the Prof., Ishibashi, I'm not going to try and shoot his way, because I can't. I'm going to shoot my way."

In a breathless silence Grogan nocked an arrow on the string. He drew it to his jaw with his gloved fingers, and loosed. His arrow buried itself in the floor matting, wide to the left of the target and a good six feet short. And the Professor actually smiled. His pupils did better. They burst into laughter. And I felt much better, because one never knows how the Japanese, especially Japs of the Samurai brand, are going to react if their touchy sensibilities are outraged.

Grogan said, calmly, "She hasn't got half the cast you'd think, and she skids 'em off to the left just about the width of two and a quarter targets."

He tried again. This time his line was good but his length was out. He shot well over.

"She's a good bow," said Grogan. "But you've got to know her. I've got a straddle and now I can get on with it."

His third shaft hit the target, low and to the left; his fourth hit to the right, but level. Then he said, "Ha! I've got her," and settled down to business. His next five shots landed in the bull and his sixth hit the fifth arrow on the nock and smashed it. Said he, "Good enough. I'll rest on that. You tell His Nibs, Ishi, I always stop shooting when I've filled the bull's-eye bung up; I don't like breaking arrows."

I thought the Professor took it

Continued on page 208

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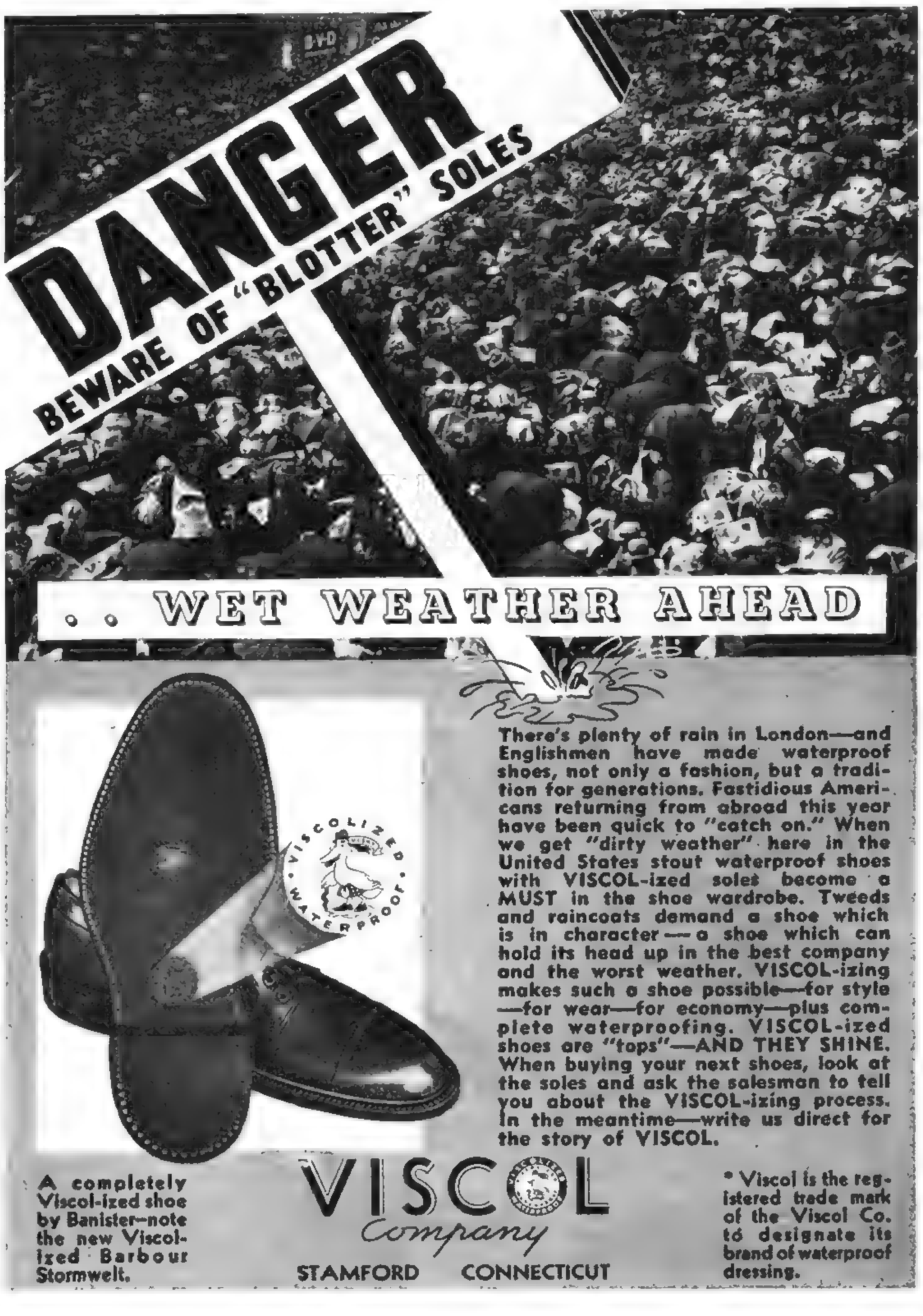

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Photograph by Hurrell — Helen Vinson, in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938"

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Grogan on Tradition

Continued from pages 100-204-207

very well. He bowed to Grogan and smiled. Under the circumstances I thought his behavior was fine. Grogan had made a show of him before his pupils, but he did not seem to mind. When Grogan took his bow and prepared to shoot, he must have looked to the old Professor like some ignorant and clumsy savage, trying, let us say, to play the violin with his feet. And when the ignorant savage actually succeeded in making music like a Kreisler the old man ought to have registered incredulous surprise. But he merely smiled. He smiled at Grogan as one might smile at a precocious child.

Grogan's behavior on the other hand was not so fine. I fancy the Professor's smile annoyed him. He stuck out his chin and said, "See here, Ishi. You ask the Professor, what about all his fine old crusted traditions now. Tell him I didn't do one single damn one of all those nine hundred and ninety-nine things he says an archer's got to do before he can shoot straight. So how did I shoot straighter than he or any other Jap ever has shot or ever will shoot. You ask him that. D'you understand?"

It is unwise to humiliate a Japanese of the old Samurai breed. I said as much to Grogan while Ishibashi was translating his rude remarks. Grogan said, "Skip it. What's he say, Ishi?"

Ishibashi said, "O Nakagawa San says, with deference, he thinks you make mistake. He say you see bow as toy, for play and shooting at targets. He say he does not teach to shoot for play at targets; he teaches to use bow for proper use as weapon. He say you please come in garden and he show you true and traditional use of bow for hunting and for fighting in battle."

Grogan said, "Right. Lead on, my lad. If any man says I've made a mistake he's got to show me. I've beaten the old boy at his own game with his own tools inside the house and I reckon I can do it again in the garden."

The Professor led us into his garden; all of us, for the crowd of pupils came too. His garden was large; there were about ten acres of it, filled with odd shaped rocks and little pools and clumps of bamboos and pine trees. The place was a good example of formal landscape gardening in the true Japanese tradition. Grogan said, "A hell of a spot to come hunting in. What's the old fool think he's going to shoot here? Lions?"

I said, "Dry up. Watch him." For the old man suddenly nocked an arrow on his bow-string and stared at the sky. There was nothing up there to shoot at. All I could see was a crow flying over the garden and well up out of gun-shot range. I did not think the Professor would be foolish enough to try a shot at a bird on the wing, and when he drew his bow, bent himself backwards and took aim at that crow I was not surprised to hear Grogan give a loud and scornful laugh.

The Professor loosed his shaft. It missed, of course; but it was a strong, straight shot and the arrow whistled so closely past the bird that it swerved from its course. Grogan opened his mouth, doubtless to jeer; but he kept it open in amazement. For the old man nocked and loosed another arrow as quickly as light. And another. And another. He shot so fast that the fourth arrow left the bow before the first one fell to earth. And he shot straight. The crow checked. There was a puff of feathers, and the bird, transfixed by the fourth arrow, fell at Grogan's feet.

Grogan then shut his mouth. He kept it shut.

Said Ishibashi, "O Nakagawa San say, he has shown you Japanese archers' traditional for use of bow in hunting. He now show you how used in fighting. He say you please shoot at him from this side of garden and he shoot from other side at you." Here a pupil presented Grogan with a bow and a quiver full of arrows and Grogan turned pale. I do not blame him.

"Here! What's this?" he cried. "Good God! D'you think he's serious?"

I said, "Deadly serious. And so are these arrows. Look!"

Grogan took an arrow from the quiver and then turned paler than before. The thing was no target arrow such as Grogan was used to. It had a steel head, razor sharp, and the point was barbed.

Presently I said, "If we were in Winchester or Skeatakit this would make me laugh. But not here. The man's a fighting Sumarai, and I tell you, Grogan, I'm damned if I like this."

Grogan said, "Nor me." He then went on to say the thing which made me remark, at the start of this story, that Grogan was a real man. Grogan said, "If I take Nakagawa on he'll fill me full of barbed arrows before I've taken aim. And I'll miss him, anyhow, because I won't know the range. The truth is that old man's made me see something I didn't understand before. I thought I was hot stuff with the bow because I could hit targets, but now I've been shown there's a whole lot more in archery than that. So it looks as if I'd got to apologize. For a start I'll tell you I'm sorry I talked such a lot and knew so little about the traditions of the thing. And you, Ishi; you tell all these people I'm not going to take on the Professor because I know he'd kill me. I can beat him at targets, but I give him best at the real thing. And tell Nakagawa—and see you get this straight—tell him he's right and I did make a mistake. He's made me understand I only play at archery; but he's a real Archer, by God!" ⌗

The Guest in Room Nineteen

Continued from page 56

fella. He's going to help me with this big log. I'll be right back."

"Did he say what room—" But the watchman was gone and Mr. Cass could only wait.

He waited five minutes, he waited ten. Then he gradually realized that the watchman was not coming back. It was plain that the watchman had been sent for.

Everyone tried to keep distressing things from Mr. Cass, and it was not until the following evening that he heard what had happened from some whispering at the desk.

The man had collapsed trying to lift a log too heavy for him. Mr. Cass said nothing because he knew that old people have to be careful what they say. Only he knew the watchman had not been alone.

After Easter the hotel's short season faded out and it was not worth while to hire a new watchman, but Mr. Cass continued to have lonely nights and often he sat in the lobby after the other guests went to bed. One April night he dozed there for awhile, awakening to find that it was after two and he was not alone in the lobby.

The current of cooler air might have roused him, for a man he did not know had just come in the door.

The man was of no special age but even by the single light left burning Mr. Cass could see that he was a pale man, that there were little holes in his face like the ravages of some disease and he did not look like John Canisius, his partner.

"Good evening," said the stranger.

"Hm," said Mr. Cass, and then as the man turned down the corridor he spoke up in a strong voice:

"You're out late."

‘ Yes, quite late."

"You a guest here?"

"Yes."

Mr. Cass dragged himself to his feet and stood leaning on his cane.

"I suppose you live in room nineteen," he said.

"As it happens, I do."

"You needn't lie to me," said Mr. Cass, "I'm not an ignorant mountaineer. Are you a burglar—or did you come for some one?"

The man's face seemed to grow even whiter.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"In any case I want you to get out of here," said Mr. Cass. He was growing angry and it gave him a certain strength. "Otherwise I'm going to arouse the hotel."

The stranger hesitated.

"There's no need of doing that," he said quietly. "That would be—"

Mr. Cass raised his cane menacingly, held it up a moment, then let it down slowly.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I may want you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"It's getting cold in here. I want you to help me bring in a log to put on the fire."

The stranger was startled by the request.

"Are you strong enough?" he asked.

"Of course I'm strong enough," Mr. Cass stood very upright, throwing back his shoulders. "I can get it alone."

"No, you can't. You help me or I'll arouse the house."

They went out and down the back steps, Mr. Cass refusing the stranger's arm.

He found, in fact, that he could walk much better than he thought and he left his cane by the stoop so that both hands were free for the log.

It was dark in the woodshed and the stranger lit a match. There was only one log, but it was over a hundred pounds, quite big enough to amply fill the small fireplace.

"Hadn't I better do this?" said the stranger.

Mr. Cass did not answer, but bent and put his hands on the rough surface. The touch seemed to stimulate him, he felt no pain or strain in his back at all.

"Catch hold there," he ordered.

"Are you sure—"

"Catch hold!"

Mr. Cass took a long breath of cool air into his lungs and shifted his hands on the log. His arms tightened, then his shoulders and the muscles on his back.

"Lift," he grunted. And suddenly the log moved, came up with him as he straightened, and for a triumphant moment he stood there squarely, cradling it against him. Then out into space he went, very slowly, carrying the log which seemed lighter and lighter, seeming to melt away in his arms. He wanted to call back some word of mockery and derision to the stranger, but he was already too far away, out on the old roads that led back where he wished to be.

Everyone in the hotel was sorry to lose Mr. Cass, the manager especially, for he read the open letter on Mr. Cass' desk saying that no further money could be remitted that year.

"What a shame. He'd been here so many years that we'd have been glad to carry him awhile until he made arrangements."

Mr. Cass was the right sort of client—it was because of such guests that the manager had tried to keep his brother out of sight all winter.

The brother, a tough number, was considerably shaken by what had happened.

"That's what I get for trying to be a help," he said, "I should have known better. Both those old guys looked exactly like death itself to me." #

Photograph by Hurrell — Posed by Michael Fitzmaurice; Universal Featured Player

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

HAVE YOU READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

There are a variety of reasons why I have not renewed my subscription to Esquire. One is that your magazine annoys me in many trivial ways. Another is that while I like the pictures, in fact I originally subscribed because of them, I find that the reading matter is rather bad. Most of it, God knows, is not literature, and pretty near all of it is what for lack of a better term can be called Smart-Alecky. I cannot at the moment recall a single thing I had read in it in the past twelve months that I have a hankering to read again. Then there are other reasons. I am writing a history of privateering and that requires a certain amount of time, I have a number of outside interests and occasionally I read a book. Esquire, it seems to me is one of the things I can eliminate without loss to any part of my mental life. It is a little difficult to put into words exactly what annoys me about the magazine. I would feel better myself if I could put it into words. Perhaps it is the fact that it is referred to as "Esky," perhaps it is a certain smugness, perhaps I am just a fool and don't know a good thing when I see it, but the magazine does annoy me.

I realize that I have probably not given a single adequate reason for my feeling, but the feeling is there. But please don't let this letter interfere with your admirably conceived campaign, I should hate to miss any of your series of subscription letters.

Sincerely yours,
John Phillips Cranwell
Baltimore, Md.

FROM A SINKING HEART

It is with regret that I begin to notice increasing evidence of pink liberalism make its headway into your mag. God knows Master Levin is bad enough with his love for the underdog and movies with a message, but still by avoiding his four star ratings, one would suffer but little from his youthful ignorance. However when you print such a masterpiece as *Stepan and Natasha* by that frivolous leftist Waldo Frank, the heart of your subscriber sinks very low indeed.

How low and to what pink hell thou sinketh Esquire?

Mr. Frank, who has probably been with the Intourist to Soviet Russia and deems himself an authority on things Russian (including the old regime) spins a romantic and tragic fable of the tsarist days.

Stepan and Natasha are playfully struggling in a barn. He—"the man force, the man will, the man odor" . . . She—"the delicious flesh that would soon be his, now fended in thick red skirt and creamy bodice." (Is this fiction or is this fiction???)

Appears, the "barin," whose first name is Gregor, which may sound Russian to Waldo, but ain't, and an actress Katya. (Waldo must have met his actresses in a night-club on 14th street, but we shall forgive him that). The actress wants a necklace, but Gregor says—no dough. But you have oil in your land, says Katya. (Wonderful, Waldo—the Soviets should use you as a petrologist—you shall bring riches to the workers—oil at Nijni-Novgorod). Then she adds: "I only ask the necklace from the man I love." (What fiction! What dialogue!)

Now another evil character appears on the scene—the pope Darius Sergeitch, whose name may again sound Russian to Waldo, but ain't (it matters but little to our author that popes in Russia are always known as Father this or that and never by first and second name). The pope is accompanied by another sinister character, recruiting officer Mr. Falsch (why not Mr. Berstch, Waldo? You could eat that one too). Whereupon the barin Gregor becomes an "Excellency" and Falsch demands Stepan or a bribe. After some lovely dialogue Stepan's doom is sealed (I omit the dialogue—it is of the trashiest kind your mag has ever printed), Katya gets the necklace (off the record), Natasha is taken advantage of by the recruiting officer, and in the Kizba (some more of Waldo's Russian, which ain't) the pope, who it appears all that time has been going around in his cope and mitre, is praying over the still unrecruited Stepan (what's a recruiting and examining board to Waldo). The tsar needs an army—give him an army. Esquire needs a story—give the Esquire a story.

Where is the world going to?????

Yours, for better fiction,
Sea Cliff, N. Y. George Makaroff
(Georgi Alexandrovitch Makaroff—in case you are interested.)

REMONSTRANCE

Mr. Rascoe has recently written a book called *Before I Forget.* It would seem that his article on reference books in your July number was written after his book. He is entitled to his own opinion on dictionaries. I should not even suggest that he justify this opinion, but to quote him: "A moment ago I disparaged the Concise Oxford Dictionary, which one should not do without giving a reason reinforced by specific examples." The specific facts which he produces make me doubt whether he has in his possession a Concise Oxford Dictionary, but perhaps he once used it a long time ago. Mr. Rascoe knows Greek and studies etymology. How surprising that he should forget that "schedule" comes from the Latin word "scedula" and thence from the French into English. This would in some way explain the "oddity" of the English pronunciation to which he so much objects. Moreover, had Mr. Rascoe looked more carefully at the Concise Oxford Dictionary, he would have seen that the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives both the English and the American pronunciations as follows: "she; U. S. ske." To most users I imagine this would be comparatively clear.

Mr. Rascoe's imagination then runs out of all control. For some reason he is under the illusion that the English, directed by the Oxford Dictionary, pronounce "chloroform," "chloride," and other words of Greek derivation beginning with "ch" as "tsch." He also seems to think that "chimera" is pronounced "shimera." I do not know where he can have got this idea: he certainly did not find it in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. We all know that "ch" used as prefix for words of Greek derivation is pronounced "k." If he will look at "chloride" in the Dictionary, he will see the Greek word from which it is derived given in full. As to his pronunciation of "chimera," I can see no explanation. According to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, "chimera" is pronounced "kimera." Perhaps Mr. Rascoe is confusing the Latin word "scedula" with words of Greek origin.

Mr. Rascoe is also indignant that the words "olla podrida" and "antipasto" are not found in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. It is, as he must realize, a problem for the compilers of a dictionary which is designed to be concise and handy to know what words shall be retained. Mr. Rascoe seems to think that these two words are used as frequently as "bourgeois" and "boulevard." Surely this is an exaggeration.

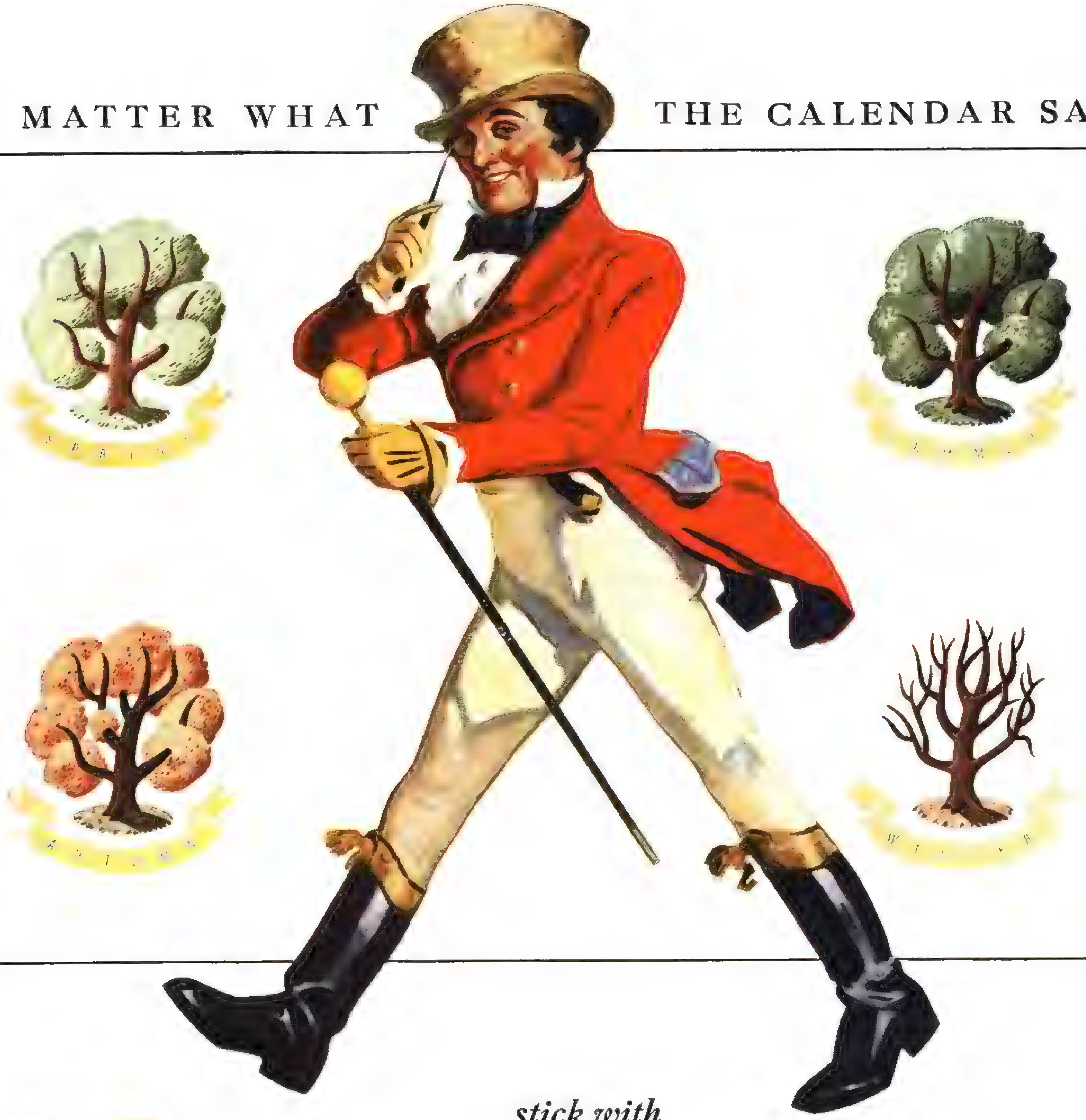
For the benefit of your readers who have been misled by Mr. Rascoe's statements that the Concise Oxford Dictionary is, for Americans, probably the least reliable and satisfactory of the smaller compilations, I should be grateful if you would bring this letter to their attention.

With the usual apologies,

Yours very sincerely,
Vice-President Paul Willert
Oxford University Press
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 212

NO MATTER WHAT THE CALENDAR SAYS



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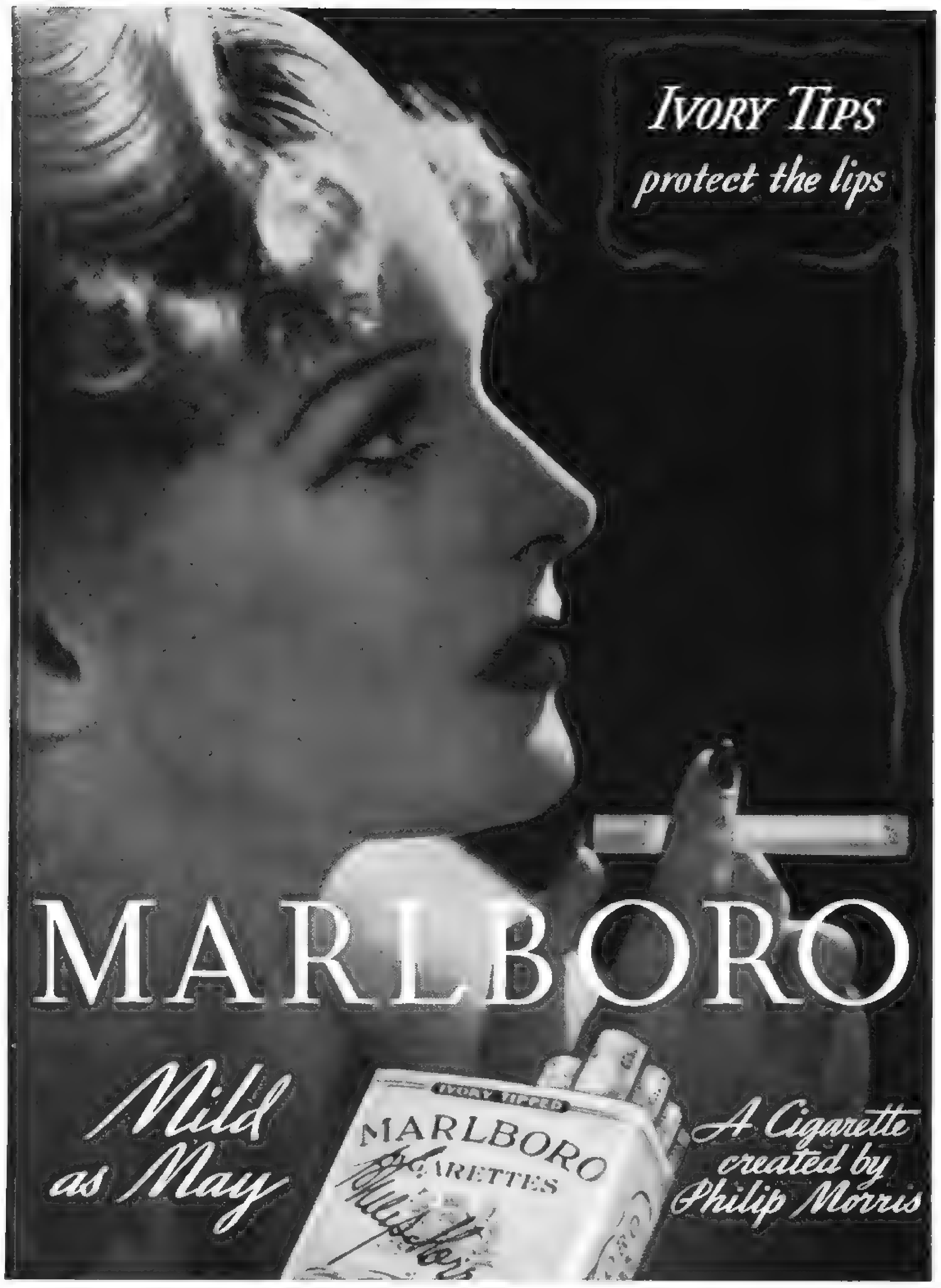

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-210

SHE DOESN'T

So at last this Anonymous made a mistake! She (assuming it is a she) forgot to erase her initials and last name from the graph illustrating *Seasonal Losses of Intactitude* (page 35, Aug. Esky). If she illustrates her own articles then she must be A. W. Ryan. And how in the hell does she know just where her article is to go in the mag. and on which page it is to be continued? This also was illustrated in the August issue. Either you're trying to fool somebody or just made a mistake. Anyhow, Anonymous seems to know what's what. Good luck to Anonymous in any future articles.

'Till Esky tells who it is,

Iowa City, Ia. R. A. Yetter, Jr.

AT EASE, EVERYBODY

I'm sorry I have been unable to answer your letter sooner but I left Raleigh for Valdosta, Ga. and your letter was forwarded.

I too have had requests for the answer to the monkey-cocoanut problem I sent Esquire. I have had long distance telephone calls, special delivery air mail letters, and numerous other inquiries. Two of my correspondents sent me the correct answer.

The algebraic solution is rather involved so I'm not submitting it unless it is requested. Should you want it just drop me a line here in Valdosta. The answer to the problem is 15,620 cocoanuts, which is really quite a collection of cocoanuts, isn't it?

Yours very truly,

Valdosta, Ga. Herbert Acton, Jr.

PAYOFF

The cocoanut problem on page 8 of the August issue has its points but is hardly in the 8 hour class and I am sure it should be solved much more quickly.

The big difficulty in this type of mental gymnastics is to determine the proper approach together with the possibilities of "soft" spots. This is especially true where the trial and error method must be used and it is essential to speed that the smallest key number be first sought.

A careful study of Mr. Acton's problem indicates that it should be upended and attacked from the rear and the smallest key number would be each man's share—the final division. Then the total cocoanuts collected would be represented by x (each man's share in the final division) times 5 plus 1 times 1.25 plus 1 times 1.25 plus 1 times 1.25 plus 1 times 1.25 plus 1 times 1.25. This is set down chartwise (see below) and we are now ready to seek the lowest number which will remain a whole number throughout the treatment. We discover very early that the number must be 1 less than a multiple of 4 so that the first operation of multiplying by 5 and adding 1 will give a product divisible by 4. 3 is the lowest number that qualifies and when tried it takes the first hurdle but bogs down in a 21 (not divisible by 4) on line 4. 7 is tried and then 11, but they fail at the same point. But 15 carries on to line 6 before failing. This is progress. Now what does 15 have that 3, 7 and 11 lack? After some more experimenting it occurs to us that 15 is 4^2 less 1. This is the important clue. Hastily we try 4^3 less 1, 63, which carries on to line 8, then 4^4 less 1, 255 which does not stumble until the 1 yard line is reached, and then 4^5 less 1, 1023 is tried and it gives the lowest answer to our problem, 15,620. (See Chart A.)

While the above is the simplest solution to the problem, there are other interesting angles which might be probed by the mathematical minded. Let X equal the number of cocoanuts received by each man at the final division, then 15625X plus 10505 divided by 1024 would express the total number of cocoanuts. Or let X represent the total number of cocoanuts, then 1024X less 10505 divided by 15625 expresses the number of cocoanuts received by each man at the final division. The number 10505 is intriguing. In either case it is built up solely by the cocoanuts taken away from the main pile before the final division. Neglecting the monkey for the moment we set down 1 as representing the fifth taken from the pile by the fifth light sleeper, his being the smallest portion. As each preceding share would be larger by 25% we arrive at the following:

1=share taken by 5th man
1.25=share taken by 4th man
1.5625=share taken by 3rd man
1.953125=share taken by 2nd man
2.44140625=share taken by 1st man

8.20703125=shares taken by the five men

We divide 10505 by 8.20703125 and get 1280 as a result. From this we calculate the other shares taken, and—remembering the monkey, we take 1 from each, find the first man took 3124 as his share. We multiply by 5 and arrive at 15620 as the total number of cocoanuts. (See Chart B.)

After the above efforts I tried the problem on a friend and after but little deliberation he arrived at the following conclusions. As there were 6 divisions and after each one (excepting the final), the remainder must be divisible by 5, the answer would be, quote, "let's see, the total could be represented by 5 taken to the sixth power, oh, yes! the monkey gets 5, so the answer is, let's see, 5, 25, 125, 625, 3125, let me have your pencil, 15625, less 5, that's it, the total would be 15620. Try that and see?"

So, to hell with that kind of problem, Mr. Acton.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. B. L.

CHART A

Line	Number	3	7	11	15	63	255	1023
1	X5	15	35	55	75	315	1275	5115
2	+1	16	36	56	76	316	1276	5116
3	X1.25	20	45	70	95	395	1595	6395
4	+1	21	46	71	96	396	1596	6396
5	X1.25				120	495	1995	7995
6	+1				121	496	1996	7999
7	X1.25					620	2495	9995
8	+1					621	2496	9996
9	X1.25						3120	12495
10	+1						3121	12496
11	X1.25							15620

CHART B

10505 ÷ 8.20703125 = 1280 — 1 to monkey = 1279 5th man
x1.25 = 1600 — 1 to monkey = 1599 4th man
x1.25 = 2000 — 1 to monkey = 1999 3rd man
x1.25 = 2500 — 1 to monkey = 2499 2nd man
x1.25 = 3125 — 1 to monkey = 3124 1st man

GREEN DROPS A GAUNTLET

Having been a subscriber of Esquire for some time and a reader since the first issue saw light of day, I feel justified, despite my inexperience as a "Letter to the editor" writer, to register a slight complaint or protest against the existing policy governing the acceptance of letters for publication in the *Sound & Fury* department.

This department has long been a source of amusement to me. It has given me a rather clear picture into the lives of my fellow man, of their knowledge and stupidity. It has been both educational and constructive. Of late, though, it has lost its appeal, for you have been publishing letters that would have profited the waste basket more advantageously than the pages of Esquire. Your class of writers have degenerated. No longer are your pages filled with brilliant wordage and constructive criticism, but rather are they possessed of a strong odor of having been written for the sole purpose of getting the writer's name in print. They are nothing short of drivel.

Perhaps your attitude toward free speech; your acceptance of stories and articles from well known writers whose clever use of profanity adds zest to their work, has been a challenge to your readers. At least they appear to have responded with a flood of idiotic imitations filled to overflowing with cuss-words I cautiously used behind the woodshed with a decided degree of daring and considered myself quite grown-up. Perhaps your efforts to satisfy have been a challenge to their ego, that bane to man's existence, that invariably proves him the stupid fool he is. Or has your class of readers undergone a change and you are no longer attracting the better class of reader? If this latter be true had you better not look into the matter?

On the whole I like your magazine. Naturally everything in your magazine does not please me, but who am I to pass judgment. Just because I do not approve of an article or a group of them is no reason another will not find an infinite amount of pleasure in them. Just because I think you have gone a little too far in publishing a cartoon is no reason I should demand you refrain from printing such filth in the future. Personally I consider myself a little above such things; with a strength of mind sufficiently capable of repulsing any suggestion contained therein; and possessed of a firm conviction that those being affected by such suggestions are certainly better off by obtaining them from your pages than from the French postal cards or other filthy pictures they will collect. After all there is a definite degree of humor in your presentation which psychologically creates an atmosphere of the ridiculous which tends more to detract from an erotic state than to encourage it. There never was a reformer who was not at heart the greatest sinner of them all.

Publication of this letter in *Sound & Fury* will undoubtedly bring comments and protests, which I will gratefully receive and answer, only not quite so pleasantly. For I herewith defy anyone to disprove my aforementioned contentions.

Yours, for a better *Sound & Fury*,

Beverly Hills, Calif. Chas E. Green

NOPE

As an old sailor who has slept, drank, ate, fought and generally lived with the sewerage and so-called elite of the ports of the seven seas, I am what you would call socially unsophisticated, however after reading a goodly number of Esquires, *American Mercurys* and other ultra smart magazines of that class, it is beginning to dawn on me that the efficiently smart boys have pulled an old publicity gag out of its grave and put it back into popular usage.

In many years gone by, when circulation was pale around the gills, the old editors condemned their trained seals to writing a highly controversial article or story and immediately set them to work concocting protesting and praisey letters to the editor, all converging on the Anonymous or signed item. That generally jazzed things up like inflation, or something or other.

Of course it isn't possible that you rough readin' editors have resurrected that old gag and put it to work again, is it?

Cordially yours,

Allentown, Pa. A. J. Moore

WAS HUBBELL HAD?

I've just finished your perfectly marvelous article, *Glamour Girl, You Bore Me,* in the August edition of Esquire.

Oh, isn't it awful! Girls are such heartless, vain, positively cruel creatures, I can't understand why they're ever called the weaker sex, can you? After all, men are so big, and strong, and so very, very superior, mentally, really, it puzzles me. Oh, of course, they do say that a girl can make a dupe of any man, but you know, I never believed a word of it. No sir! It's just that they (men) are so eager to please—. Yes, I know, they do have to do the most asinine things, but they just won't believe that a girl's trying to make an ass of them. After all, "Why should a girl think she can make an ass of me? Did I ever give her any reason to think so?"

Some folks say that if a man wouldn't permit such—well, refined crudities?——that the lonely damsels would soon reach the obvious conclusion that they must be a sport and play the game according to the rules, and would find even more glory in the combat, but a man couldn't be expected to stand up for his rights, could he?

Something certainly should be done! After all, if a girl isn't where she's supposed to be when she has an engagement, and he's nice enough to call for her somewhere else, and when the girl spends the dinner (a very expensive one) hour conversing with her other admirers over the telephone, and he remains docile as a lamb, and when a girl asks for a suggestion as to where to go after the cocktail hour, and after hearing his suggestion, he finds that she has already made plans to go elsewhere, and he meekly goes, and when she does this, and does that, and does the other that is really fundamentally unbecoming, and when she doesn't do this, and doesn't do that, and doesn't do the other that, to be gracious, she should do, and he's good and kind enough to let an occasional smile or glance substitute, something should be done!

She should be spanked for wanting things that way—and he should be kept at home with a darn good governess, who's been out enough to tell a young man that there's nothing attractive about the spineless sort of guy who's willing to be a goat, and then bleats when a cat scratches him.

Mr. Robinson, you bore me!

Front Royal, Va. "Baby" Gray

SOMETIMES WE HOLD A LETTER FROM GOD

When I wanted to read John Gunther's dope on Europe I had to get it in Sep (which I don't care for, in general); in the same copy was a really interesting account of an American's attempt to join up in Spain.

And Esquire gives first page to "Jiggleing."

Esquire prints an emasculated sex article by Havelock Ellis—who has a much more interesting thing in *American Mercury.* But perhaps it was "edited" as was the Houseman story.

But lastly, I dislike the idea of Esquire's editor reading other people's mail. It was none of his business what I wrote to Mr. Rascoe. I am confident Mr. Rascoe never received my communication. If not, it is a serious federal offense.

Yours very truly,

Altamont, N. Y. O. A. Williamson

Continued on page 214

THE STETSON SHOE
10 M

Stetson

WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

You only have to try a pair to discover that it's true—the first ten miles are as easy as any when you're wearing Stetson shoes! Stetsons fit so smoothly, flex so easily that your feet are not at all conscious that they are wearing new shoes.

There is nothing "tricky" about Stetson comfort. It's simply a net result of superb shoemaking. And you'll like the looks of Stetsons as much as you'll like the "feel" of them on your feet. They are beautiful examples of the shoemaker's art. Step into a Stetson dealer's and see the fall models, today.

Illustrated below: THE MAJOR — Imported Brown Scotch Grain Oxford — for "heavy weather" fall and winter wear. THE BARGE — An ideal "knockabout" shoe of sand-colored bucko with a square Tyrolean toe. THE BYRON — A smart English-type model in black or brown calf.

Stetson SHOE COMPANY, INC.
South Weymouth, Mass.

NO SALE FOR ROLL TOP DESK IDEAS

Executives who top quotas today have discarded "roll top" ideas in their products as well as in their offices. There is an easy and quick answer to the style and design of products that people buy today.

The process is difficult to describe in print. Yet our staff of designers know what 1938 shoppers are buying.

We like to discuss these "current trends"—there is no charge for conversation—but you may decide to change some of your old ideas.

If you want to top a quota with "that old product" in this day of new buyers you might take a chance by dropping us a line.

GENERAL DESIGN CORPORATION

Architectural Design • Industrial Products
840 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Illinois

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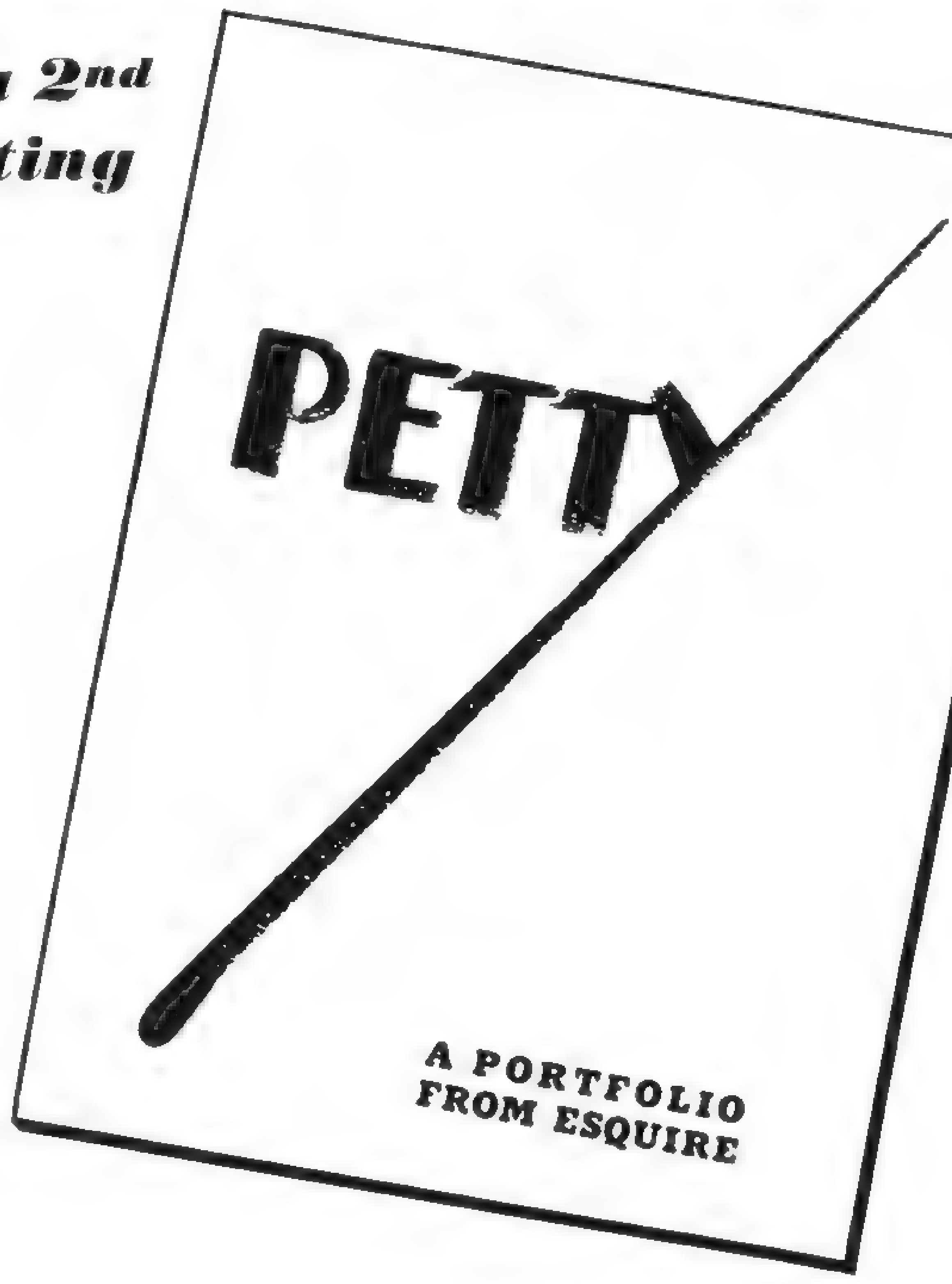
For a 2nd Printing



Copies of the Petty Portfolio—containing all the best Petty cartoons since the first issue of ESQUIRE—are now available in a limited second printing. The drawings are reproduced in full color, printed in portfolio style on one side of the sheet only. U. S. orders only, $2.00 per copy, in advance.

ART DEPARTMENT, ESQUIRE
919 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Ill.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-210-213

OH, QUITE

I couldn't resist the temptation to write and tell you of the load you've taken off my mind. The article in the August issue, *Once There Was A Bear*, by George Petty, was what brought me out of my quandary. You have no idea what tales were going around about Petty. It had me worried for a while. I was almost beginning to think he was a robot, but the picture, "Petty and the Beast," proved to me that he is quite human. I am greatly indebted to you for relieving the terrific strain on my puzzled mind.

Yours truly,
Hollywood, Calif. Betsy Ross Kelley

P.S. I was also glad to see the Petty girl in the same issue without her telephone—for a change.

IPSO FACTO

What the advertisements of recent years have done to yachting is terrible. And then you come out with a yachtsman in gold braid and a non-member in a yachting cap "thru courtesy." Honest—it's awful.

Parry Sound, Ont. Paul R. Johnson

MAYBE YOU LIKE THE CARTOONS?

Recently I looked over the first issue of Esquire. It was the best Esquire ever.

Meyer Levin is the best department in the mag. At least he's the only movie critic whom I agree with once in a while. That makes both of us wrong.

Nathan, as someone has said, acts so bored that he ends up by being boring.

A good bet was overlooked when Gil Seldes wrote an article in Esq. praising one Westbrook Pegler. Seldes could have better filled the space with a biography of a Mr. George Seldes, a *good* reporter-writer.

Your fiction is no good, like most other American magazines. Why not some good detective stories? Keep Donald Wandrei. I'll read him anyway, in *Weird Tales, Astounding and Wonder Stories*, so don't think you'll deprive me of anything by rejecting his materialistic phantasy.

Your Xmas number will be a monstrosity; don't reserve a copy for me. I hope Cord will have better copy than their (or its, if you must be grammatical) current wishy-washy "others know that they pass Cords only with the Cord driver's permission." A likely story. If *I* had a Cord I wouldn't let anyone pass me, not even another Cord or a Ford V-8. (Even the "85".)

Count Alexis is dizzy with his round swimming-pool. (May, June or July issue.) What does he want us to do, swim in circles? The next thing we know, the Count will design a recreation room for a trailer—if he hasn't already.

Nuts, and why do I read you?

Sincerely,
Seymour Arthur Kapetansky
Detroit, Mich.

OH, SURE, BOYS WILL BE DEVIL-MAY-CARE

In your July issue there appears an article in praise of Mr. Cadmus, together with a portfolio of a few of his masterpieces (?). I can clearly remember the hulabaloo and "to do" about his *The Fleet's In* in 1934. From Admiral Rodman poured forth many a mild and possibly many a harsh expletive. Mr. C. wasn't at all satisfied with the publicity he received from that. He wasn't satisfied to let well enough alone. He further ridiculed the hand that fed him, as it were, by picturing another drunken brawl. My chief regret is that Admiral Rodman or someone else equally as influential has not taken to Webster and verbally flayed Mr. C.

What is the matter with him? Was he once refused admittance to the Navy? Why has he such a grudge against us?

Aside from a few technical errors (displaying white and blue uniforms in the same port, a white stripe or watchmark on the left shoulder) it is a well painted study. But the subject of the painting—words fail me! The title in itself is an error. Shore leave for sailors is not "shore leave." It is "liberty." Officers in the Navy have "shore leave."

Years ago, during the War, the Navy may have been as sordid and depraved as depicted by Mr. C. In those days, the dregs of humanity were taken into the Navy, along with the rest. During the intervening years these so-called dregs have been eliminated, either voluntary or forcibly. The Navy today is composed of the healthiest and cleanest young men in America. He must pass the most rigid examination ever given a man for entrance in the service. He is also the most moral. The young man in the Navy today takes pride in the uniform he is wearing and it is people like Mr. C., who are probably physically and morally unfit for the service, who break down every standard of excellence the Navy possesses. It is from people like him that the citizenry in remotely situated parts of the United States and in inland states must obtain their impression of the Navy. We have long seeked to build a reputation of which to be proud and with which to lure fresh blood into our ranks. How can we succeed with depraved minds such as Mr. C. must possess picturing the Navy *as he would like to see it?*

For over six years I have been an infinitesimal part of the "first line of defense" and I have yet to see anything such as Mr. C. has portrayed. And I very seriously doubt if he has, either. A sailor has some pride and should it enter his mind to imbibe to the extent of unconsciousness, the street or public thoroughfare is the last place he would choose for the scene of operations. And, as for making love in public, why should the sailor display his technique in the street, of all places? Certainly, a public street is not the least bit conducive to amorous adventure.

Today, over fifty per cent of the Navy are married. When single, they are naturally a devil-may-care sort; but once married, they settle down and become confirmed "home-guards." Of the less than fifty per cent of the single Navy, I would be willing to wager that not one-tenth of one per cent would care or would lower themselves to consort with the type of feminine allure that Mr. C. has chosen for his work of art.

It is my own opinion that such a work could come from a demented, depraved, diseased, and warped mind such as Mr. C. must possess. He has done in a few months what it takes years to undo. He has brought the Navy back to the standard it maintained years ago. That is, in the minds of the public. The Navy, itself, knows different.

It is with the intention of trying to instill in the minds of the citizenry of America that the Navy has far progressed since the day depicted by Mr. C. that I have written this letter. He has reached the stage where an injunction should be filed against him restraining him from using the government as an object of ridicule.

Otherwise, thanks for a good magazine.

One of the 85,000,
United States Fleet,
Aircraft Battle Force
U. S. S. Lexington Richard C. May
Long Beach, California

OUTSMARTING THE GIRLS

Will you please change the mailing address on my Esquire subscription to the above address. If you send it to my old address, 1020 Homewood Drive, Lakewood, Ohio, my sisters get it and damn it, I can't beg, borrow, or steal it back from them.

Milwaukee, Wis. J. L. O'Brien, Jr.

THE USE OF ANY PERSON'S NAME . . .

I have received about fifty copies of page 175 of the August issue of ESQUIRE, with the cartoon captioned, "Mr. Kipnis, Mr. Kipnis where are you?" from friends in various parts of the country who know that my company is building a kraft board mill in Jacksonville, Florida.

It would interest me very much to know who was meant by it, and what the occasion was.

Please let me hear from you.

Cordially,

Long Island City, N. Y. S. KIPNIS

CARRYING THE TORCH FOR PEG

I have enjoyed the Seldes article about Pegler, on page 82 of August ESQUIRE, but want to put myself on record as one *woman* who has cared much for Pegler's column, ever since first reading it, and one who has bought many a paper just for that column.

Maybe this is just a queer kink of mine, but my sister and my daughter are also Pegler fans, tho in less degree than I am.

I hope he is coming back to the Chicago *News*, so I can find him again. And—I *like* Pegler!

Very truly yours,

CLIFFORD BOYD BURR

San Antonio, Texas (Mrs. J. K.)

NO

Having paid out my half buck for the August issue I suppose I am entitled to a kick—I take exception to your article about E. Simms Campbell.

I can't figure out why you insist on bending over backwards to sympathize with the Negroes, your ballyhoo for *A Good Job Gone* was all out of proportion to the merits of the story. If Campbell was smart enough to stay out of Miami why do you have to make an issue of it? What are the Negroes to you?

St. Petersburg, Fla. B. HARRIS

P. S.—Is the answer to the cocoanut problem 999995?

THEIRS NOT TO REASON WHY

Your cocky egotism, thinking you could get by with anything now that you are on your way to the top, has cost me extreme pain. Why did you have to print what you did on the lower half of page five in your August number?

Since I first became acquainted with ESQUIRE three years ago I have been entertained by the drawings and humor of E. Simms Campbell. In fact I thought them most cleverly done and never offensive in their character as are some of those crude things by Hoff. That has been entirely spoiled now and I must look upon them from an angle so different, a patronizing, restrained attitude, accompanies each look at these drawings now.

We of the South love our Negroes as a dog or a horse and are amused by them in their natural expression, but a sophisticated Negro is repellent. Thus the pictures by Campbell overstep the invisible line, for a Negro's eyes should never register short-comings in the life of his master, any more than a private in the army can joke with his superiors about an error of another officer.

Why did you have to do it? We would so much rather be in ignorance about a person than to be so rudely disillusioned. I am sad.

Very truly yours,

Miami Beach, Fla. M. I. KOCHER

STAND-UP STRIKE

Perhaps you would like to know how I got my gift subscription. It came from two Chicago school teachers in the following manner:

These gals were wont to go by auto to Mexico for their Christmas vacations. My house being about half way in between made a convenient place for them to stop on their way back, take a hot bath, gnaw on the last of the Christmas turkey's bones, and launder a few pink lacey garments. While they were drying (the pants—I mean, we would chat of this an' that. One of them asked me if I had ever read ESQUIRE. I smelled a mice. You see it was near Christmas time and after all I had thrown them the turkey bones, so I said, "No." (I lied of course, as I had been reading it every month standing up down at the village newsstand, where, after reading it for several hours I would purchase a *Saturday Evening Post* or some other five-cent publication—so's not to be a cheapskate—walk out and wait for next month's ESQUIRE.) Well, they saw to it that I got a subscription. From that month on I began reading ESQUIRE sitting down.

That is the history of my subscription to ESQUIRE and I am not going to renew. WHO said I was going to quit reading it? I'm going to go back to reading it at the news-stand and borrowing my neighbor's copy until some one gives me another year or two of it.

Adios amigo, mio,

JUDGE ROY BEAN

(Ross Hoyt, Judge Roy Bean—Texas Centennial 1936)

McAllen, Texas

DEMOCRACY AMONG BOHEMIANS

Many years ago when Percival Goodman and I were first testing our architectural ideas, on an indifferent world, we took a studio in an overly picturesque development in Greenwich Village. We soon discovered that with very few exceptions the art produced in our neighbor's studios consisted mostly of living-loosely.

One morning, soon after we moved in, a letter in our morning mail announced that the landlord had received an inquiry from Mr. Roland Hayes, but before signing a lease it was felt necessary to test the prejudices of the other tenants as a precaution. Naturally, we hastened to place ourselves on record favoring Mr. Hayes as a neighbor and further stated that we would feel honored in the proximity of an artist of established position. However, the demi-monde of art which surrounded us were indignant. It is interesting to note that the only favorable replies the landlord received were from the working studios.

Mr. Hayes was perhaps fortunate in being forced to live elsewhere. At least, we counted ourselves lucky in being able to vacate our lease before the year was out and move to more congenial environment.

I have always found it strange that so many men must reassure themselves of their own worth by sadistic discrimination against others.

Please accept my sincere congratulations for your fine editorial in the August issue. ESQUIRE is a bigger magazine for its broad editorial policy and the splendid work of Elmer Simms Campbell.

J. FRANKLIN WHITMAN, JR.

New York City, N. Y.

AND A JIGGER OF CASTOR OIL?

Please be so kind as to send me a tear-sheet of the painting of a futuristic, ultra-streamlined automobile which appeared in your July issue. The baby chewed up my other one.

Respectly,

Holly Springs, Miss. SHORTY WILSON

INSULT US AGAIN SOMETIME

I still think the person that spent five bucks to give me 12 issues of your marvelous (your opinion, not mine) magazine was cracked. Is that sufficient explanation for my 2 year renewal?

Jacksonville, Ill. ARTHUR SAMOORE

Continued on page 216

A toast to all true Sherry

If you have learned the pleasure of sipping a truly dry Sherry before dinner you have learned a lot about gracious living. If you have learned to say Domecq (Do-Meck) your education is completed—for that is the name of the oldest Sherry vintner in all of Spain.

Comex Trading Company, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City
200 Bush Street, San Francisco, California

Pedro Domecq
Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18 to 20% by vol.

CLUB
Hit the Evening
On High!

Come up to "Tuxedo" time with sunrise pep still left in your step — all raring to go places and do things. Wear Weyenberg MASSAGIC Shoes. Hidden away beneath their smart styling are air-cushioned insoles. They give and take with each step, absorbing the shocks and jolts that cause leg-fag —and they gently massage the feet to keep them fit. Tell your dealer you want to try these finer shoes. Their extra wear, smarter styling and air-cushioned comfort cost no more. Write for "Walking on Air" folder.

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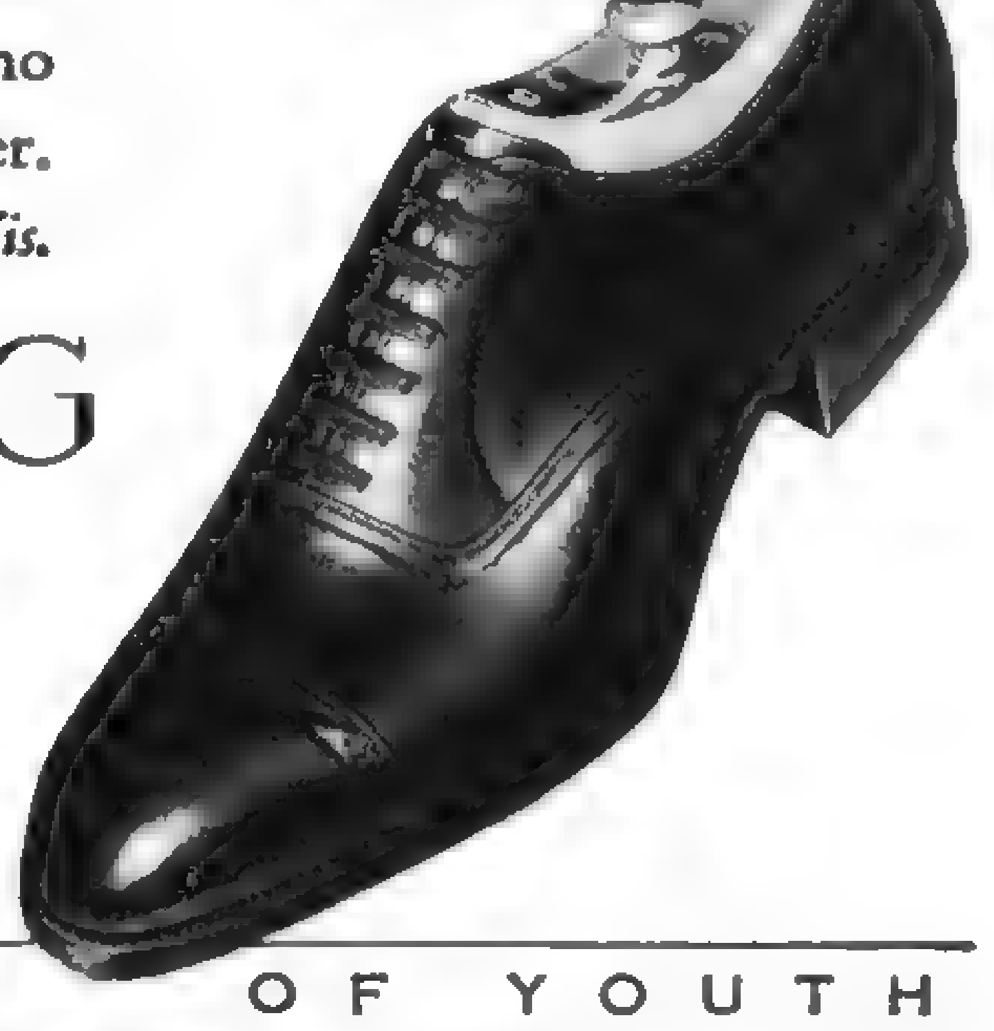

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Massagic Models $6 and $6.50
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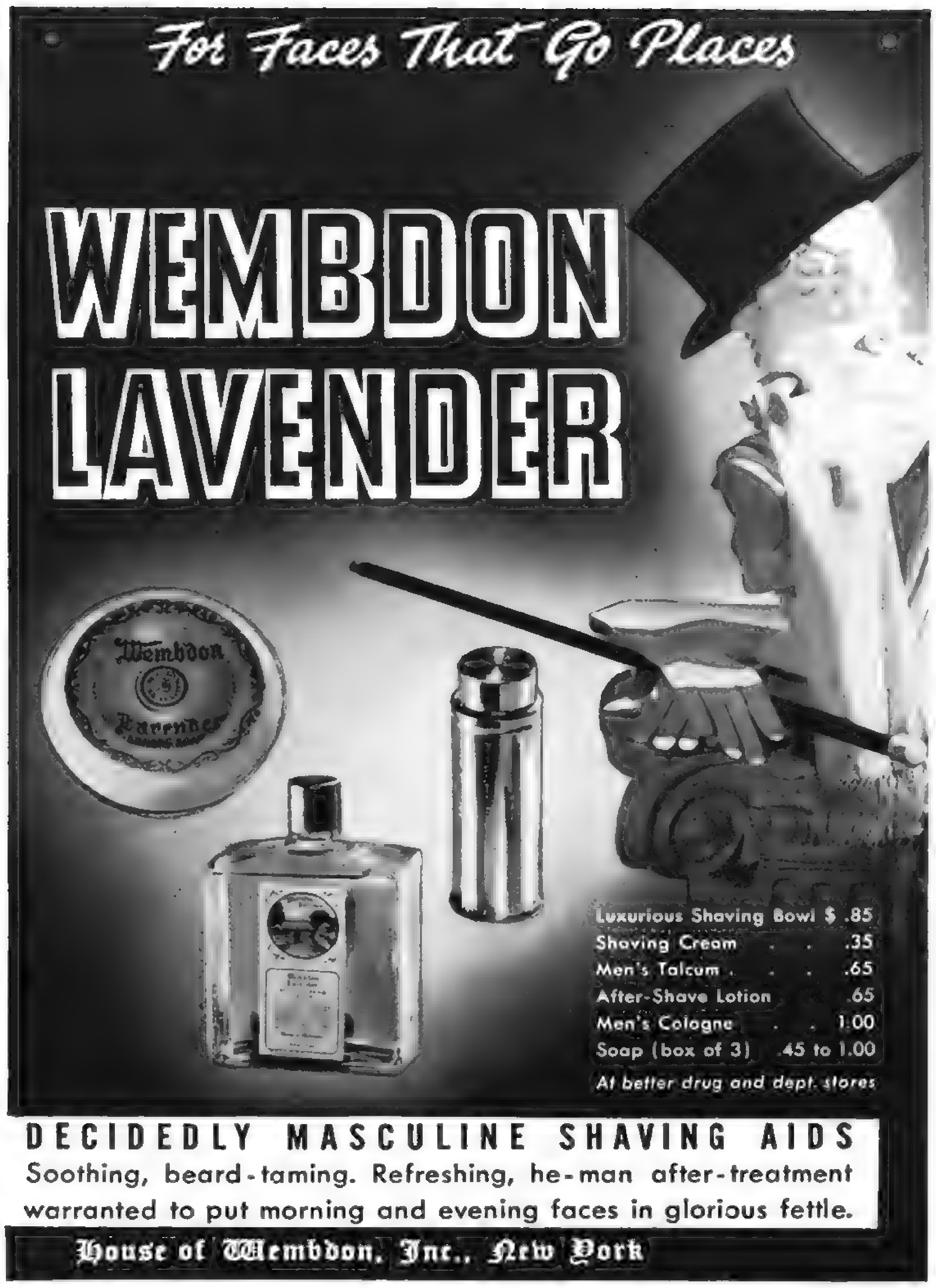
FOR THE STRIDE OF YOUTH



For Faces That Go Places

WEMBDON LAVENDER

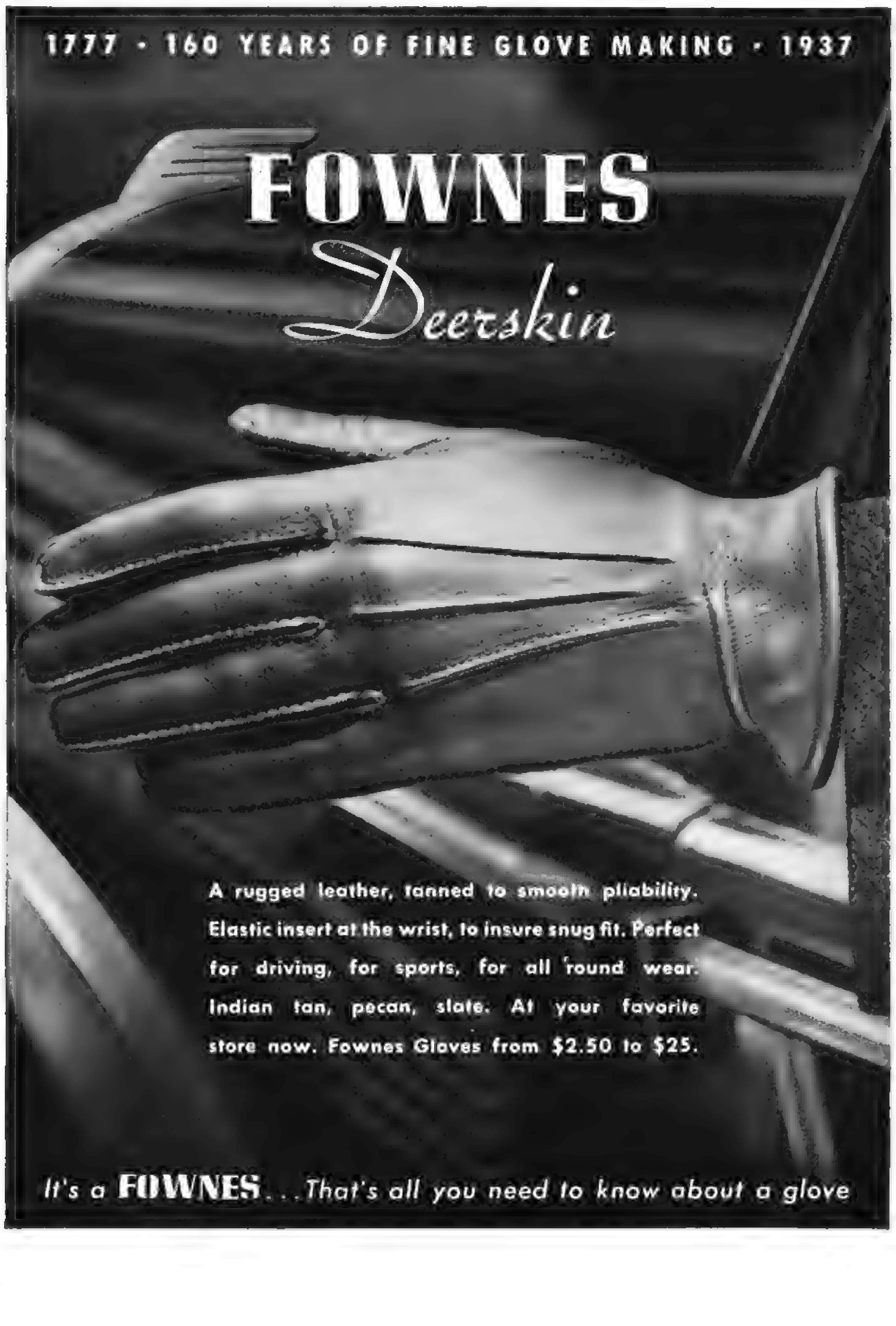
Luxurious Shaving Bowl $ .85
Shaving Cream 35
Men's Talcum 65
After-Shave Lotion . . .65
Men's Cologne . . . 1.00
Soap (box of 3) .45 to 1.00

At better drug and dept. stores

DECIDEDLY MASCULINE SHAVING AIDS

Soothing, beard-taming. Refreshing, he-man after-treatment warranted to put morning and evening faces in glorious fettle.

House of Wembdon, Inc., New York



1777 · 160 YEARS OF FINE GLOVE MAKING · 1937

FOWNES Deerskin

A rugged leather, tanned to smooth pliability. Elastic insert at the wrist, to insure snug fit. Perfect for driving, for sports, for all 'round wear. Indian tan, pecan, slate. At your favorite store now. Fownes Gloves from $2.50 to $25.

It's a FOWNES . . . That's all you need to know about a glove

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-210-213-215

CHARMER

Readers should not conclude from your August article "Pegler never panders to women in his column, and women never cotton to Pegler" that this brassy columnist never writes soft, sybillant syllables for Women and Women Only.

For, if your womenfolks get a booklet called *The Secrets of Smartness* you can read its enticing introduction "by WESTBROOK PEGLER."

Apparently the tough guy has a literary life both public and private. I mention it only to make clear that though Pegler's columnar statements may be harsh, his writings can be dulcet, Jasmine . . . though Pegler may not win feminine favor through his column, elsewhere he uses his broad capacity to win conquests for a highly successful Charm School.

The man is not narrow.

Respectfully,

Chicago, Ill. BOB CUNNINGHAM

ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU?

Dear Lill Bebby—poor thing—we are Drusilla—the brown dewey eyed brand of Drusilla—and we come flying at top speed to save ya before you turn 32, darlin' with more grey temple hairs—the olive green taste that a sweet old bachelor like you certainly doesn't deserve. You are arrived at the critical age—and what you need is a new set of standards—some mental pictures to carry in your vest pocket. We have it all set—and we will meet you in front of the flea circus, at 8:30, Friday—we will flip you a nickel to see who pays for the drinks. For we have some sorrows to get rid of too. We are, as I said Drusilla—the hair blowing-in-the-wind type . . . the wild flower-weed lover . . . we should look like a *Vanity* (for) *Fair* advertisement? But no!—for we like to be mussed up . . . after the ball is over—or during—it makes no difference . . . We even look kinda pretty mussed up—and we love being told we're LOVELY. We eat it up—give it right back—triple strength.

We are only twenty-four—well tipped on the facts of life . . . we can DANCE—we use only a lip rouge too—which suffices for the rest of the face—we still use John La Gatta's women, as examples of how to sit—stand—slump . . . we don't bother to make telephone calls . . . you're assured of a well-spent eve.

Darling here is a short and brief formula—simplicity in itself—we have it in the bag . . . when you smile we smile because we love it—when you laugh we laugh because it's like that, with us—always rising to the occasion—getting the spirit of the thing. Before dinner we like martinis—dry ones . . . we have been known to select the longer cigarette butts from the waste basket when the pack is empty! With one contraction of the neck muscle we can turn on the kind of dignity that would embarrass a duchess . . . we are tense—rigid—haughty—limp—when the situation calls for it. If you've the kind of face that should, by God, accompany such a spirit, shall we say—there's no reason why we shouldn't go along together—tear New York from limb to limb—Dutch treat too, if you like—just to prove that we speak a man's language as well as a woman's.

The big trick up our sleeve is that we didn't go to Vassar . . . the spoon in our mouth at birth was tarnished to say the least. We are country-bred—see? And we've been around . . . only everything sunk in—we have peculiar and lovely eyes that drink to the last drop. We can be drunk with the beautiful nite—without the help of what comes when the cork pops. We say CAHN'T because it sounds nice. Whether or not the bourgoisie is impressed is of no importance. We simply aspire—and trust to our *ad lib.*

We can do everything . . . we were born funny. When the valet is lacking we can sew buttons . . . we cook too. We sing, we sketch, we like Fats Waller's hot piano and in a flash go into the depths with *La Boheme* . . . We think poise is something that shows itself when people slip on banana skins—price tags have no place in our lives. It's the sentiment that counts. We have always wanted to ride through Central Park in a hack . . . with our hands held—and people to yell to, in the cars passing.

We are nice in organdy—wicked in slink crepe, and the good "bum of a pal" in khaki pants and old sweaters . . . we'll talk to anybody. And we're fastidious and fussy.

We'll give you the floor everytime—and when your adorable mother shows us the album, we'll not laugh at you in your short pants—lying on a white fur rug.

We won't discuss hats nor the new colors of nail polishes . . . we will always pick up the right fork. We'll ask you up to see the etchings and stick to our story.

We can wisecrack—and be serious . . . we know about lots of philosophers and have one of our own making. We think there's a God—and aren't sure—we know there's a heaven—"Come in, Hubbell"—We know that Hell is a cuss word—and a state of mind. We know that LOVE is all—or most of it . . . and we keep it way high on a pedestal waiting for someone strong enough and big enough to help us carry it away.

We wish you would please meet us in front of the flea circus at 8:30 . . . we will wear big floppity brimmed straw hats—and corn flowers under our chins. You will know us by our wide open, welcoming arms.

With love,

New York, N. Y. DRUSILLA

HE MEANT LUFF DOWN THE JIB

In no whole issue of Esquire has there ever been packed as much downright misinformation as in John R. Watt's article *Is The Wind Not Free* in the July issue.

Any child who has played boats in a lake knows that there is such a thing as a *head wind*. Most children know that to double the size of a ship would not increase the ship's speed by 50%. Anyone who has ever had anything to do with yacht racing on its present-day scale knows that a streamlined mast does not add 35% more "power" to a rig. A squaresail is clewed *up* and not *down*. In fact, clewing down a squaresail is a trick I'd like to see done.

Mr. Watt barges about in unfamiliar water when he makes that slip about ten knot passages. Everything would be shipshape if he broke down and admitted the whole thing to be a joke in the end, but no, he turns ten thousand old ship masters over on the bottom when he comes to a dramatic close with a remark like this: "—the motor clipper (with a small diesel capable of pushing the ship at five knots in harbours, canals, and calms) would have a top speed of *25* knots—and would be virtually independent of wind direction." How?

But all that hocus pocus about things that are not true making possible more things utterly impossible would pass off as the usual ESQUIRE article if Mr. Watt hadn't chucked the whole thing as a bad job when he called the America's Cup the Lipton Cup . . . The Lipton Cup is an outboard motor trophy for which Lipton's ships never raced. Any ship Lipton owned with a built up dural mast was used for only one thing—racing for the America's Cup.

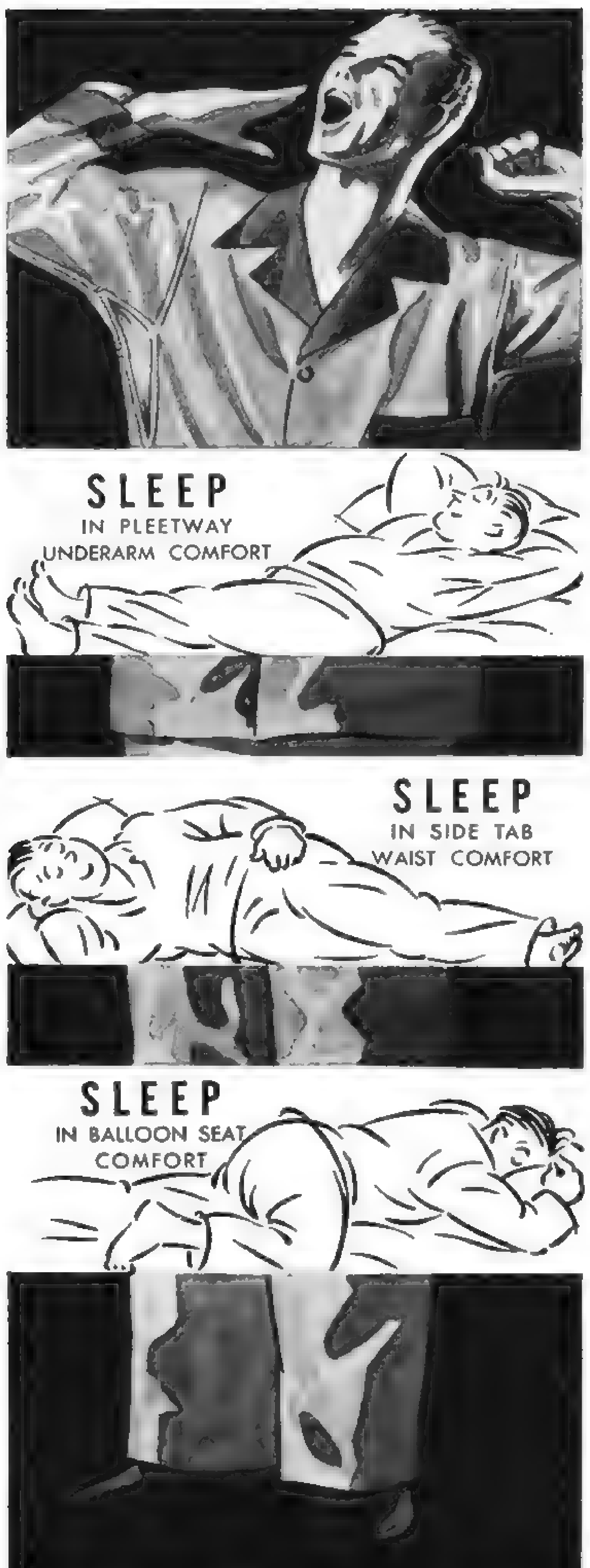
Yours sincerely,

BRUCE FAHNESTOCK

(Who should be doing salt water articles for you)

Hsiao Tien Shui Ching Hutung
Peiping, China

P. S. My brother Sheridan is too damned upset about the whole thing to write.



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FOR THE HONOR OF BELOTE

We, the undersigned, as Americans residing abroad, have been greatly intrigued by the excellent article entitled *Belote: The Old French Game* which appears in your June issue, signed by P. C. Elston. The reason which prompts us to risk the possible repercussions of the *Sound and Fury* is Mr. Elston's statement that Mr. Culbertson "is about to introduce the old French game of Belote into the U. S. A.," giving it a new name, "Jo Jotte," and intends to "modify it to suit U. S. A. characteristics"—whatever that may mean.

From the French viewpoint, the reaction is as though the chef de cuisine of an American system of chain hotels would presume to elaborate on the work of Escoffier. The games of "bridge" and "poker" are still allowed existence in France under their original titles, for which due respect has always been shown. Their names remain in their virginal purity—as yet unbesmirched by a French Culbertson. May not the good old game of "Belote" be served in the U. S. A. with a reciprocal respect?

We are supported in our views by two eminent belote authorities, Monsieur René Clair, the well-known film director, and Monsieur Albert Valentin who, as partners, are former holders of the French open Belote championship. Messrs. Clair and Valentin are presently occupied in compiling a comprehensive work on Belote entitled: "Belote—its origin, evolution and future." The authors of this work, while expressing to us their complete disinterest in Mr. Culbertson's endorsement of the game, have pointed out to us the following inaccuracies in Mr. Elston's otherwise well-informed article:

1. In the list of rules for counting, Mr. Elston states that when "no-trumps" are declared, the aces count 11. In the Belote as generally played in France, the aces count 19 points in order to maintain the same proportions between the total (162 points) and the value of the announcements.

2. Your Mr. Elston states that "Belote . . . has been played in France for years without books or modification. The rules have been handed down from one to another and are very simple." This is a complete misstatement. While your author is fundamentally correct in so far as the elementary rudiments of the general game are concerned, he completely neglects to point out the fact that there is a modern game of Belote played presently in France which differs in many respects from the old one to which his list of rules applies. Among the present variations are what is called "Belote *aux couleurs*" which, with the addition of "*tout atout*" (all trumps), gives the game an increased scientific interest and at the same time retains all its original values.

The current game of Belote, as to popularity and degree of modernization, bears the same relation to the old game that the modern advanced Culbertson bridge bears to the bridge-whist of the nineties. This gives rise to a mental query. Can it be possible that these French modifications are the ones Mr. Culbertson will devise "to suit U. S. A. characteristics" when he introduces the new game which he proposes to conceive and deliver under the name of "Jo Jotte"?

Fifteen million Frenchmen, including Monsieur Clair and Monsieur Valentin, and at least two Americans await the answer to this momentous question with impatient interest.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
London, Eng. E. RAY GOETZ

GARRULOUS

Mr. Nathan's critical essays are great, I state.

Mathews, Va. E. I. RYAN

Behold the Canny Scot

Continued from page 118

The matter of blending is not generally understood. Those who have been through the Highlands claim that they can take the pure Scotch from one still and live to tell the tale. Personally we believe it requires an inherited stomach and kilts. William Orr, who told me of watching Sir Charles Ross take drink for drink with about thirty tenants on tithe day at his castle, Blair-na-gown, Inverness, of Scotch distilled on his farm, also tells a tall tale of a Scotch dinner in the castle. There were fifteen glasses of wines and cordials during the repast. But as the butler came around, MacIntosh, the local barrister, pushed away the foreign stuff and requested a drop of the Lord's own. A drop, in the case of MacIntosh, was a highball glass, with just a dash of soda, as one might use bitters. But he kept pace with the other courses and after fifteen, had not added one burr to his tongue. This private stock was thirty years old and tasted much like fine champagne, warmed before a wood fire.

But only the native Highlander can take it regularly. The world—and most of the world drinks Scotch, thanks to the Englishman who carries his habits with him—prefers a blend of Scotches from the different localities. The lowlands make a Scotch of mixed cereals and this is used mainly for body, the Highland distillates for flavor and bouquet. There are five thousand blends on the market made from a few more than one hundred licensed distilleries. In selecting his favorite blend, the connoisseur takes a goblet, such as is used for great Burgundies and brandies, pours out a drink, then swishes it around, sniffing the bouquet. If it is pleasing, he tries a few sips, holding them on his palate. If it does not burn, he considers it fit for his taste.

In the history of Scotch making there are many tales that may seem romantic to the layman. But they are all easy of verification and can be found in the histories of the subject. There is the story of the distiller who had two stills, less than a mile apart. They give disparate products. The owners tried everything, even to exchanging the working crews of the distilleries, changing the grain and the water. But still the plants turned out differing potables. The answer there seemed to be in the air, which of course can not be controlled by the maker.

There is another case of a syndicate finding a marvelous spring and from that starting a distillery. But the product was no good and the place had to be abandoned. A few months later they tried in another place, using a little trickle that flowed down from the main spring, three miles away. The product was exceptional. Chemical analysis said that the

Continued at top of page 218

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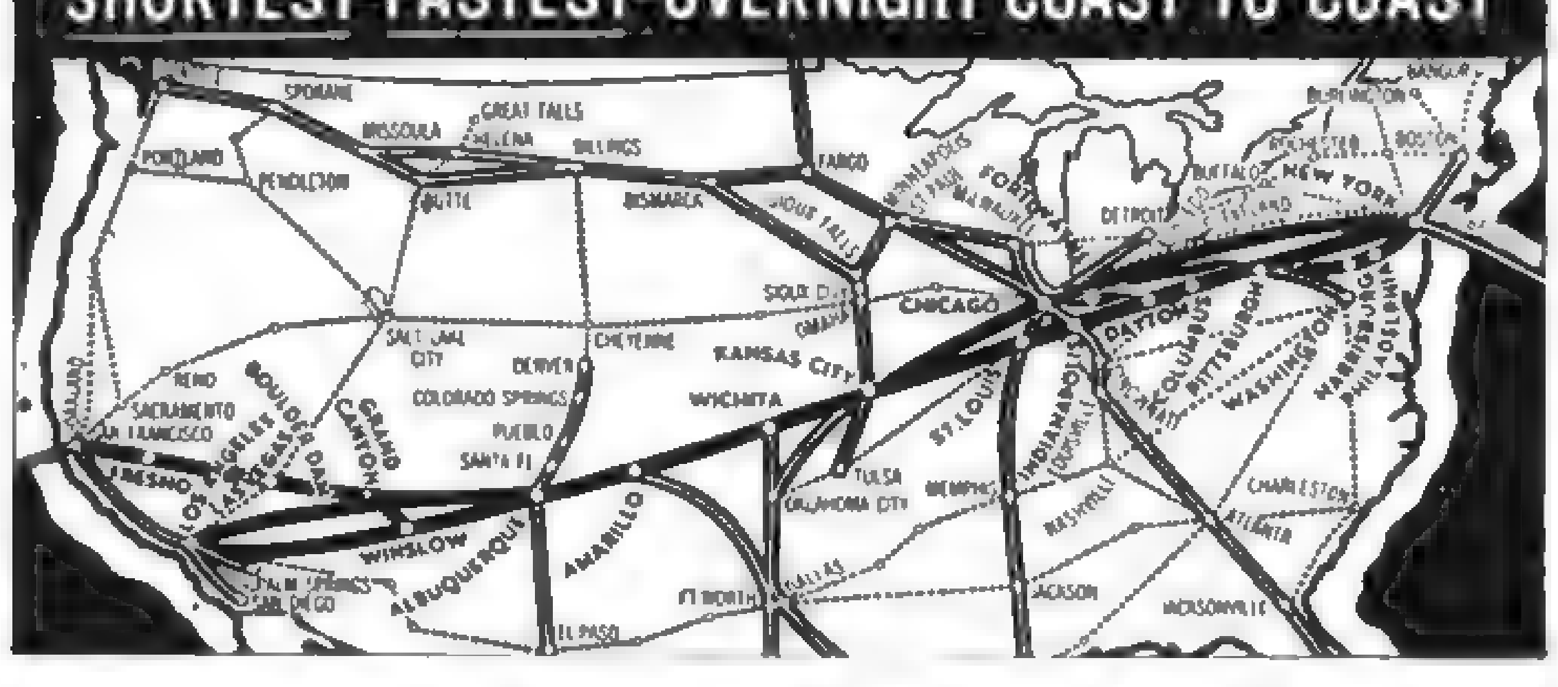

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Behold the Canny Scot

Continued from pages 118-217

water all came from the same source.

It has also been found that excellent Scotch comes from the plants located near the sea, there being something in the sea air not found in inland atmosphere. Another precaution always taken by the distiller is to locate his plant outside the smoke and taints of a city. Usually he picks a site surrounded by woods and fields of heather. One brand of Irish whisky (which of course is almost Scotch) is made from water from the Bush river, a stream that flows through peat bogs. This doubles the factor that is usually derived from the peat smoke.

The American, committed to his cocktail, has managed to make some pleasing combinations of Scotch. The natives themselves unbend at several points. One of the most famous of the authentic Scotch mixtures is called "Highland Bitters" and is almost as old as the industry itself. A recipe is attached from an old source.

Highland Bitters

Grind in a mortar the following:
1¾ oz. gentian root
½ oz. orange peel
1 oz. coriander seed
¼ oz. camomile flowers
½ oz. cloves
¼ oz. cinnamon.

Add this to two bottles of Scotch. Let it stand two weeks, sealed, in a crockery jar. Then drink.

Artists' Special
(As served at Artist Bar, Rue Pigalle, Paris)
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ sherry
⅙ lemon juice
⅙ Groseille syrup.

Glasgow
½ Scotch whiskey
½ French vermouth
3 dashes absinthe
3 dashes bitters
Ice and shake well.

Bunny Hug
(A dance of the post-war period)
⅓ gin
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ absinthe

Byrrh Cocktail
⅓ French vermouth
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Byrrh

Cameron's Kick
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Irish whiskey
⅙ lemon juice
⅙ orgeat (almond) syrup.

L. G. Cocktail
(Favored by Scot Labor M.P's)
1 glass Scotch whiskey
Followed by one glass beer.

Modern Cocktail
⅓ Scotch whiskey
½ sloe gin
1 dash orange bitters
1 dash absinthe
4 dashes gum syrup.

Morning Glory Fizz
1 white of egg
1 teaspoon of sugar
1 juice of lemon
1 glass of Scotch whiskey
1 teaspoon of Oxygene.

Shake well and pour into large glass, fill to top with soda.

Remsen Cooler

Put peel of whole lemon in large glass with two lumps of ice. Add glass of Scotch whiskey and fill with soda.

Robber Cocktail
⅔ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Italian vermouth
Dash of bitters.

Serve in cocktail glass with cherry.

Stone Fence
1 glass of Scotch whiskey in large glass
1 lump of ice
Fill with cider.

Trilby Cocktail
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Parfait D'amour
⅓ Italian vermouth
2 dashes absinthe
2 dashes of orange bitters.

Guardsman's Punch
(For six or so)
1 ounce of Port wine
1 pint of fresh green tea
4 ounces of sugar
Peel of one lemon
1 glass of brandy
1 bottle of Scotch whiskey
Serve while hot.

Chancellor Cocktail
⅔ Scotch whiskey
⅙ French vermouth
⅙ Port wine
1 dash of bitters.

Highland Cocktail
½ Italian vermouth
½ Scotch whiskey
1 dash of bitters.

The Bairn
⅔ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Cointreau
1 dash orange bitters.

Benedict
⅓ Scotch whiskey
⅓ Benedictine
⅓ ginger ale. ⵌ

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 121

nally perverted forces of government, of corruption, prejudice, bribery, is an ever-recurring story.

The Evangelists had to write it, when they knew what happened to Jesus Christ. Zola had to write it when he learned what happened to Dreyfus. Maxwell Anderson had to write it, of Sacco and Vanzetti.

In Chicago there is such a case growing. Perhaps by the time this appears, the case will have fallen in the courts. But I have sat through the first phases of the witch-hunt; and I cannot write about the film of Zola without telling of the overpowering emotion of recognition which it brings, of the urgent clarity, and even of the sense of grandeur it brings to a writer, however minor.

Here where I live, as you may know, a line of police, either blundering, or under vicious direction, fired into a steel strikers' demonstration, on Memorial Day, killing ten people. Since then, the traditional maneuvers of governing bodies faced with the necessity of covering the blunders of underlings have taken place. First, the truth must be suppressed; essential documents, records, must be kept from the public; secondly, a scapegoat must be found to bear the blame.

I have been in on all this. Last month I wrote here about seeing the shooting. Since then, I have been to courtroom inquests, I have listened to testimony, I have watched newspapers carefully building up prejudice, I have followed the statements and the tactics of public officials as they elaborate their lie through stool-pigeons and provocateurs.

Perhaps the case they are building will collapse. But as I sat through the film of Zola, I could only see the parallel of the technique, how alive it is, how pertinent it is to this day; is it always true that persons in authority, in high office, are pigheadedly stupid when confronted with the faults of their régime? Will they to this day conspire to set blame on innocent people, rather than manfully admit the wrongs in their own system? The French army became the Chicago city government, and Colonel Henri became our police captain Mooney, who was on the field but "didn't see any police shooting." And the great trial scene, in which army witnesses, when asked about facts, spoke only of their honor, became the protracted farce in the local coroner's chambers, when the questions about who shot certain bullets were answered with orations against "foreign agitators."

Sitting watching the film, watching rage swelling in that writer, in Zola, who had become no longer an acted character on the screen, but the very idea-form of any author's morality, watching him as lie after lie was uttered by suavely uniformed officials, I could feel that same need to scream out, "the truth! the truth!" that had crowded my throat as I sat in the coroner's inquest room and listened to the Chicago police. The truth—how are you going to get it to the people? When the courts and the judges are part of the system which is fighting to preserve itself. When the local newspapers are controlled by the same forces that control the courts and the officers. How are you going to get any truth to the people? Whom will they believe?

That's when a writer gets the uttermost feeling of helplessness, of hopelessness, and yet within this despair is the sense that he must find some way to present the truth so that they will believe it, and the knowledge that miraculously, writers have succeeded in doing this before, succeeded in tearing down generals and kings.

That is in Zola; it makes one proud, it makes one feel strong again. Here, too, we have the prejudices. In Paris, in those days, to be a Jew was enough to make one suspect; in Chicago, in these days, to be called a communist brings conviction. In the film, there was that eloquent scene where the chief of staff ran his finger down the list of officers; it stopped under the name of Dreyfus, at the line: "Religion: Jew," and the chief cried, "How did such a person ever get on the staff? He is the guilty one." And in Chicago, they shot forty people, ten to death, then they arrested all the wounded, and a "red squad" looked them over, and brought in a list saying "these are communists." As I write the state's attorney is preparing to prosecute the "communists" because, as far as I can gather, they allowed themselves to be shot by police.

We who live after Zola know how to watch for prejudice, yes, and the inspired method of his accusation is so overwhelming that we want to paraphrase "*J' Accuse*" in every situation where prejudice must be exposed, where deliberate, manipulated injustice must be fought.

Yet we must not forget the bought writers who are the principal tools in the creation of mistaken public opinion. And it is a fine coincidence that, together with the *Life of Emile Zola*, Warner Brothers have produced *They Won't Forget*, a film of a parallel frame-up, in which the irresponsible and vicious type of scandal-writer is exposed. For it is the scoop-crazy newspaper man who is the chief agent of frame-up and destruction in *They Won't Forget.* It is he who is sensitive enough to the prejudices of the community to know that a northerner is the best white subject to accuse of a sex-crime in the south. It is the newspaperman who knows how to headline absurd minor clues in such a way as to make them appear conclusive of guilt. He knows that the mob will go blood-hungry at the sight of a mother clutching the death-dress of her daughter.

If the *Life of Emile Zola* is important because it shows the public what kind of writer it must believe, *They Won't Forget* is equally valuable for its exposure of the smart alec, cocksure, front page louse who thinks that morality is a term associated only with the bedroom and that it's smart not to have any there either. *They Won't Forget*, however, is not so optimistic a lesson as the *Life of Emile Zola*. The public will never learn what not to believe. There seems to be some strange compulsion in the human race, some mechanism that causes people to believe what they hear, and especially what they read, in preference to what they witness. Anything in print gains credence. Look how people believe the forty-times-exposed-as-forgery *Protocols of Zion*. In the same way they believe what they read in the papers. Maybe a film like *They Won't Forget* will inculcate a little skepticism; I'm not very hopeful of that; but in any case it is a valid work of truth, in itself.

How can one tell what to believe? the true from the false, the good from the bad? There is one significant thing brought forward by these two films: it is the great artist who is inflamed with truth; the truth distorter is a user of words, too, but incapable of anything creative. The Hemingways are not found in the camps of the Francos. #

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 109

descendants of those peasants, now, I wondered.

Here on a hot July day in this dried-up town in western Nebraska three or four farmers had left their women folk behind at household chores or noon-day naps and had come to town in rattling tin lizzies or on horseback to idle in the drug store and discuss the drought and heat, and be grimly facetious and sociable about their plight. Said one to me with an amiable grin, as we got out of the car and he had glanced at the license plate on my car, "From New York, are ye? Not out here to buy any land in this heavenly place, I suppose? How much would you give for a piece of land out here? Don't speak up too quick, naming no fancy price, because it wouldn't be like me to want to cheat 'ye. Fact of the matter is that any price you named, no matter how little, for any piece of land, no matter how big, it would be too much for it . . . You think this is hot, do you? This is mild, comfortable, good crop-growing weather to what we been having the last four years. Why you might call it plumb rainy, soggy weather, what would make you want to slosh around in it. You ought to see this country when it's real hot and dry. It would pay you to come back here some time when we have had a real hot and dry spell, just for the experience. You wouldn't be feared of what you was going to ketch fer your sins after that: you woulda had hell plenty."

These farmers joshed with me like that with grim humor in which utter hopelessness had so taken place of anger, disgust and resentment that they were placid, resigned, comical about their plight. One of them asked me, "Wonder how long the gov'ment is going to keep on encouraging damn fools to stay on this kind o' land? But I guess as long as the gov'ment can keep on having the patience and cash to hand out just enough money to keep some of these buzzards from starving, they might as well keep 'em here as anywheres; they wouldn't be no good anywheres else neither."

Innocently I asked why farmers up and down that 300-mile afflicted strip, which stretched from the foot-hills of the Rockies to within not more than a hundred and fifty miles of the Mississippi basin, from Canada on down to the Rio Grande, except for a thin ribbon on the banks of the Platte, stayed on in the face of such utter discouragement. The question arose in my mind from the romantic notion that the peasant is so attached to his land and the American farmer to his, that, though the patch of land be as arid as a rock quarry, he will not give it up in exchange for a veritable Garden of Eden half a mile away, with transportation there and a large cash consideration to boot. I have never known a farmer who would not instantly move from any piece of land, even though it had been farmed by three generations, of which he was one, to another piece of land he thought was a more valuable property or a piece of land more profitable to farm, if he could make a deal he figured was to his advantage—especially if he thought he was peeling the eye-teeth and making a sucker out of the other guy. But hope springs eternal that one may sometime find confirmation by the silliest, most unnatural, romantic idea; so I asked the question. The reply:

"Mister, you ask easy questions to answer. That question ain't never perplexed us none. Some has left. Be we'uns what stays on here never can git enough money ahead to go far enough away from here to better us for going, even if we'uns could sell our land which we cain't—not fer love ner money. The question we cain't answer and mostly perplexes us is: Why in hell did we ever come here in the fust place?"

We ran into swarms of grasshoppers until it became a question of closing the car windows and stifling from the heat and lack of ventilation or being driven crazy by the hopping pests. The thermometer indicating the engine cooling system began to shoot up unaccountably. The fan belt was all right; the radiator was full. I would drain the radiator, wait for the radiator and engine to cool off and fill up with cold water. I would drive four or five miles and the temperature would shoot up to boiling again. I asked a gas station attendant if he knew what the trouble was. He pointed to the front of the radiator where squashed grasshoppers were spread like cold marmalade on a piece of toast, cutting off the ventilation more effectively than if I had hung a horse blanket over the grille. He sold me a patent screen, which he told me I wouldn't have much use for now, for I would soon be out of the grasshopper region but would need again when I got among the mountain beetles of Montana. He scraped and brushed the radiator but said when I got to a big town I'd have to have those squeezed between the slits blown out from behind by high compression air. He and others called them beetles but they look like black grasshoppers. When I encountered them I didn't need a screen as much as I needed tractor wheels and less susceptibility to nervous fright from skidding to the unprotected brink of a precipice on a mountain curve, with something like the Grand Canyon yawning below.

I recalled the beetles when my hair dropped back from the perpendicular and resumed its natural composed cluster of Grecian curls (slightly graying as a Time-server once snottily put it, "like an aging squirrel") and the shimmy which my shaking hands had given the wheel went out of it, and the car and I became nonchalant. What had caused the skid was my coming unawares upon a trained, disciplined and dumb army of mountain beetles, disguised as black grasshoppers, marching on all fours, in close mass formation across the road and up a forty-foot incline. Going over them my front wheels had squashed them, larding the roadbed until it was more slippery than mercury.

When I raised my eyes from contemplation of the bugs, a bald-headed man in shirt-sleeves was rounding the bend in the road and progressing toward me with that peculiar slipping-back locomotion of a beginner on roller-skates, who always looks as though he were just going to fall but cannot decide whether he will make it prone, or supine, or just a plain fanny-flop and thus keeps aloft, not by will or skill, but by sheer Hamlet-like inability to make up his mind. This queer mountain road apparition was waving and shouting, and on his face, droll enough in composure, was playing in plastic animation the great comedy drama of deep agitation, or the pantomime of that condition the vulgar speak of as having ants in his pants. What he was saying was, "Watch Out! Take It Easy! Go Slow! Keep in First! God This is Awful! Take it Easy! Keep Calm! Don't Get Excited But Take It Easy!"

It turned out that the man was neither a lunatic nor a comedian but a Good Samaritan such as you rarely find in this world of every man for himself and of leaving a manhole uncovered after you yourself have just fallen through, got badly bunged up and just managed to crawl out. He had HAD A NARROW ESCAPE, the horror of which was still so vivid in his mind and his concern for the welfare of his fellow man so great, that he meant to save strangers and fellow wayfarers from a fate that might end worse than his, even if it did mean galumpfing and slithering, arms swinging, like the wings of an inebriated windmill, through that oozy sea of loathsome squashed bugs, endangering his pretty white flannels every slither of the foot and swing of the arm.

This Good Samaritan of the Highway invaded by Beetles had the heart of true worth and the spirit of duty and self-sacrifice but (I hope he is not listening; and, between us, I don't think he is the kind that would be) I must whisper that he was a bit of a bore. He was a man to whom thrilling experiences did not come every day of his life. He was not a man to whom pitching over the edge of a mountain pass in an automobile, banging along from crag to crag and bouncing from trees until he hauled up at the bottom of the canyon seven hundred and fifty feet below, was a matter of routine. So his modest fee for saving your life was the loan of your ear while he poured into it the thrilling story of WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, not once, to be sure, but thirty-odd times. It was his toll before he would let you pass. His car was there swung cater-cornered across the road just as he had brought her to the stop at the conclusion of his adventure and had leaped from the tonneau to warn others. You couldn't be rude and make a dash for it; the car with a door hanging wide, blocked escape.

It seems that the Good Samaritan was ambling along as unconcernedly as you please, not going very fast; he believes in safety first and not in this fast driving that never gets you anywhere except the hospital; of course, if there is an emergency or you are in a hurry to make a train or something like that, he doesn't mind whipping her up a little if you've got a clear road and know what you are doing; but none of this drunken driving; that's where he sets his foot down and if he had his way about it every violator of the law who makes a practice of driving a car while he's drunk would get a good stiff fine and a good stiff jail sentence and what's more he would not only get his license taken away but his automobile too, you can't be too lax with fellows of that caliber; as for himself, our Good Samaritan would no more think of taking the wheel after having more than a couple of sociable drinks under his belt—he's got a pretty good head and can drink drink for drink with the next man if he's of a mind to, but he doesn't believe in slopping it up; and what's more he won't get into any man's car, no matter who he is, if he has had a shot too many; and he can tell in a flash whether he has had one too many or not—just has to take one look at his eyes; you can't tell by the way they walk or the way they talk, only way you can tell is by their eyes; there's that certain look; that's the criterion; and he would walk three miles before he would ride one block with a man that's got no more sense than to drive a car when he is drunk.

As he was saying, he was just ambling along at moderate speed, say somewhere between twenty and thirty miles an hour, about twenty-eight to be exact, he guesses, when all of a sudden he had the queerest damn funny feeling—you know the kind you get when you don't have any control over the car and she goes sliding along like she was ice. Something happening sudden like that caused him to do just the damn fool thing he knows damn well he shouldn't do; he slammed one foot on the brake and the other on the clutch; and merry hell started popping; THE CAR SWUNG COMPLETELY AROUND! AROUND! SIX TIMES! COMPLETELY AROUND! SIX TIMES!

Continued on page 222

Sound Reasons for drinking Guinness

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good brew...a friend...or being dry...
Or lest we should be by-and-by...
Or any other reason why!

Adapted from Henry Aldrich (1647-1710)

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A friend—Mutual enjoyment of Guinness is a natural way of making new friendships firm, and old friendships firmer. Or if you are alone, Guinness is a friend in itself.

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Or any other reason why—There are many other reasons, but why list them? Your own enjoyment of Guinness is reason enough.

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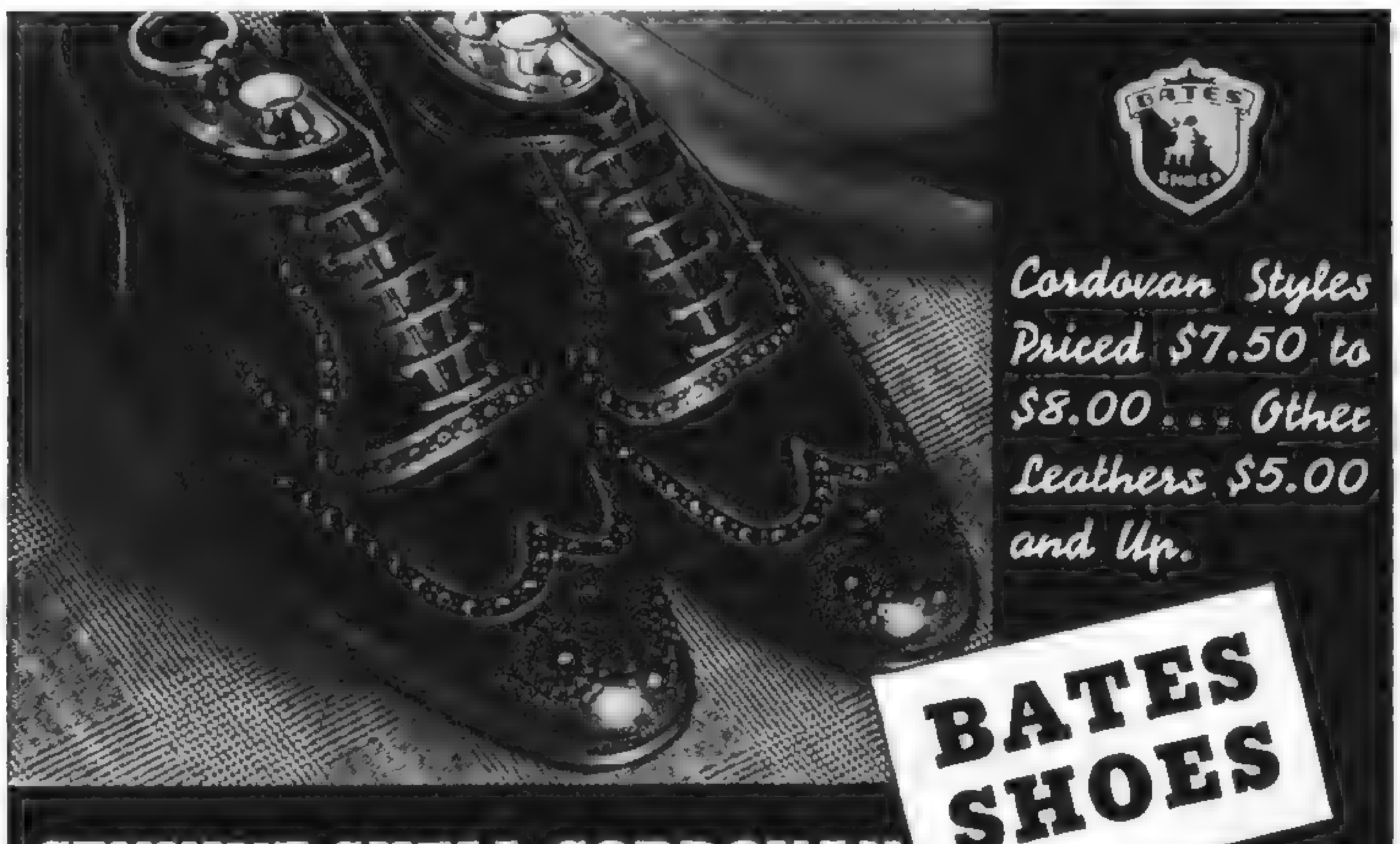

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 109-221

As our Samaritan progressed with his story, two cues of three cars each was drawn up, heading in opposite directions on the right and left sides of the blocking car. Each driver had been separately described from afar by our Good Samaritan, had been waved at, warned and sloshed up to, and made to wait until our Good Samaritan had gone back to the beginning and could work up again to where he had TURNED COMPLETELY AROUND SIX TIMES and then went on to depict just what would have happened to him over and down that canyon if he hadn't been lucky. We pow-wowed about how to pass one another and proceed on our various ways—the first, last and only problem being the Good Sammy's car which he, in time, considerately got into and moved out of the road, cautioned us not to go more than four or five miles an hour, in first, until we had got completely clear and the bug juice was rubbed off our tires.

We were proceeding with this caution when we espied another car approaching us at high speed, threading in and out of sight on the serpentine curves of the mountain side. Our Good Sammy sprang to his duty but the car did not slow down in response to his shouts and wavings. Around the near bend it hove suddenly, tragically, in sight. It was a roadster and in it was a woman, handsome, chic, in her forties I should guess, who fixed upon the man who was trying to save her life such an unpleasant and humiliating look of cold self-assurance, superior disdain and of inquiry that asked as plain as if that look were these cruel words shouted through a megaphone: "Get the hell out of the way, you fatheaded lout before I knock your can off! What do you think you are doing, playing Harpo Marx, you foolish looking screw-ball?" that, although I am a man with the true principles of gallantry almost constantly before me, I had a fleeting wish that the foolhardy, imperious bitch's life would be saved, but that, when she started to skid and spin, she would whirl like a dervish so she would never know how many times she spun completely around, and that she wouldn't go over the cliff but when the thing stopped it would bang up against the cliff so hard her hair would fall down so her head would look like an ill-kept hay-stack. Sammy pointed to that foul, treacherous carpet of bugs to indicate what he meant. The ungrateful look asked, "What the hell of it?" and she seemed to press harder on the accelerator. In a moment—drat it all—she was out of sight, unharmed . . .

In a moonlight picnic in Cheyenne Canyon with H. K. Ellingson and his family, Frank Waters and an engaging lad who described himself as a graduate student but hoped to God he didn't talk like one, I came to the conclusion that Colorado Springs must be the most literary town for its size in the world. I heard of fist fights arising out of differences of opinion (1) as to whether Edward ArlingtonRobinson was the greatest poet America has produced or if it was a toss-up between Whitman and Sidney Lanier (2) as to whether T. S. Eliot wrote his early poems with his tongue in his cheek and Royalist-Catholic-Classical essays in deep earnest or wrote his early poems in earnest and his later essays as a joke on somebody, or whether he was either screwy or a cheap-jack, first, last and all the time (3) whether Sinclair Lewis did or did not, deliberately and without intent to deceive any one, model *Ann Vickers* on the plot, theme and heroine of H. G. Wells' *Ann Veronica,* merely transferring Wells' story and argument to America and adapting it to the American scene to emphasize the message of Lewis' early literary idol, H. G. Wells (4) whether *Sister Carrie* or *An American Tragedy* is Dreiser's greatest work. An Irish sports writer, orphaned and reared and educated by the Jesuits and post-graduately self-educated until erudition runs out of his ears, got me so groggy with mild, pointed questions on Greek scansion, prosody and syntax which I could not answer, that I cried "Foul!," went groggy and plopped on my nose without the excuse or aid of anything but a glass of mineral water. And this diffident graduate student turned out to be, under the stimulus of the high altitude and three small cans of beer, the boy I hereby offer, back and sponsor as contender for the world title as the champion long-distance, automatic winding, inexhaustible, hog-calling poetry memorizer and spouter in the world, bar one, perhaps—Col. Theodore Roosevelt. These two magnificent freaks of nature know more poetry by heart, good and bad, and can speak off-hand more poetry than the entire membership of the American Poetry Society put together ever read, much less memorized. Either one of them can keep the flow going without cease until you would go nuts if you didn't choke them off. After my ignominious defeat in which I tested my ability to take it, against the boy wonder's ability to dish it out, I found myself 1700 feet down in a Cripple Creek gold mine and making my way to a stope along a tunnel when I had the hallucination that I heard the boy wonder open up with Hart Crane's *The Bridge.* I grasped Frank Waters by the arm and asked him if it was his idea of a joke to hide that kid in an eery place like this and bid him do his stuff when I got within hearing. Frank said "That's not the kid; it's a pneumatic drill loosening the ore in a stope at the end of this tunnel." It sounded just like him. #

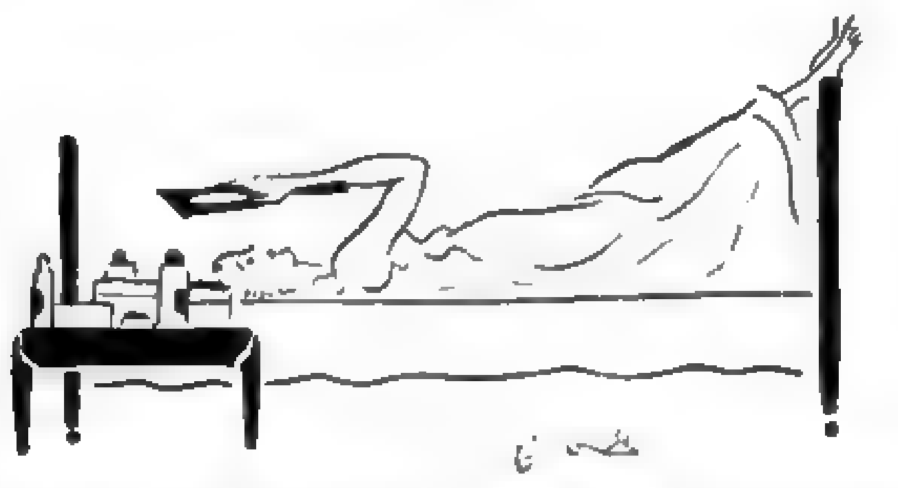
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FREEDOM OF THE KNEES

Grandpaw was right, the old kind was good enough. Gentlemen, we herald the return of the night shirt. Not the white cotton shirt that made a man look like a steel engraving of the Papa in Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas" pome. These modern sleep shirts are made of pure silk, in solid color maroon or blue, or in solid color cottons. Knee length, buttoned from top to hem, and well cut like a topcoat. Who knows, maybe mama will revive the "mob" cap. God bless our Home.

HEELS OVER HEAD

. . a new slant on beauty. If you walk in and see your wife on the bed with pillows bolstering up her hips and her feet high on the footboard, don't get excited. Her horizontal slant is a new beauty treatment. A beauty salon here in town has been giving these beauty treatments for a couple of years, client inclined in a special chair with head lower than feet. Theory being that with her face in its youngest, most line free state, fresh reserves of blood surge to the face and upper portion of the body, nourishing the skin cells naturally from the inside. Now, by the aid of proper creams and lotions from the Salon, the little woman can get the right slant right on her own Simmons. First she uses a cleansing cream, then a lubricating cream, then a derma sec for the neck, then ten minutes on the slant, and finally a milk of cucumber cream and a rose cream mask. Result: a lovely, Victorian blush all evening. Incidentally, an eminent physiologist has proved that brains as well as faces work faster in this heels over head position. A couch for every office, we say.



POLYFOTO

The candid camera on wheels. In London, Paris and all through the Scandinavian countries, Polyfoto has been a sensation. Now a New York store is introducing it to America. Using a candid camera method, a photographer makes 48 brilliant little pictures of a person as he smiles, talks, smokes, looks glum or happy. There's no posing, as exposures can be made as rapidly as 2 per second. The best negative can be "blown-up" in precision enlarging cameras, and the portrait finished in any desired size up to 3 feet square. Polyfoto does wonders with pet pekes or babes in arms. 48 miniatures for a dollar.

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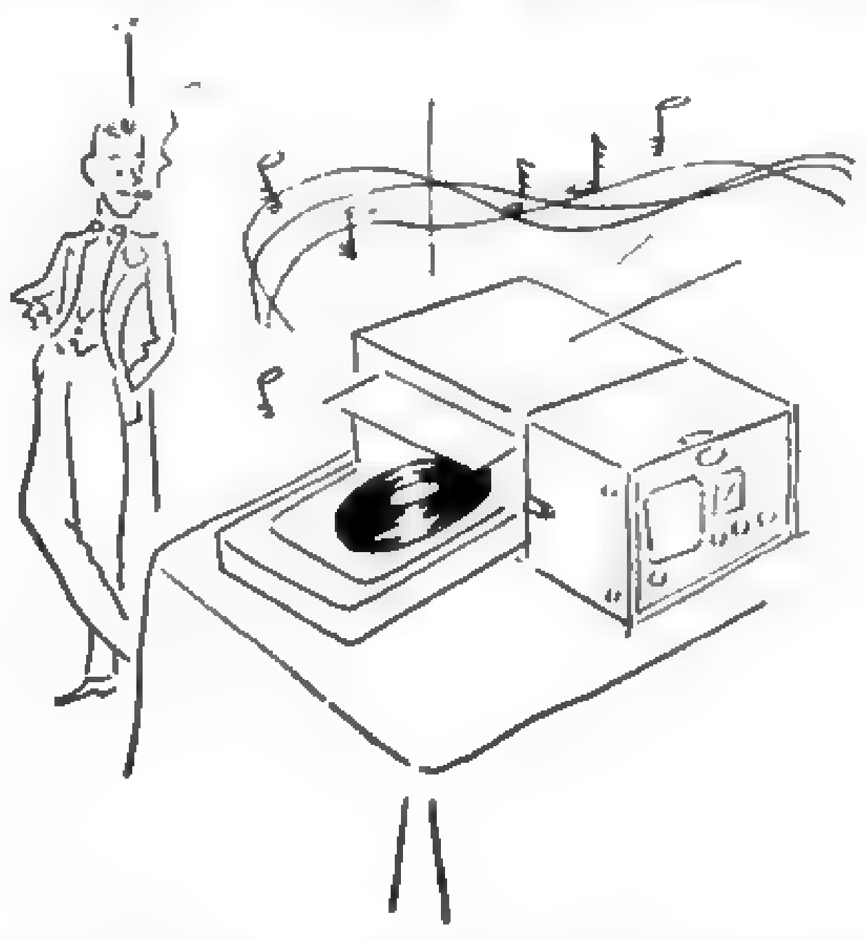
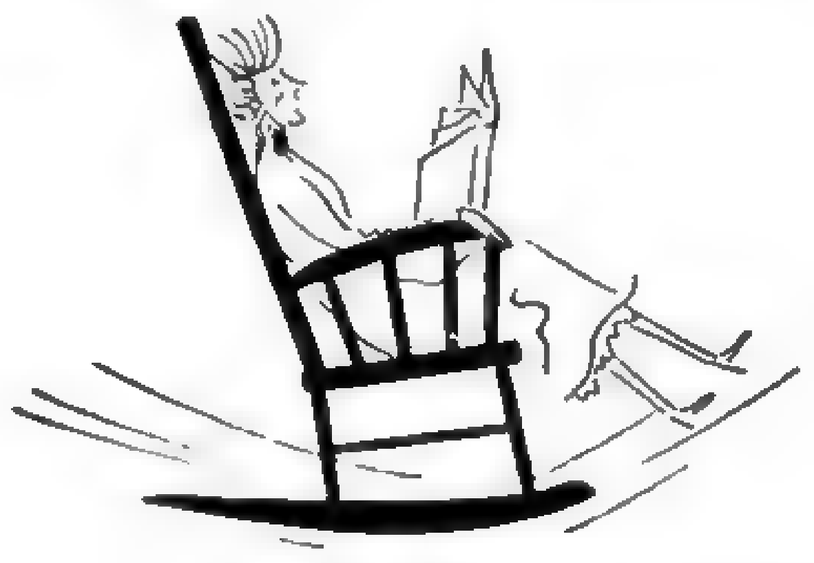
A portable leather-cased radio and phonograph that plays and changes 8 records automatically . . . but with this new feature: during the playing of records the phonograph compartment is *completely closed* . . . the patented robot door opens just prior to disgorging the record, allowing it to pass through, and then closes by itself, thus shutting out all needle and motor noises. Other exclusive features of this new music-maker are the felt-lined receiving tray which also stores records while traveling, protecting them from breaking; radio compartment with built-in aerial, operating on AC, DC or foreign currents (cruise passengers please note).



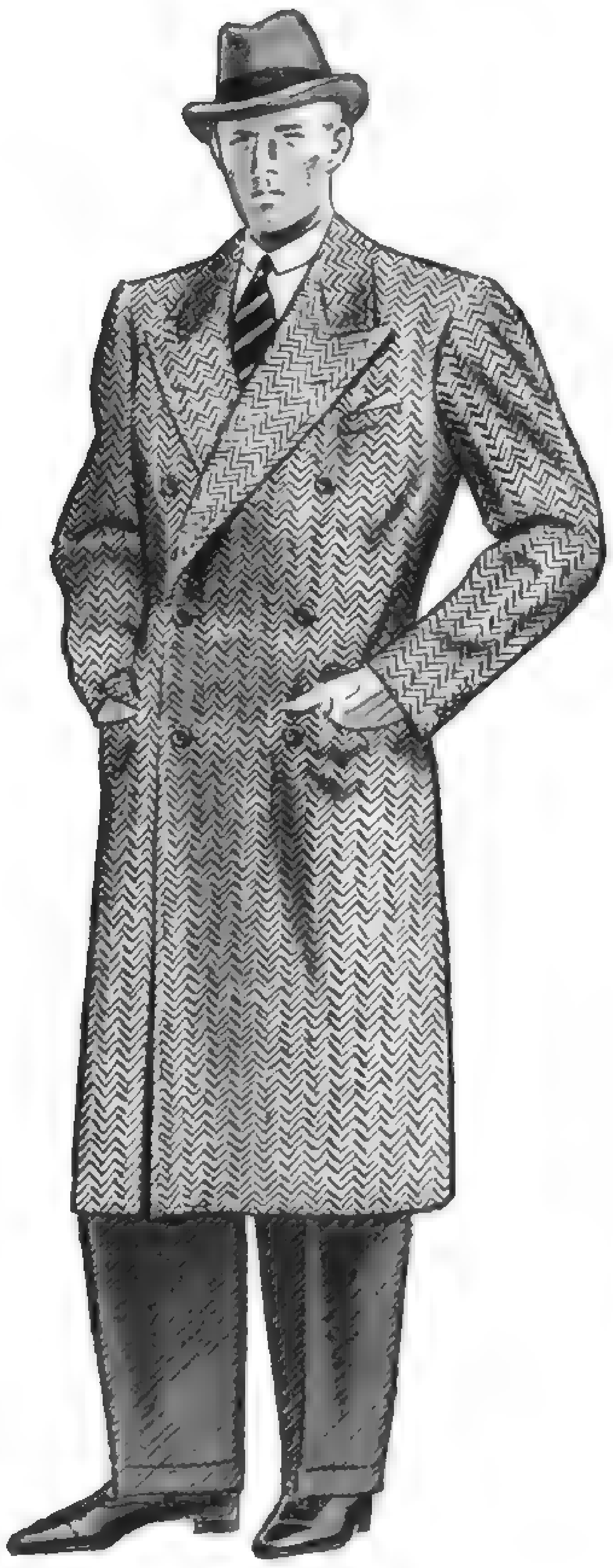
OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR WILL GIT YOU

As we told you, Victorian furniture is quietly sneaking up on us. There's a shop in town which has the most sensible collection we've seen—modified Victorian, sans volutes. Quaint little rocking chairs (with and without arms); charming 1840 sofas with flowered, tufted coverings; a delightful Victorian arm chair done in white wood with a blue flowered satin cover. Put us in a romantic lavender and old lace mood.



Ranger

If you want to know where to buy these articles, write to "Ranger", Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.



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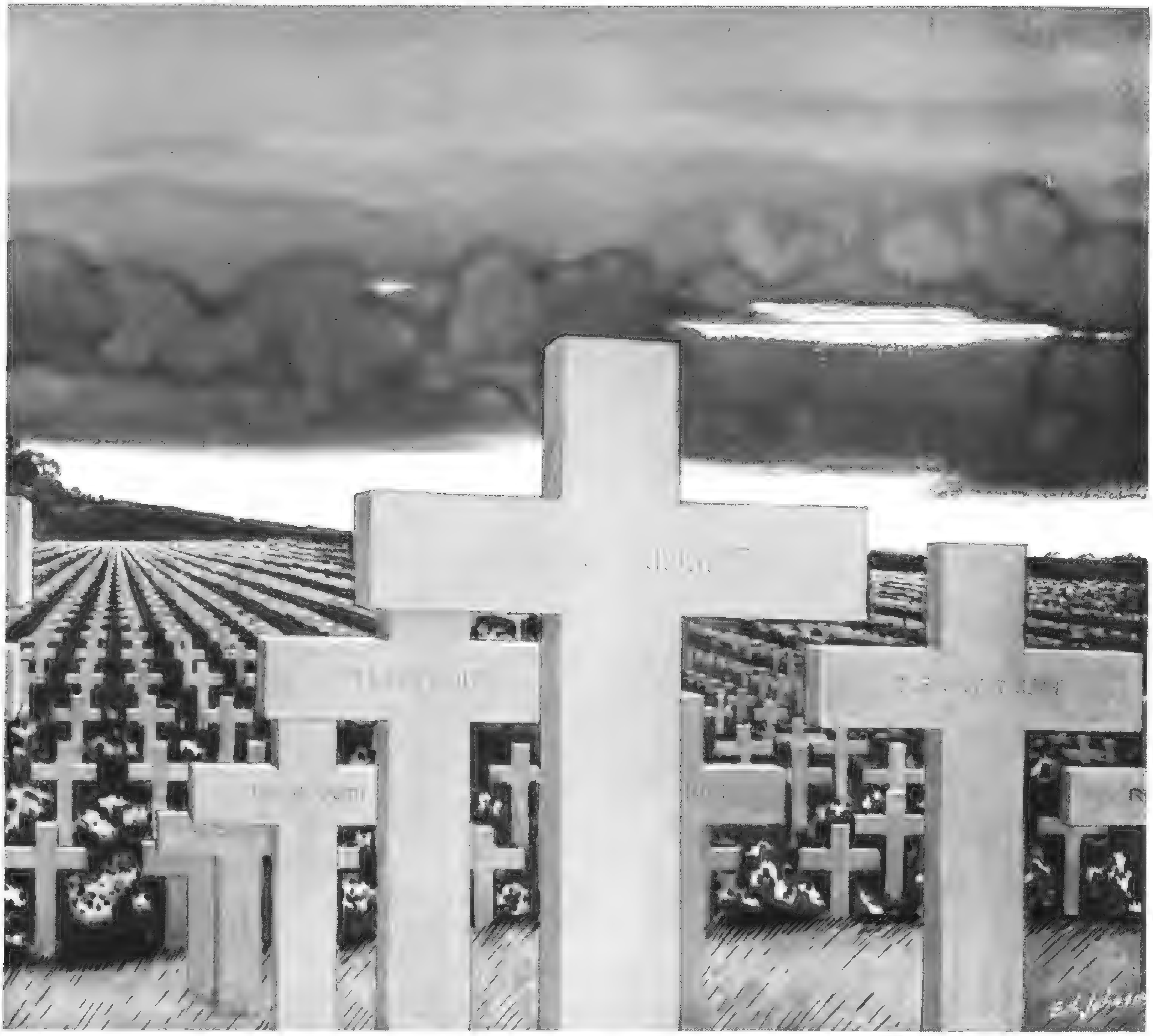

Well, *they're* out of the way!

FEW people are callous or stupid enough to say that war is actually a good or desirable thing.

But certain people have worked out the theory that war exists to save the world from overpopulation. Charming thought, isn't it?

Let's see if the bookkeeping of the World War bears it out. In the War, it cost $25,000 to kill one man. That's the official price tag on each of those neat little white wooden crosses that bloom where poppies used to grow.

Invested at a modest 5%, $25,000 would give a return of $1250 each year. The average income, for the head of a family in the United States, certainly isn't much over $1000 a year. It's less in other countries.

So it seems the world got stuck. We paid too high a price to get rid of those 17,000,000 men, who might have been "excess population" to some, but not to the people who loved them.

Another war threatens. $25,000 will seem a bargain basement figure in comparison to the cost of blowing a decent human to hell in the coming war, and 17,000,000 dead will be only a beginning.

But gruesome, sordid, horrible figures, and deploring the monstrosity of the *last* war will not stop the *next*. The only thing that will stop it is concerted effort by all of us. Any one who passively sits by is guilty of helping make war possible. You must *act!*

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write to **World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York.**

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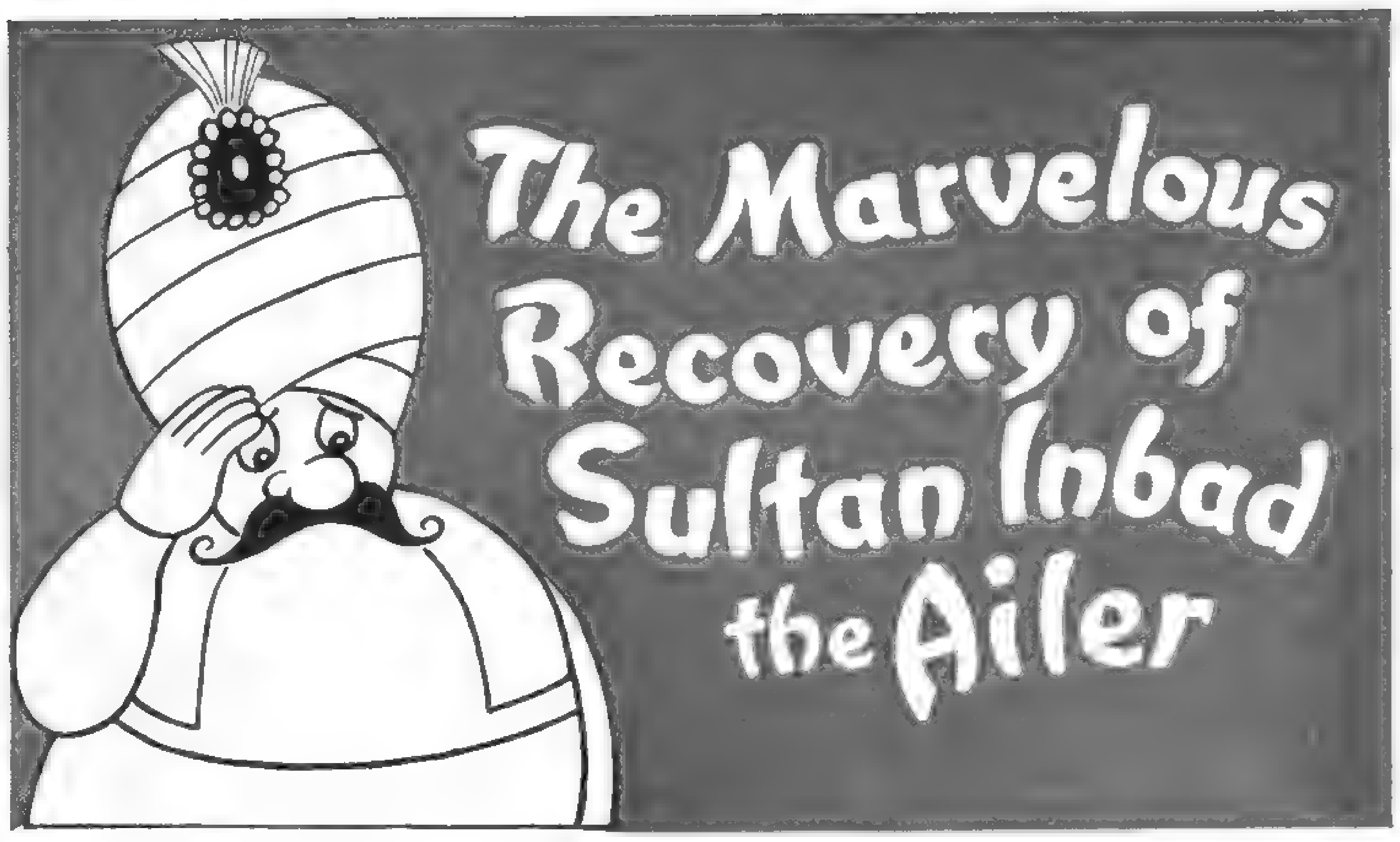
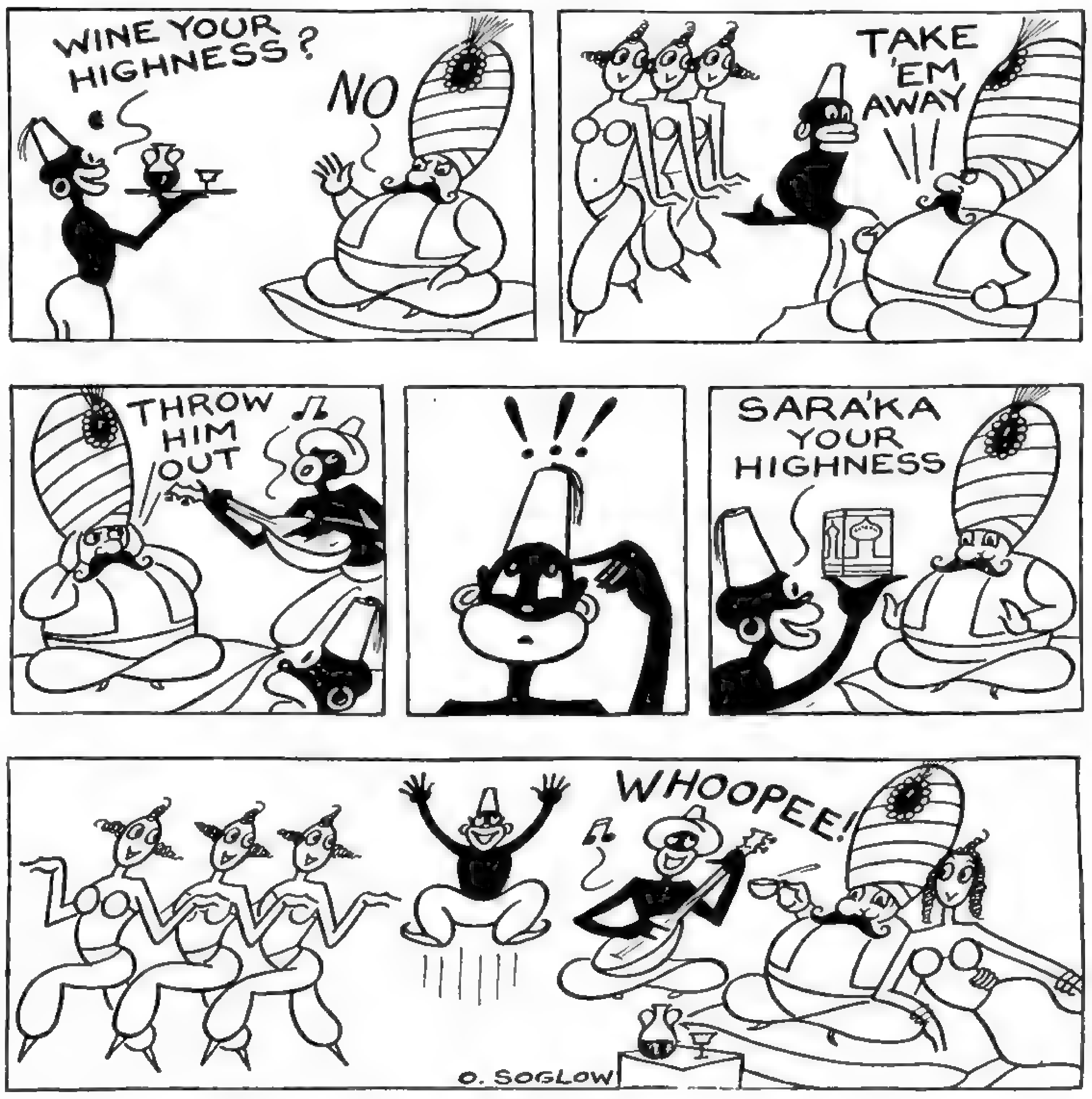


The Marvelous Recovery of Sultan Inbad the Ailer



OF COURSE, Sultan Inbad the Ailer is imaginary. The only truth in the story is that Saráka* does give *real benefit* to a great many people who suffer from CONSTIPATION.

You open the Saráka tin . . . measure out a teaspoonful of the tiny granules . . . swallow them easily with a glass of water. Inside the intestines, these granules absorb water and gradually expand into soft, smooth BULK. This extra bulk encourages lazy intestinal muscles to get busy and *exercise* — helps those muscles perform their important duty *thoroughly.* Moreover, Saráka contains a specially treated cortex frangula which mildly stimulates the intestinal muscles. Result—Bulk plus Motility.*

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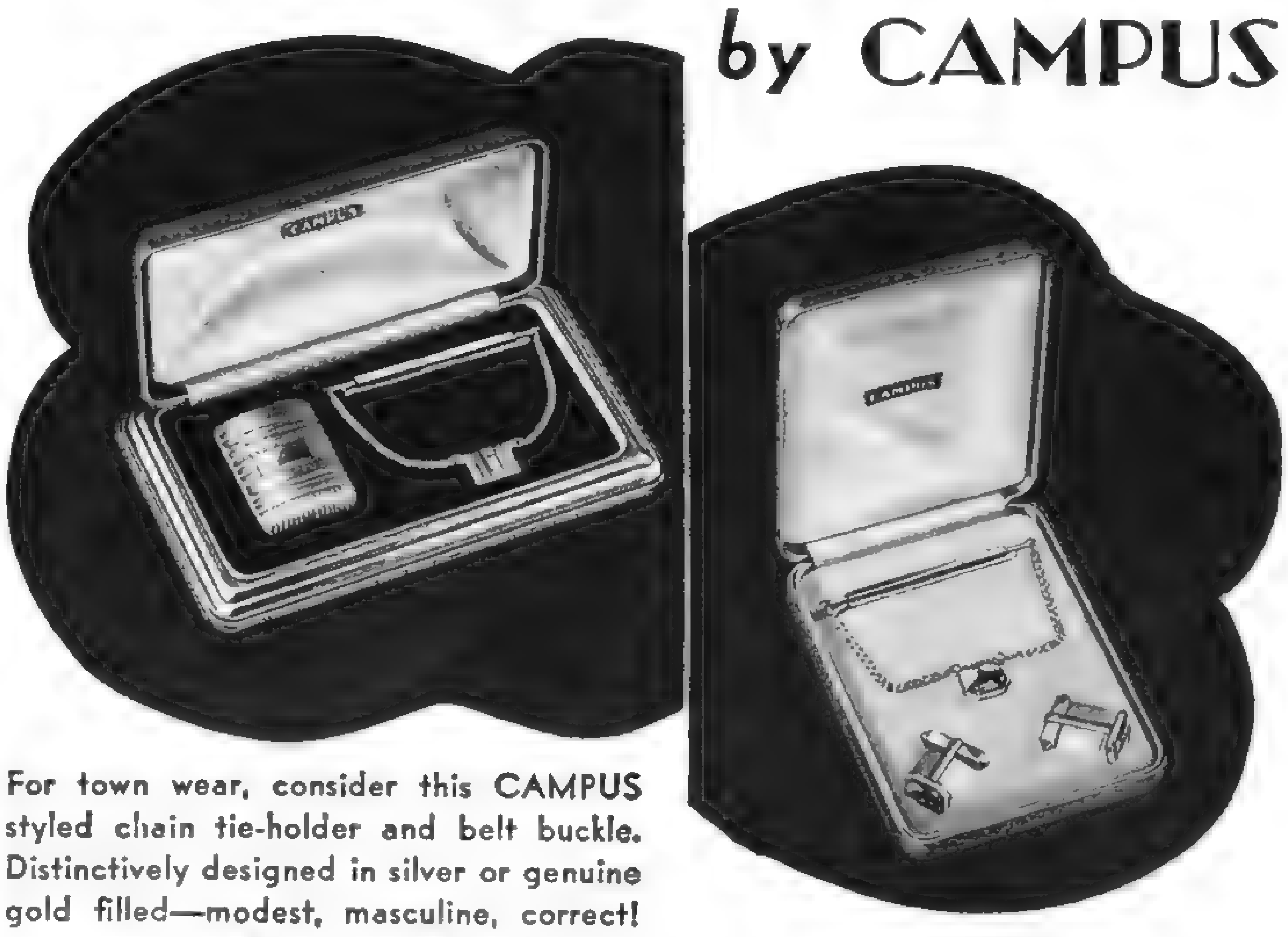
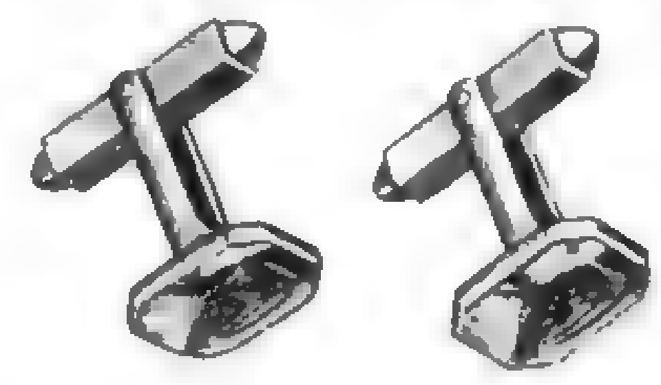


For town wear, consider this CAMPUS styled chain tie-holder and belt buckle. Distinctively designed in silver or genuine gold filled—modest, masculine, correct!



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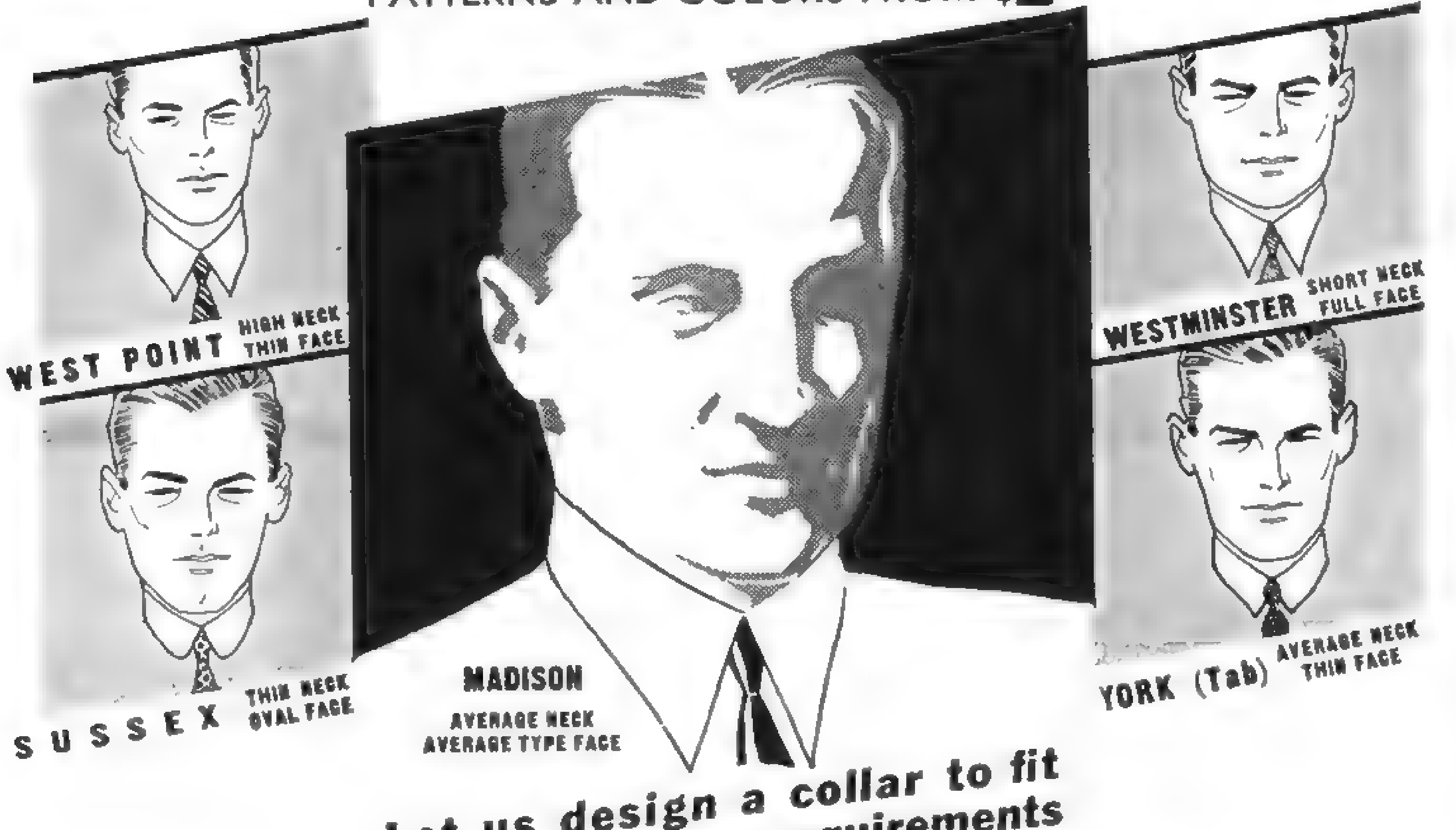
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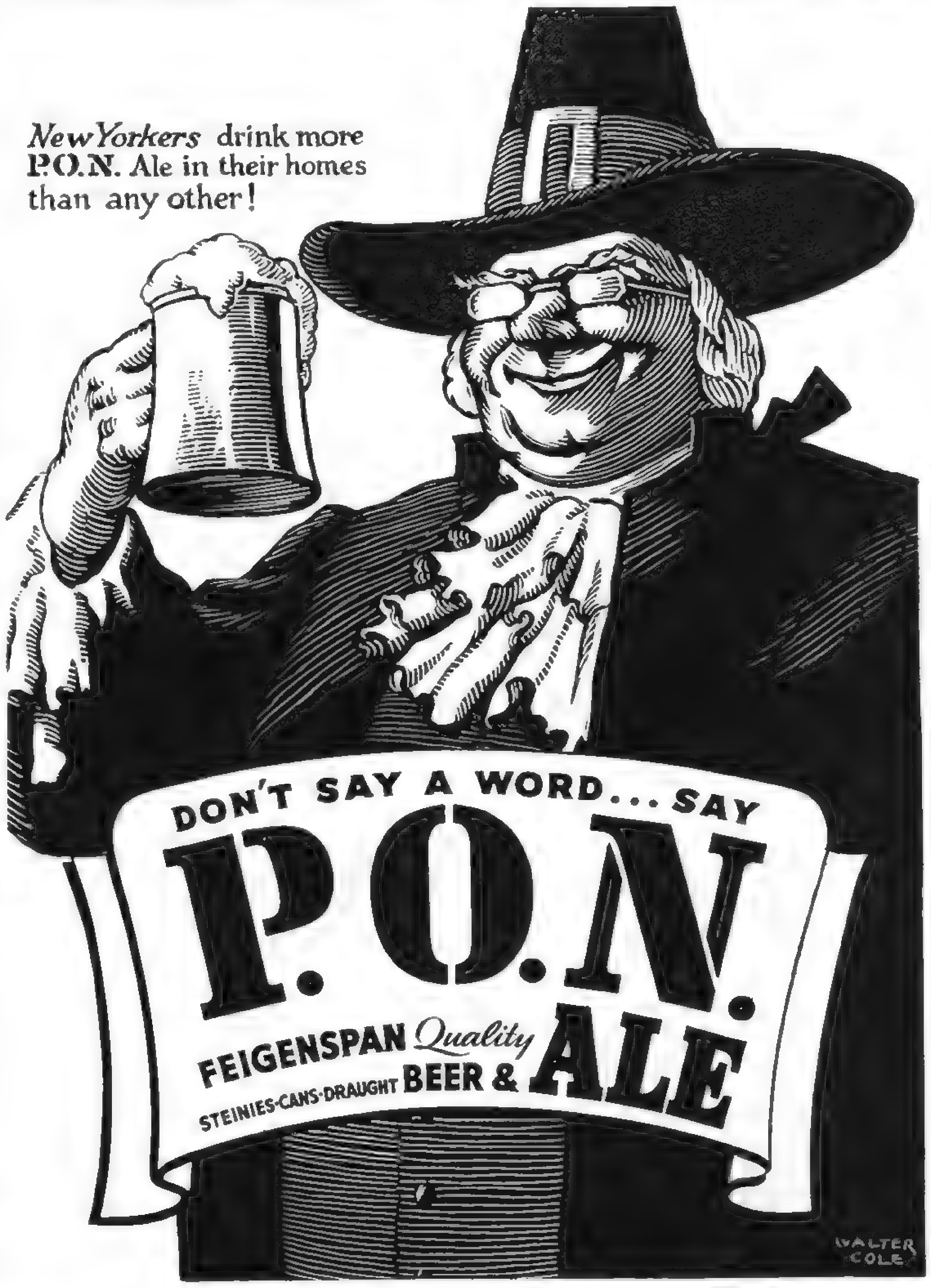
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An Idle Count

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Aug. 9.—The Senate wants a census of the unemployed. For two and a half years this column has plugged for that.

The Lord asks in St. Luke:—"For which you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost?"

Answer:—"The New Deal."

This administration doesn't believe in that ancient horse-and-camel stuff. For two and a half years, while we dished out $8,000,000,000 to cure an ill we hadn't even diagnosed, the New Deal said no dice on an attempt to find out what the problem was.

The President favored it, but none of the palace
aries would go along. Uncle Danny Roper was

eunuchs advising the Sultan on love—that it never could be done.

This "expert" advice reflected not the merits of the suggestion but the bitter bureau of opposition to any revelation of the facts. It is so much easier to get billions to spend on a guess that "one-third of the workers are jobless" than on proof that it is only one-tenth. For this reason the boy billion broadcasters in WPA thought it was poison.

Muddom Perkins was the chief assassin. She didn't want to face a record of how many unauthorized aliens she had let in and not deported, and how many we are supporting. That would hit her an awful political wallop.

. . .

What Worried Roper.

Uncle Danny wasn't worried about that. He just objected to the terrible implications of positive proof

EVEN GOVERNMENT RESPECTS HIS OPINIONS

THE wheels-within-wheels that make this world go 'round are as familiar to Hugh S. Johnson as the face of a child to its mother. He KNOWS . . . because he has been a vital part of government itself. Hugh S. Johnson shows what is wrong only to point what is right. And that is why more and more readers, concerned with the issues that are making history, are every-evening followers of this brilliant columnist-commentator. For a liberal education in international affairs, spend five minutes daily with General Johnson!

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FUR FANCIES

Football season ahead, and if she's one of those hothouse flowers who ruin the game because she's cold, fortify her with a fur-warmer. It's like a sleeveless smock, 36 inches long, and made of barunduki fur (that dizzy little striped animal women love to wear). She wears it as a sort of lining UNDER her tweed coat. Then there's the fur sweater, made like a cardigan in barunduki fur, with knit sleeves and band. Or, you could get her a fur suit. Jacket of krimmer lamb, leopard cat or baby beaver, lined with Scotch tartan plaid with a tartan pleated skirt to match. You'll be glad you know her in this!

MEN'S PHOTOGRAPHER

There's a studio up on Fifth Avenue which, for nigh unto 70 years, has photographed the male of the species for posterity. They're having an exhibit in October, over 1500 photographs including Presidents of the United States who sat for them, prominent men in business, society, arts and the theatre. The studio also has a PORTRAIT SERVICE, offering the work of about 20 of the foremost portrait painters in the country. Examples of the different types of work that these artists do are on display at the studio, so that a prospective client may choose the particular kind of technique he prefers.

CARVE, DON'T HACK

We're speaking of a new roast clamp, which marks the end of 160 years of American table butchery. The implement is of fine polished chromium, with scissor top like poultry shears, but with a clamp which fits over the meat holding it fast within its vise-like grip while you operate with the knife. No slipping on the best lace cloth, no casualties.

SHORT CUT TO COOL DRINK

When the crowd gang up on you and demand a collins, planter's punch or a whiskey sour...and in a hurry, no need to wear yourself out squeezing juices and making syrup. There's a new Poland water that you can buy ...fruit juices, sugar and charged water ALL IN ONE. All you need is a bottle opener, a handful of cracked ice and a jigger of gin, rum or rye. Best little time-saver we've heard about. Quart bottle of this setup costs 30c.

CAN'T LEAK OUT

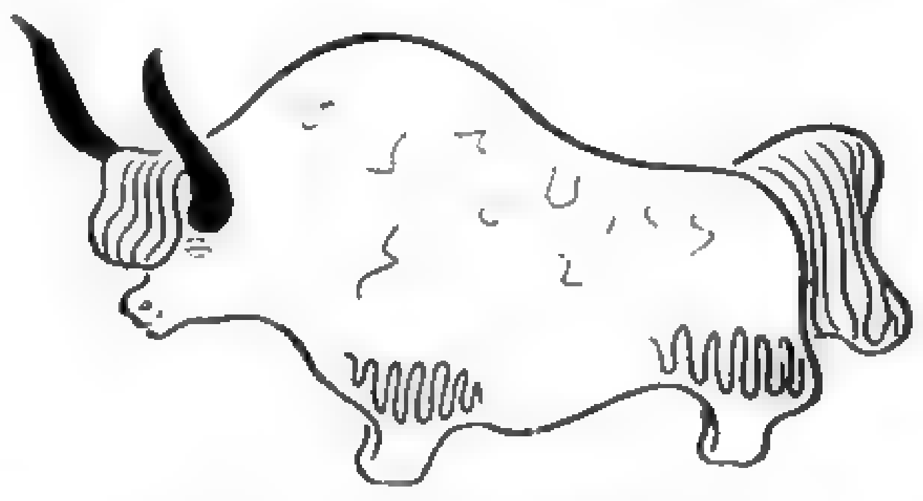
Traveling salesmen, visiting firemen and lady itinerants will be glad to know of a new contraption called a bottle guard to protect bottles of liquid inside a suitcase or trunk. Gents can let their milk of magnesia, hair tonic or beverages nestle right in among the clean shirts with never a fear of besmirching same. Ladies use the bags for their perfumes, lotions and other beautifiers. Bag is water-proof, moisture-proof and comes in half pint, pint or quart sizes with zipper closing.

BACON WITHOUT BURNING

Latest way to do your morning bacon is on a triangular-shaped cast iron aluminum griddle. You lay 5 or 6 pieces of bacon over the ridge of the triangle, clap the cover over the whole works, and both sides of the bacon cook simultaneously, without curling or spattering, while the grease drains into a pan below. When bacon is done, remove cover and serve pronto, no wiping off or waiting for it to dry on brown paper. Done to a turn in 3 to 5 minutes.

CRAZE FOR CERAMICS

Madison Avenue windows look like miniature menageries ...lions rampant and couchant, stalwart stallions and every species of dog extant...all done up in either glass or glazed pottery. People have a passion for such doodads. Some of the best come from Munich...molded by hand, then hand painted and glazed in true to life colors. The man who makes them knows animal anatomy. To him, there's a fine distinction between an African and an Indian elephant. His zebras and horses are superb. The raring bison we've sketched, was made for the French exposition ...in a rough, grey, stone-ware type pottery...very new and robustly striking.



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Their Daytime Manners

Continued from page 43

of pride in something accomplished and an undamaged determination to get through all the other minutiae which she has decided must be consummated that day.

These are all observations of a lady's behavior toward strangers or toward people who serve her. She would no doubt feel that it was most unfair to report her behavior in these matters because she makes no attempt to display her good manners. She does display certain tricks of carriage and vocal intonation intended to show she is a lady. As a lady, her patronage will be deemed valuable and she will be entitled to extreme courtesy and obsequious service. And her own behavior in these matters being what it is, extreme courtesy on the part of salespeople is an absolute necessity if the conversation is to continue long enough to consummate a sale. Consummating sales is the business of salespeople and consequently they are patient and courteous. From this fact comes a definition which is in the lexicon of every lady. Courtesy is the manner accorded one who pays out money. As the shopper of the family, she pays most of the bills and she demands and receives this courtesy or she will trade elsewhere. As the bestower of business, she feels no compulsion to be courteous. But if she is sometimes bad-tempered and caustic, it is not from basic ill nature. She is worried because the tradesmen may cheat her and that if she is not energetic, does not shop exhaustively, she will not have enough money to buy all the things she wants. And this fear haunts every lady no matter what the size of her budget, because no woman ever had enough money to buy all the things she wants. And that is why she is often sharp with people who want a lot of money for roast-beef or for cutting the lawn when she is trying so desperately to hold back the price of a lovely negligee she saw in a shop window on Fifth Avenue.

Although the ladies do not consciously wear the mantle of their social graces when away from their familiars, they sometimes, from habit, enact a similar pattern of behavior. When a lady's friend has had a misfortune of any kind, the lady continually talks about it and with a great show of sympathy, accumulates all the details. The interest she shows is not concern for the fortunes of another human being. It is interest in the circumstances of a social equal which afford a pleasant comparison with her own better fortune. This can be more clearly seen in the rarer cases where a lady shows an interest in a stranger. A very wealthy old lady came upon a college student while he was engaged in his vacation job of delivering ice. The old lady had a keen eye and even in his working clothes she saw some mark of caste about the boy. Such a boy at such a job meant to the old lady a story of financial difficulties in a home of refinement and culture and she thought she would like to hear about it.

"Tell me, young man," she said with most gracious condescension, "you didn't always work at this kind of work, did you?"

"No, ma'am," said the young scapegrace with his most winning smile. "I used to drive a beer truck."

"Oh!" said the old lady as though she had trod in a mud puddle. She passed hastily on, having no further interest in him.

In the ladies' social lives they spend much time together in groups and in order to avoid awkward silences they must fill in the time with talk. They become very adept at this. They can leap from topic to topic like conversational chamois or they can remain indefinitely on one spot on one topic without moving any distance in any direction. They toss the conversation back and forth like a medicine ball and each lady remains anxiously alert, ready to say something when it is her turn. This ability is no doubt an asset in the ladies' social lives but it is habit forming conduct. The ladies sometimes carry their notion that any conversation is a game, like tossing a ball back and forth, outside their social sphere. When they start playing this game with busy people, they afflict the latter with a sense of futility and frustration.

A plump and prosperous matron came to the change-booth in a busy subway station.

"Can you tell me the nearest station to 34th St.?" she asked the station agent.

"34th St."

"Oh! 34th St.?"

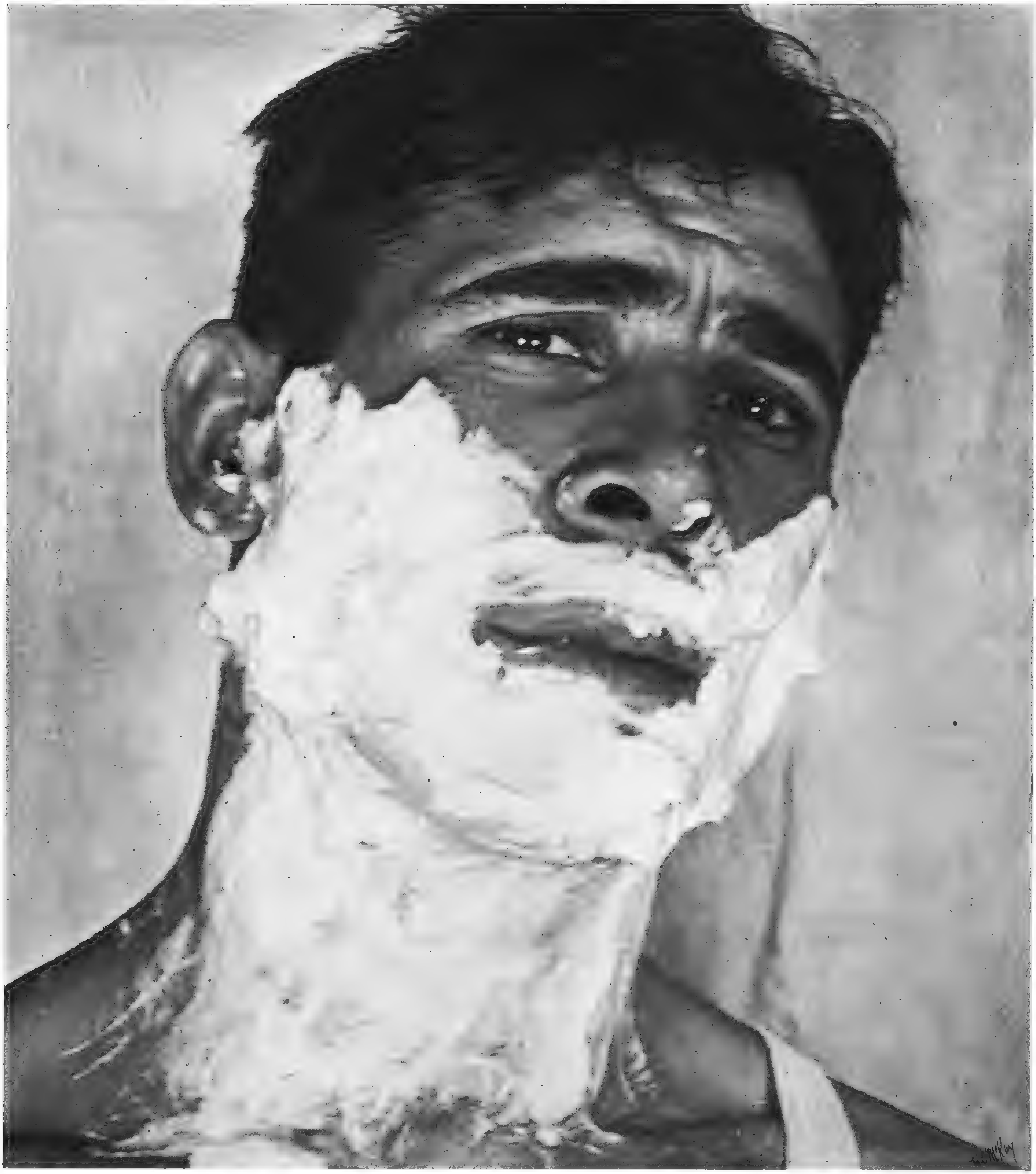
"Yes, 34th St."

"Oh! I didn't know there was a station at 34th St." and she smiled brightly at the station agent with a now-it's-your-turn expression. The station agent was a busy man, he had a vague notion that he had been dithering and he couldn't think of any answer to the statement that the lady didn't know there was a station at 34th St. He glared at her. The lady, who had been waiting so patiently for him to take his conversational turn, was thrown into confusion. All she could remember was that she had asked this man for some information and there he was, glaring at her and saying nothing. But she was a well-bred, resourceful lady. She turned to a man who was waiting for change in the line behind her.

"Could YOU tell me the nearest station to 34th St.?" she asked in her most lady-like manner.

This man had heard all the foregoing conversation and not being privy to the lady's mental processes, he was completely befuddled. His mouth opened but he only stared stupidly at her. The

Continued on page 226



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PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

INSIST ON THE SMOOTH ROUND HEAD

Their Daytime Manners

Continued from pages 43-224

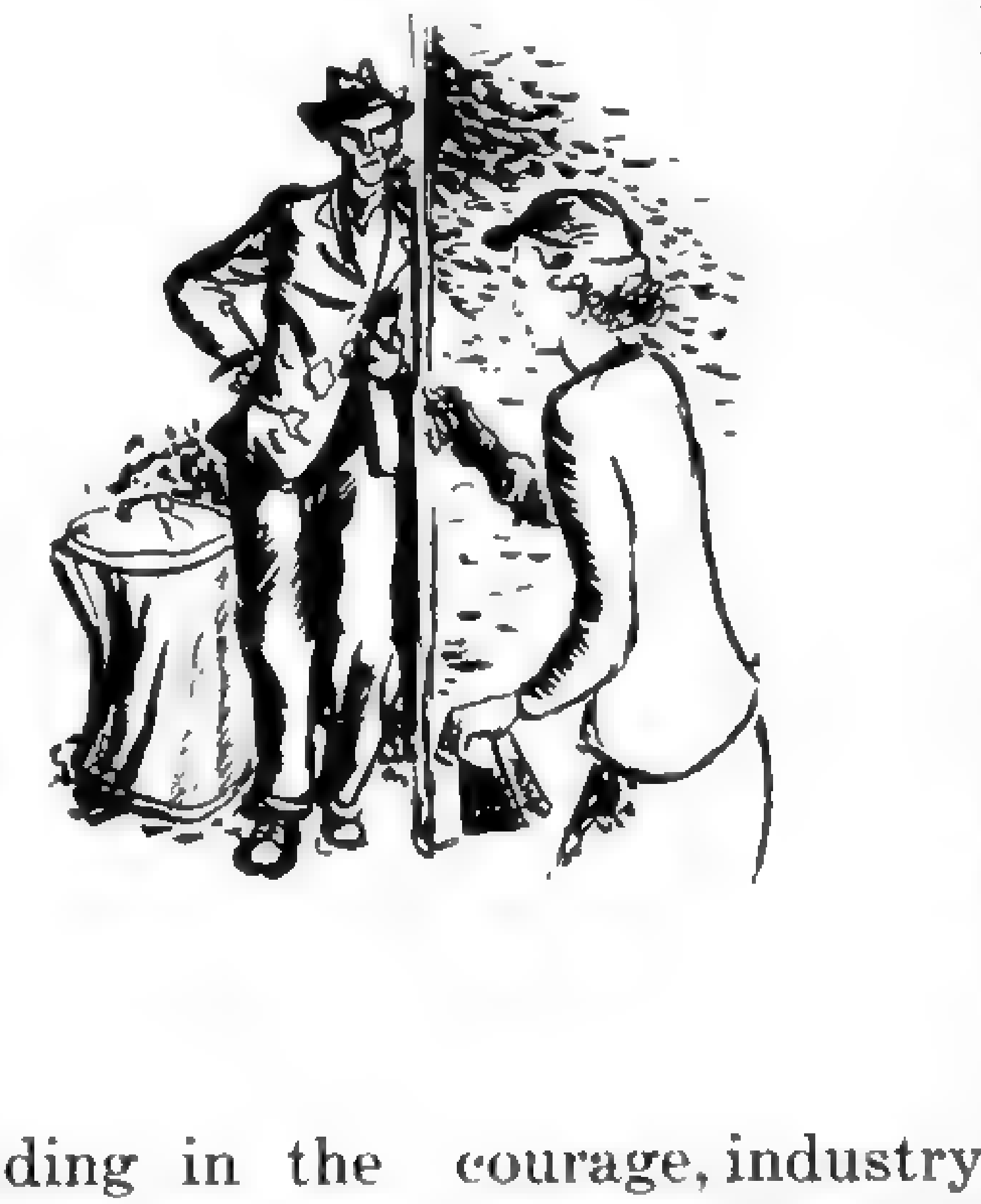
lady quickly saw there was no help here. She marched off and, encountering a man at the head of the stairs, she asked him what was the nearest station to 34th St. He told her it was 34th St. So the lady continued successfully on her way, triumphant in having overcome another of those difficulties which beset shopping ladies because there are so many stupid and disagreeable people in this world.

Sometimes the ladies give to strangers a little of the rich store of emotion for which they are famous and which they lavish upon themselves and their possessions. Often they are touched by the misfortunes of others, moved to pity and helpfulness. But here too, they have a consciousness of the multiplicity of their own needs, the continual demands upon their store of money and they try to be practical. They do feel pity, they do try to help but they restrain themselves from excessive generosity though often tempted.

One day a lady noticed, on a street leading from her apartment to the nearby shopping district, a beggar selling lead pencils. Thereafter she noticed him every time she passed that way. He was an elderly man whose shabby clothes were little protection against the bitter cold but he seemed to remain on his post all the time. Whenever she passed, whether it was early in the morning or late at night, he was there. He stood huddled in a doorway, his box of pencils held in front of him. He never moved, never offered his wares to anyone. He just stood there, hour after hour, day after day. The lady looked at him each time she passed and she began to think about him. The lines of his patient figure, the hopelessness of his attitude, the silent, humble, motionless background he made for thousands of hurrying, heedless people, ate into her consciousness. She began to wonder about him, whether he had a place to sleep, how he got anything to eat, if some morning he would be found in the doorway frozen to death. She thought of him sometimes when she went to bed and the picture of him standing in the doorway, cold and dumb, keeping a hopeless vigil because he had nowhere else to go, disturbed her rest. There came a day when she could stand it no longer.

As she came opposite to the man standing in the doorway, she opened her purse. It held two pennies, a nickel, a quarter, a half-dollar and a roll of bills. As she rummaged in its depths, she remembered how strongly this man had stirred her emotions, thought of how much a hot meal and a good bed would mean to him. And so, although he was a stranger, had never done anything for her, but solely because her womanly heart was touched, she gave him the seven cents.

But if the ladies sometimes seem ungenerous, let us remember the immediacy and multiplicity of their needs which will not only absorb any income which is at their disposal but which will immediately attach and allocate any income which is ever likely to be theirs. If they are unkind to the defenseless, demand the spineless servility of the flunky from all those who serve them, let us remember the restraints of their social lives, how courageously they bear the Chinese machinations of other ladies who can do them favors. And if their usual manner as they go about their daily concerns is one of anxious endeavor which easily rises to shrill desperation, let us remember the press of their affairs. The complexity of our civilization has fallen heavily upon the ladies. The customs they must obey are innumerable and the variety of objects which are displayed temptingly before their naturally acquisitive eyes, is infinite. And if the ladies' daily affairs seem continually concerned with the same things, seem therefore to be a routine, let us remember that the ladies are warmly emotional creatures. Their feelings enter into and variously color each transaction. The same thing is never the same thing and nothing can ever be straightened out. Their simple female nesting instinct is pulled in a thousand directions by the pressure instruments of a complex, industrial civilization. It is no wonder that a lady's behavior on one of those days when more than the usual number of household arrangements have gone wrong, resembles that of a sorely beset canary frantically trying to weave her nest of strips of sticky fly-paper.



And so let us note that a lady's lot is hard and often thankless.

Let us pay tribute to the courage, industry and energy they bring to the discharge of their daily round to the huge total of labor and service they give to the propagation and physical comfort of the human race.

But have you ever thought of how much more pleasant the public scene would be, how much more melodious it would be, if the ladies would just take it a little easy? #

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CONTEMPO FASHIONS

THIS MAN IS WELL DRESSED

—because the clothes he has on "go together."

He chose, for example, the shirt with black and red stripings to carry out the red overplaid of his gray Sharkskin suit. His tie he chose to contrast in pattern, yet carry out the color scheme. The balance of his outfit, he selected with a careful discrimination of **what goes with what.**

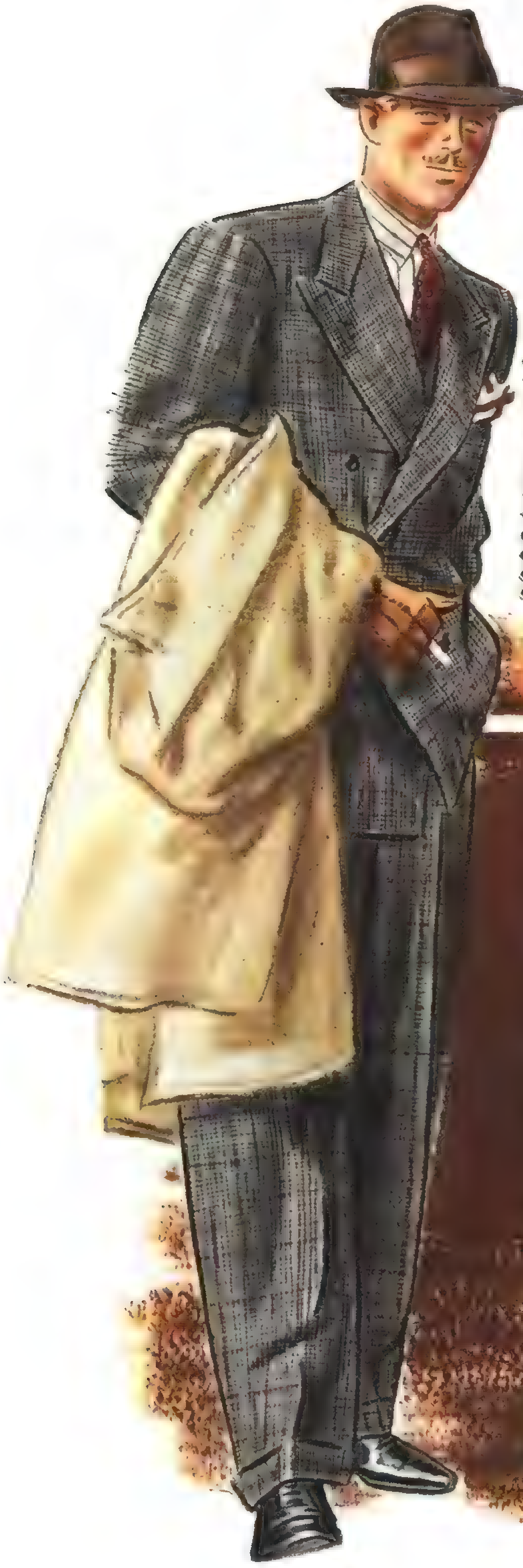
He is neither hit-and-miss with his clothes, nor is he painfully correct. But he **is** well dressed.

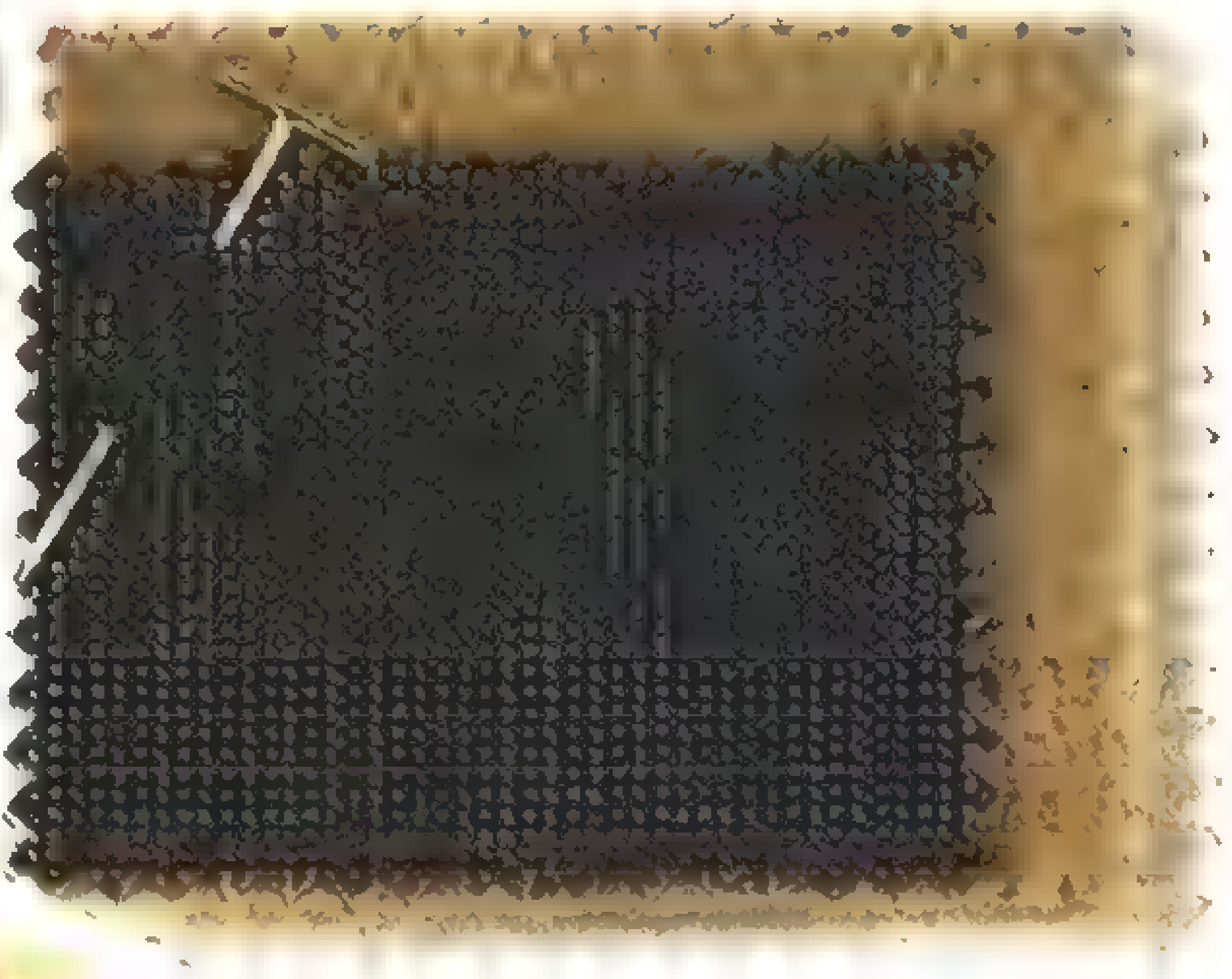
Not all of us possess the patience nor discrimination that he does. And this is where **Contempo** Related Fashions step in. A group of makers of fine men's wear joined together to create a series of "Related" outfits for all men who want to look well.

They then made exclusive arrangements with one important store in each of many cities, whereby it will have in its stocks these groups of "Related" items—so that you may select the **right** clothes. Clothes that belong to each other—and to you.

Directly to the left of this page is the list of stores. If your city is included by all means have the plan shown you. If not, mail your order, or inquiry, to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Ave., New York.

Perfectly tailored dark brown C & K hat with balanced low crown, wider brim, stitched welt edge.

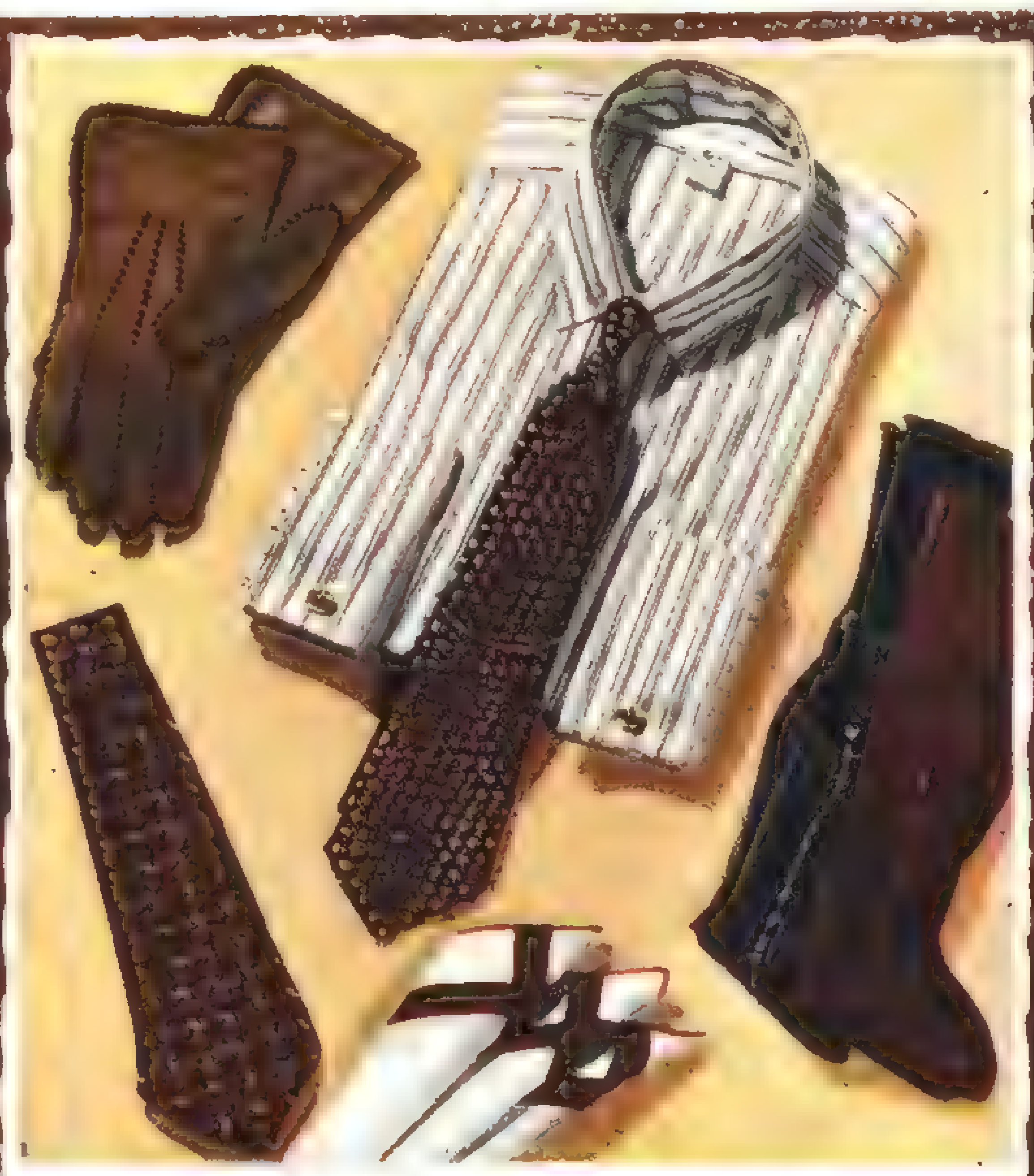




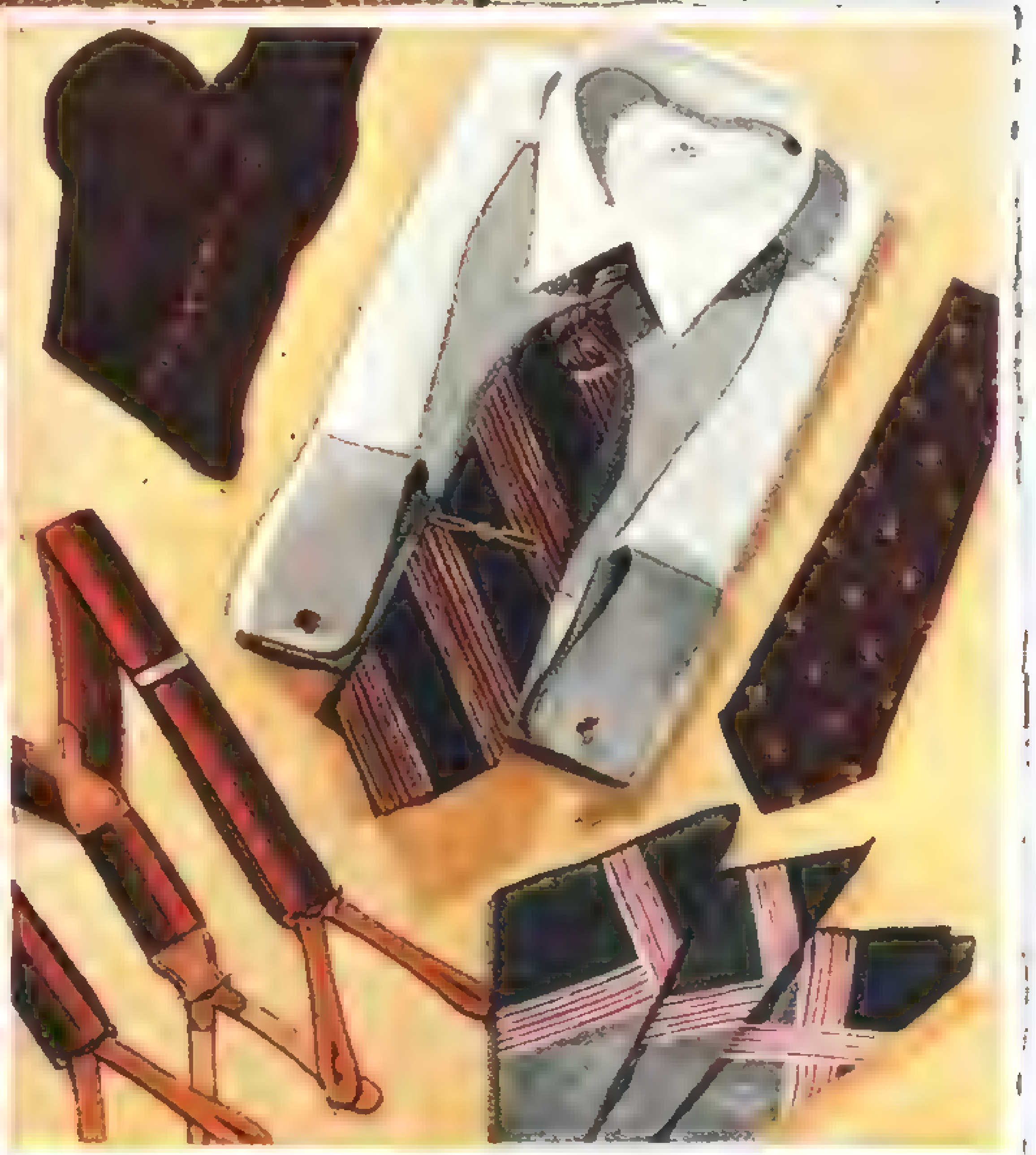
Suiting—Princeton Worsted Sharkskin with fine red oversquare.
Coating—Camel's hair at its best in Princeton's line quality.

Makers of CONTEMPO Fashions

Clothing Fabrics	**Princeton Worsted Mills** **Hockanum Mills Co.** **Strong Hewat & Co.**
Neckwear	**Bachrach Co.**
Shirts	**C. F. Hathaway Co.**
Pajamas, Belts, Braces	**Knothe Bros. Co.**
Robes	**Van Baalen, Heilbrun & Co.**
Jewelry	**Swank Products**
Sportswear	**McGregor**
Gloves	**Daniel Hays Co.**
Hats	**The Crofut & Knapp Co.**
Handkerchiefs	**Bloch Freres**
Socks	**Robbins and Naumberg Co.**
Luggage	**Boyle Leather Goods Co.**



Professional Group: Prescribed for the Sharkskin suit: Glove, "Whiphand," London tan, flair wrist, $5; Tab-collar broadcloth shirt in black and red stripings, $3; Pure silk English-type ties, $2; Woven foulard ties, $1.50; Hand-clocked ribbed socks, $1; French linen satin-border handkerchief, $1.



Executive Group: As an alternate, Contempo elects for the Sharkskin suit: Hand-clocked lisle socks, 50c; Midget-bosom, tick-checked shirt, $3; Twill multi-line striped ties, $1.50; Herringbone twill spaced-figure ties, $1; Tri-tone elastic braces, pigskin ends, $1.50; French hand-rolled handkerchief, 50c.

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

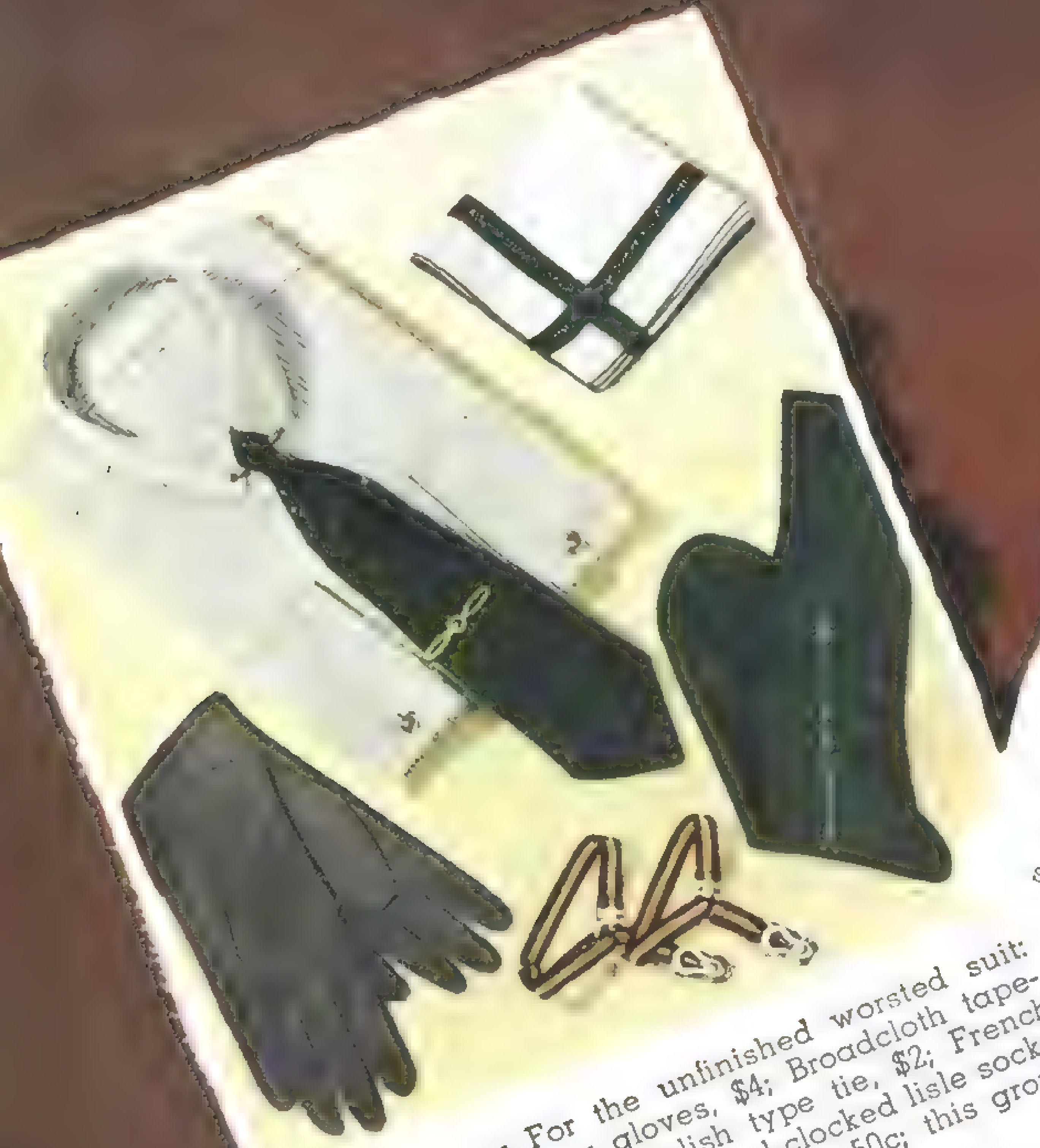
THESE MEN, TOO, ARE WELL DRESSED

C & K rough-finish, semi-sports hat in a brown mixture felt with tweed band.

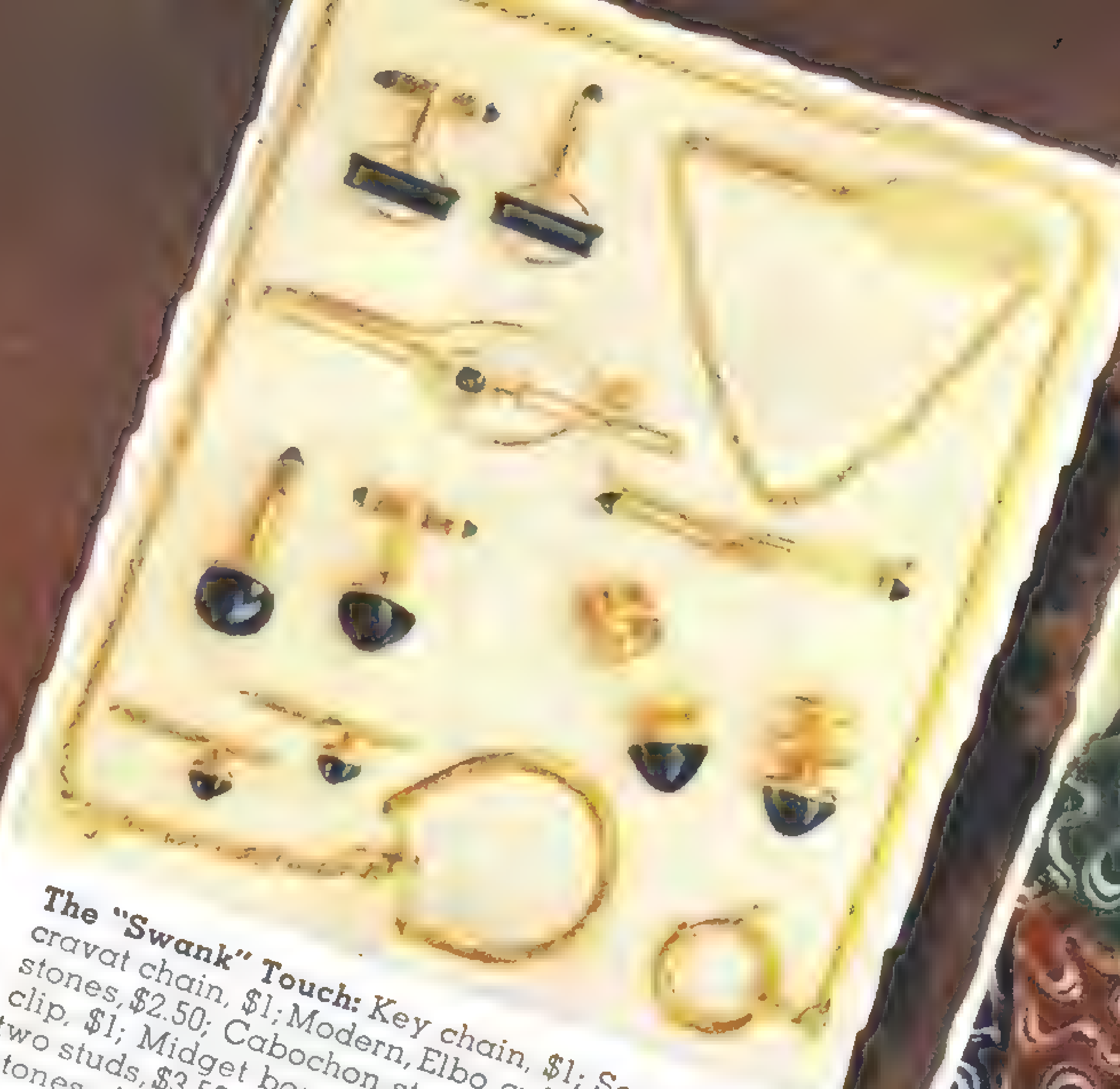
C & K new grey-shot-green hat with wider brim, worn up, and Cavanagh edge.

One of them is a university man. The other, a busy executive. They carry with them an air of being correct. But they didn't arrive at this state through chance. Their clothes, combining to create an impression of harmony, didn't just "happen." Someone had the patience and skill to help them choose their outfits with an expert eye for color, for fabric, for congeniality of spirit.

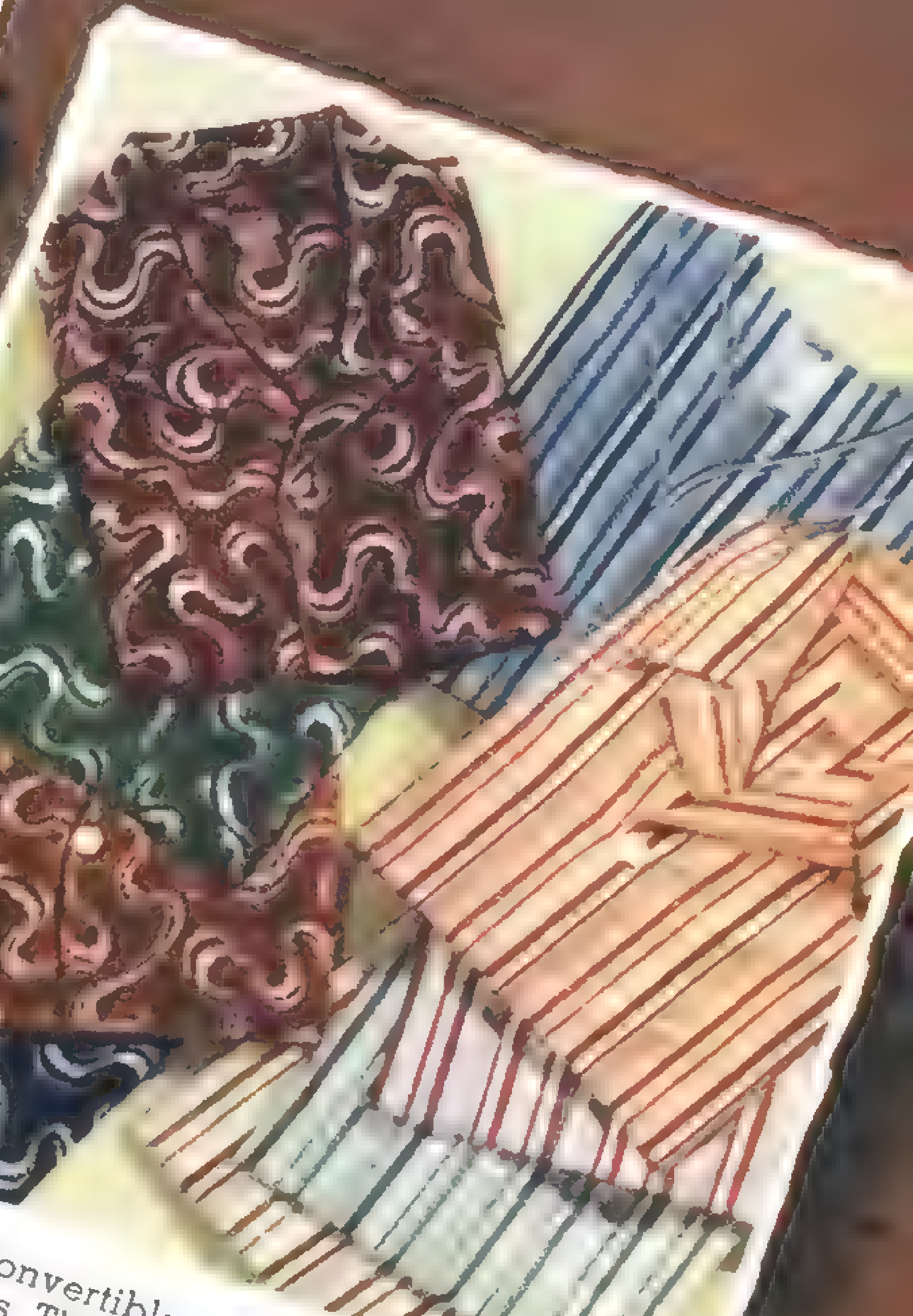
And that "someone" was a trained salesperson in one of the **Contempo** franchised stores listed two pages preceding this. They were able to select, conveniently, in that one store, the harmonious



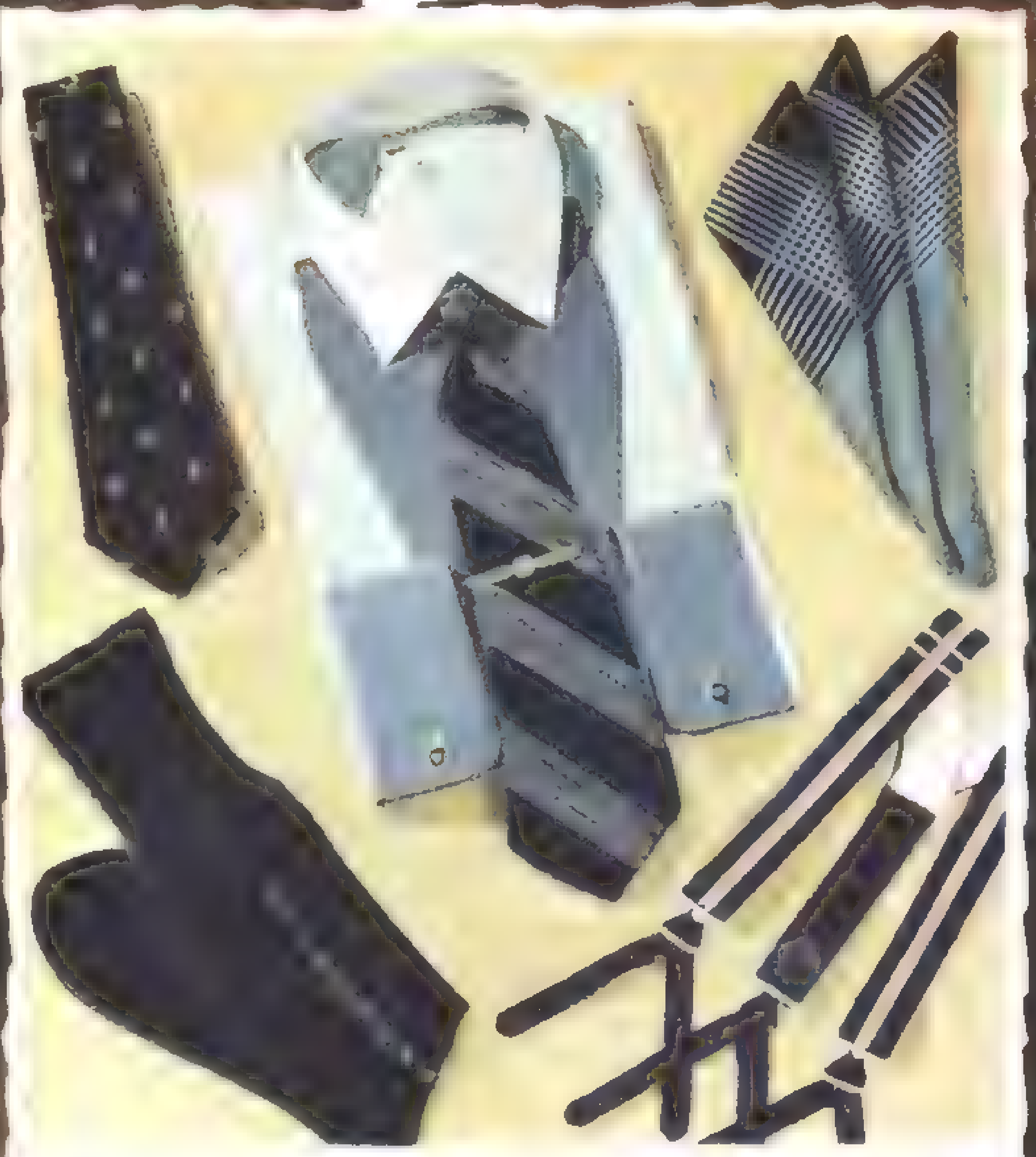
Town Group: For the unfinished worsted suit: Flair wrist mocha gloves, $4; Broadcloth tape-stripe shirt, $3.50; English type tie, $2; French linen handkerchief, $1; Hand-clocked lisle socks, 50c; Regimental striped garters, 50c; this group obtainable, also, in wine or blue.



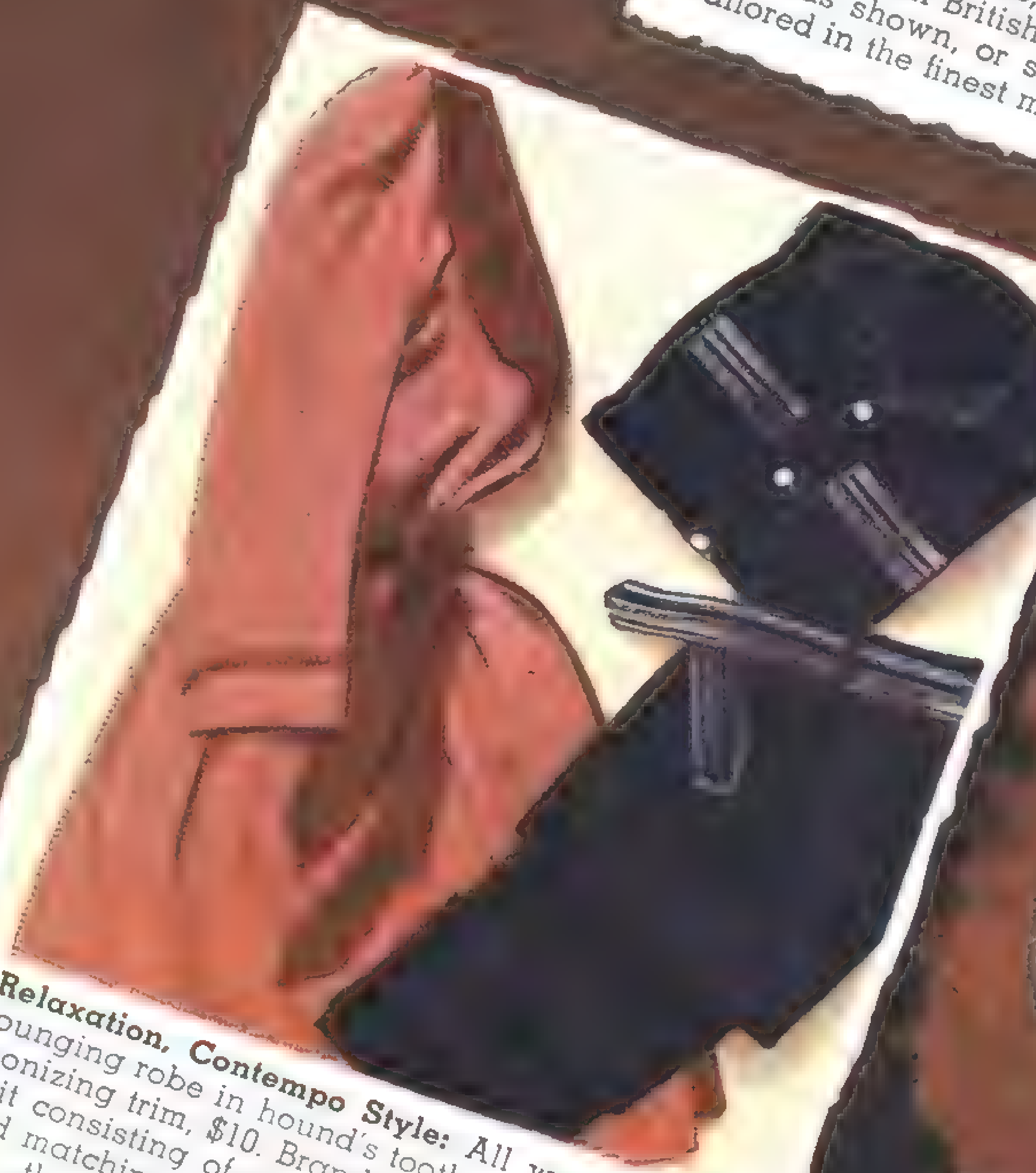
The "Swank" Touch: Key chain, $1; Square-link cravat chain, $1; Modern, Elbo cuff links, colored stones, $2.50; Cabochon stone tie-clip, $1; Collar clip, $1; Midget bosom shirt-set, Elbo links and two studs, $3.50; Kum-A-Part links, $1.50; Colored stones obtainable in red and green.



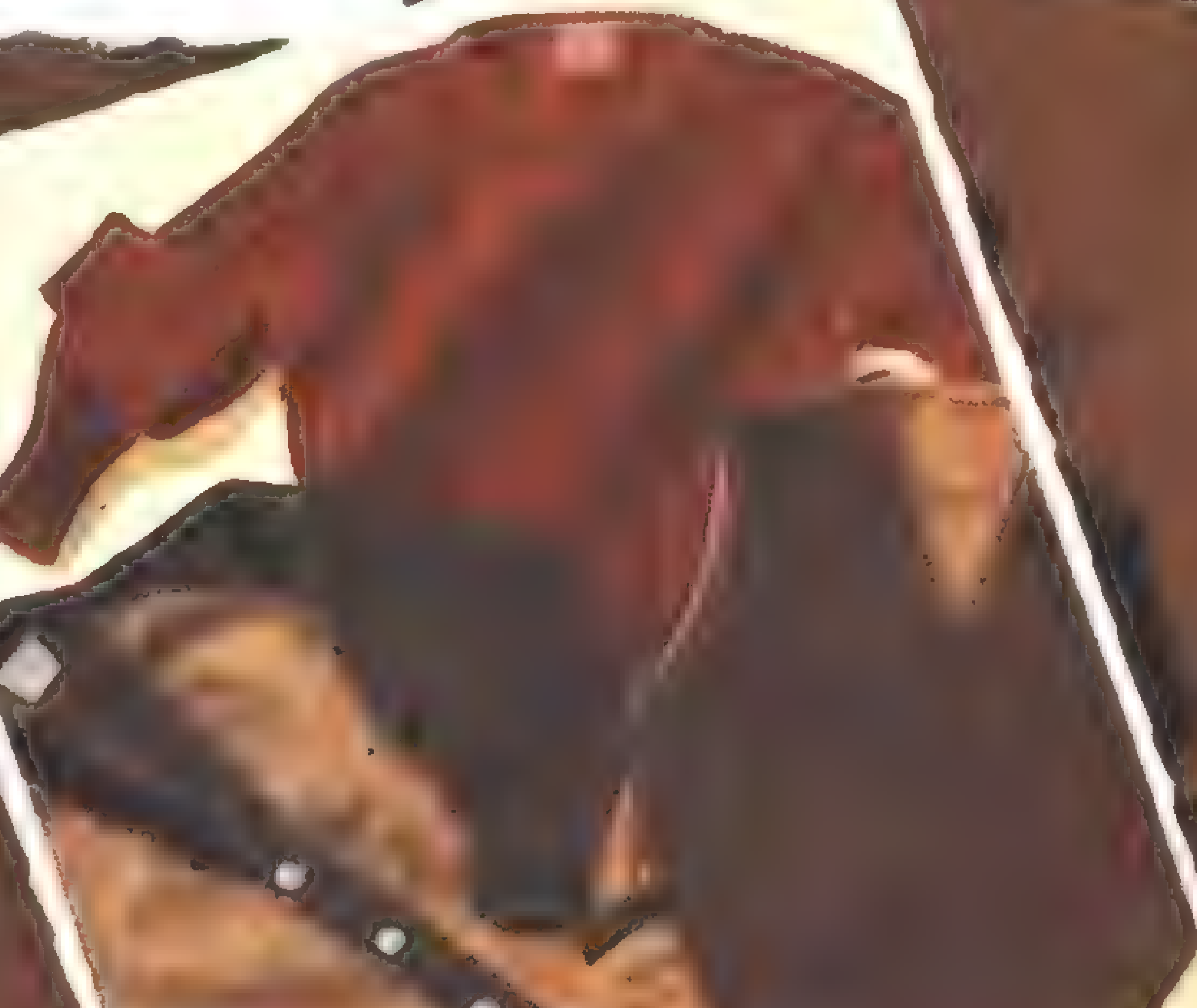
Sleep Suits: Convertible collar model, high count sateen pajamas. The design is of unusual beauty in striking colors, $5; "Sillex," a fine lustrous pajama fabric in British blazer stripes. Convertible collar as shown, or surplice middy style, $3 50. Tailored in the finest manner for luxurious sleep.



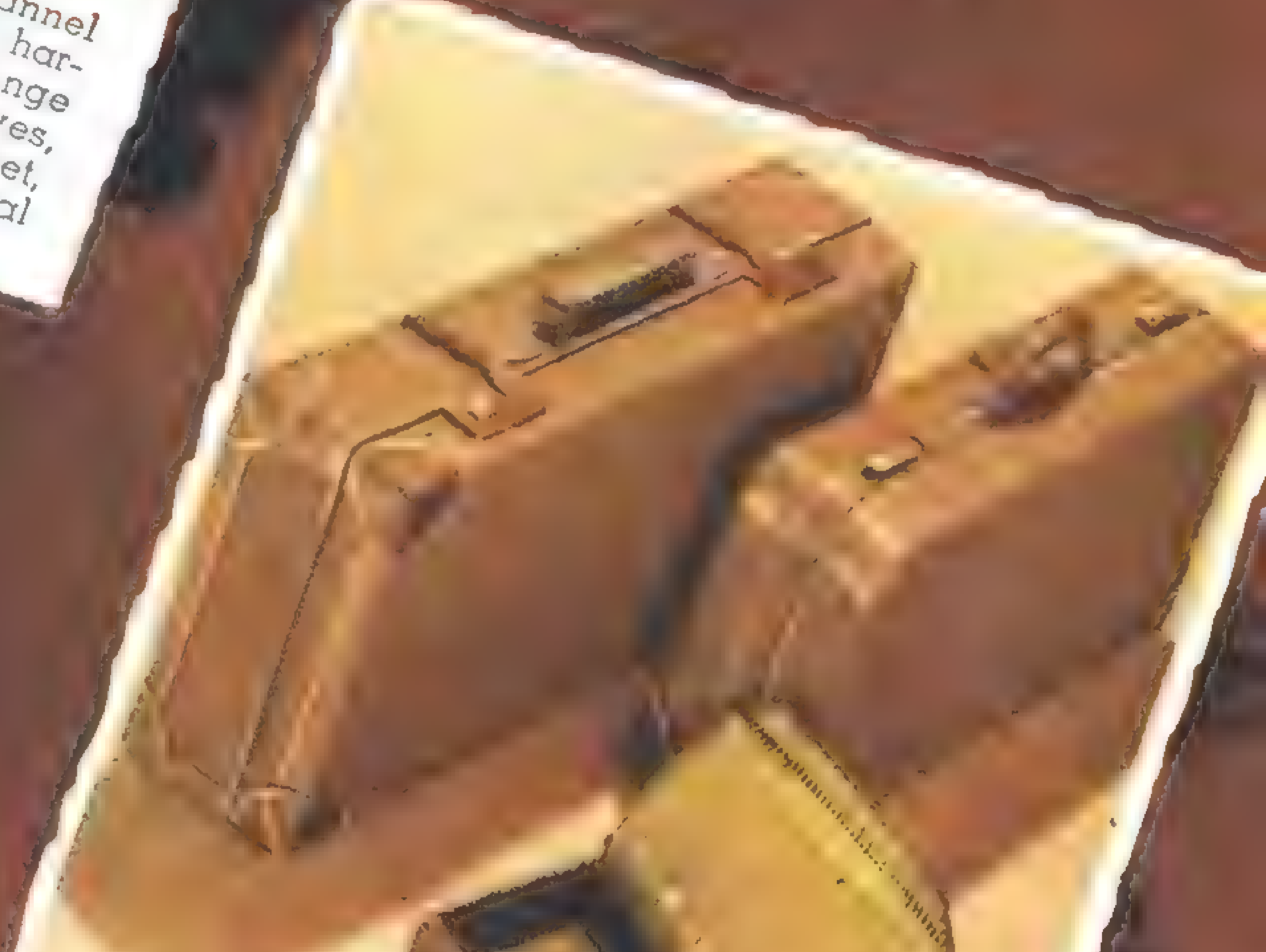
Business Group: Perfect cooperation for the unfinished worsted suit: Spaced figure tie, $1; Midget bosom, tick-check shirt, $3; Twill, multiline tie, $1.50; French handkerchiefs, 50c; Fabric-end ribbon braces, $1.50; hand-clocked lisle socks, 50c; this group, also, in wine or brown.



Relaxation, Contempo Style: All wool flannel lounging robe in hound's tooth check with harmonizing trim, $10. Brand new! Flannel lounge suit consisting of coat-shirt with long sleeves, and matching trousers. The trim of the pocket, and the ring-buckle belt are of regimental stripe ribbon, $15.



Sports Contemporaries: Pullover with smart new ribbing and crew neck, $5; All-around good sport, this jacket, with suede leather front and knitted sleeves and back, $8.50; Double-action sleeveless pullover . . . reversible, may be worn on either side, $5.



Contempo Travellers: Suitcase in hazelnut shrunken pigskin or London russet. Hand-loomed Scotch plaid linen lining, 24", $45; Gladstone in same leathers, 24", $35; Utility kit to carry toilet necessities, in same leathers, lined with imported striped oilskin, $6.

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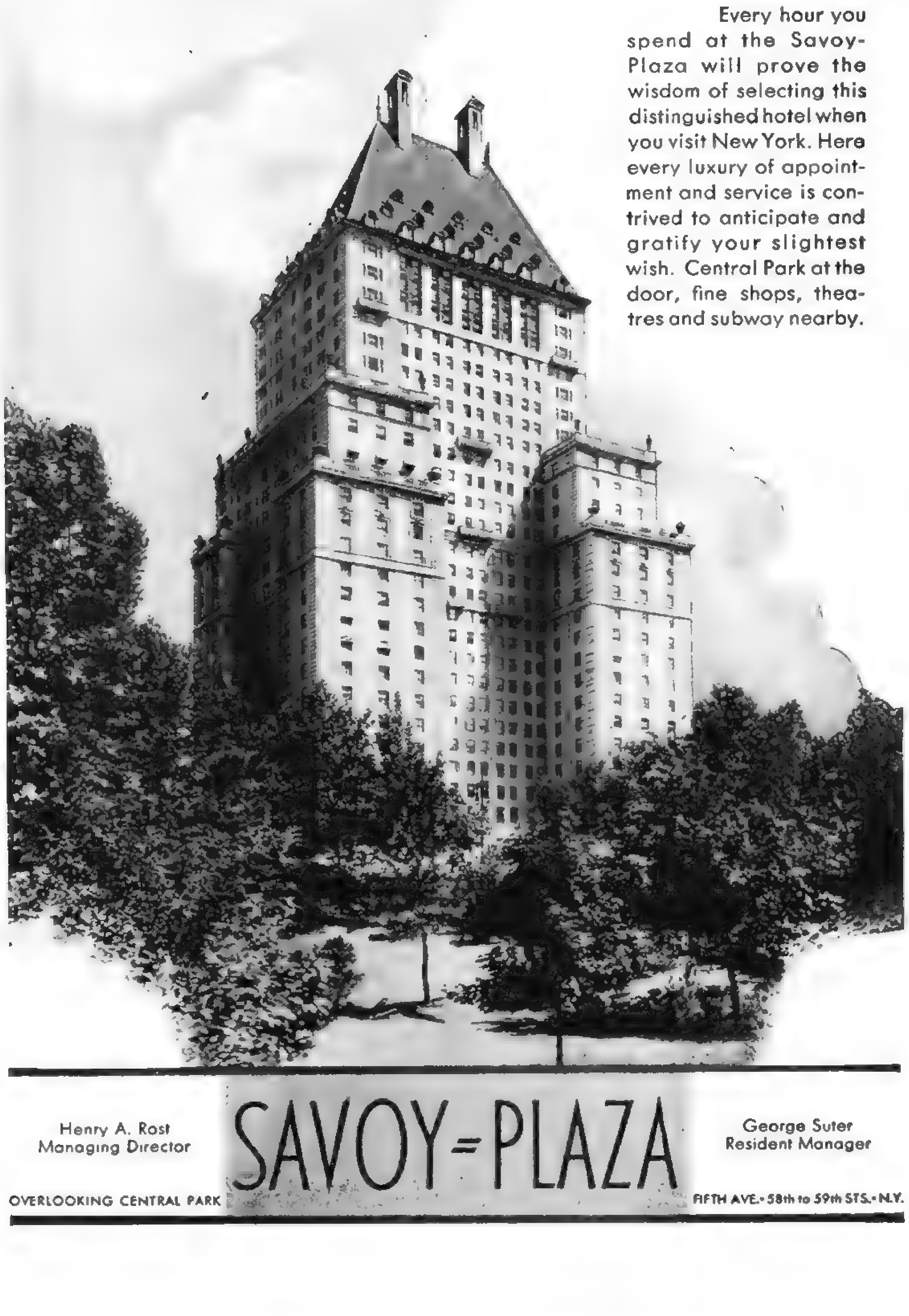
Every hour you spend at the Savoy-Plaza will prove the wisdom of selecting this distinguished hotel when you visit New York. Here every luxury of appointment and service is contrived to anticipate and gratify your slightest wish. Central Park at the door, fine shops, theatres and subway nearby.

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 115

ist, a distinction that should commend itself to every man.

The music endeavors to intensify his actions. The orchestra follows closely the emotions and thoughts of the characters and comments upon them and the situations in which they find themselves in a manner that is subtle and personal to Mr. Goossens.

There are leit-motif: the relentless, searching theme of Don Juan which, at the end, is transformed into an apotheosis; the quasi-Moorish theme of his servant, Hussein; themes for the various women, all of them blending in the final scene. An off-stage folk song in the gambling scene, the religious chant at the rise and fall of the last curtain, the serenade, the intermezzo, the hint of tragedy and the futility of Don Juan's search before the *denouement* of each victim, are damned effective. There are beautiful tunes but none that stick in the memory, as all depend on their harmonic sequence.

The vocal line follows naturally the inflection of the spoken word and, when it is distinctly uttered, as it was at the first performance, every word can be understood. The orchestration, complex as it is, never intrudes. As there are no set arias, no opportunities for vocal display, no grand ensembles, public and critics alike were at a loss to catalogue it.

In all probability, *Don Juan de Manara* will never be popular, but its good points become increasingly clear at every performance. It is an excellent vehicle for Lawrence Tibbett. He was capital in the title rôle and left nothing to be desired either in the matter of singing or of wooing. Ernest Newman found him "a little stiff," but admitted the part was extremely difficult.

* * *

England's younger opera house, Glyndebourne, went about its work in comparative quiet. Its routine is established and, as a "going" organization of serviceable proportions, it achieves what it set out to do: give well balanced performances of Mozart's greater scores. Fritz Busch somehow combines Prussianism with preciousness and this summer seemed more relaxed, less metronomic than last. His collaborator, Carl Ebert, is ideal, works hand-in-glove with him. The resultant ensemble is a delight at once to the eye and the ear.

Not all the participants have perfected the language in which they sing and as G. B. S., a nightly attendant, reiterates: they do not all have adequate voices. But, whatever its defects, the idea behind Glyndebourne is sound and deserves copying. Next summer Verdi's *Macbeth* and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* replace the *Seraglio* and the *Magic Flute* in the Glyndebourne repertoire. *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, and *Cosi Fan Tutte* are retained. The season extends from May twenty-first to July ninth.

* * *

No account of music in parasolland would be complete without a mention of the British Broadcasting Corporation which, in spite of a ponderous, self-righteous manner, deals out single acts of opera and fills in the intervals of Toscanini concerts with shipping news, weather and market reports, a practice which any civilized person knows is barbaric. Curious, isn't it, that an institution which prides itself on its freedom from vulgar American promotion methods could not provide music with a more suitable commentary than weather predictions?

While the reasons for this are being rationalized away for you, it might not be amiss to inquire what aesthetic sense is satisfied by having the maker's name printed in foot-high white letters on every concert grand. Or, why the court of St. James allows itself to be used as a show window for West End dressmakers? The gowns of ladies presented at court are described in detail in the social columns and the name and address of their designer is included.

Let us congratulate the B. B. C. that Toscanini has expressed a willingness to return next spring and put their orchestra through its paces. He wrought familiar miracles with its one hundred men and twenty women who played, according to veterans, as they have never played before. The indisputable rightness of feeling, the eloquent unfolding of themes, the symmetry and delicacy of balance which he alone achieves, were unmistakably there. The sonority of brass and wood-wind, the fullness and beauty of tone to which we are accustomed, were missing. The outline was there, but not the full color. During the Wagner concert, especially in the *Ride of the Valkyries*, my inner ear proved much stronger than the physical one and I found myself continually filling in the well remembered opulence of his Carnegie Hall tone.

It is reassuring that the English have, at last, discovered Toscanini. For years, they regarded him as a product of American ballyhoo, as they did Kirsten Flagstad last summer and Lawrence Tibbett this. Had these artists come straight to England, landed first at Harwich or Southampton, and sought London's approval before they were touted in New York, their acceptance would have been quicker.

This is only natural, as Londoners pride themselves on being in the center of the music world. They believe no artist's reputation secure until he has been approved there, no singer made until he has been acclaimed at Covent Garden. They spend hours in clubs and pubs reassuring themselves that the States are populated with the descendants of jail-birds, most of whom are gangsters who still take pride in singing *God Save the King*, that Lindbergh was not the first man to fly the Atlantic, that American movies are perversive, and at the same time rationalizing the fact that nearly all of them from violinists to hall porters, choir singers to portrait painters, band leaders to script writers want to be in America.

They hear many good stories as the one Sir Cedric Hardwicke brought back from America. He went, he said, to inspect a costly collection of "old masters" in a multi-millionaire's mansion. And the valet, who heard him expressing his admiration of the fine paintings, remarked: "Yes—very fine pictures, sir, very fine—and all imported, you know."

They fail to realize that, having imported and enjoyed the world's best in far greater quantities than they, our music public has assimilated and become accustomed to higher standards of performance than they know. They fail, also, to realize the provincial reactions of their own audiences.

To confirm the fact, you have only to attend the *Proms*, where right now all Bloomsbury, in Christ-like beards and shorts, is hugging the latest air-conditioning equipment—an eight-foot block of ice—and roaring profoundly no matter how lousy the performance. The *Proms* have a tradition, present a fresh program every night for eight weeks.

Nurtured on them, the English music-lover becomes loyal rather than discriminating, more sentimental than objective in his reactions. He can seldom distinguish the third-rate from the superlative. He has not yet grasped the fact that the ways of art are frequently un-English. Like the angler, he was "born to be so."

RECORDS

Nothing in England approaches in *brusquerie* and vigor the activity of the Gramophone Company which merchandises music in a comphrehensive manner not yet attempted on our shores. It has formed, for example, Societies. They are not as formidable nor as exclusive as the name implies, their organization being partly a publicity stunt and partly a move to organize connoisseurs. There is no fee: the only qualification for membership is sufficient cash to pay for an album of records.

Their value lies in the fact that, by banding together enthusiasts in advance, a sufficient demand is created to make profitable the recording of great music that would not otherwise be available. The first Society was formed over six years ago and to date has issued five volumes of Hugo Wolf's incomparable *lieder*, sung by authoritative interpreters, such as Elena Gerhardt, Ria Ginster, Elisabeth Rethberg, Herbert Janssen, Alexander Kipnis, and John McCormack.

The Mozart Opera Society has issued *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, and *Don Giovanni*, all conducted by Fritz Busch and recorded in the Glyndebourne Opera House. No one would claim that these albums, nine in all, have succeeded in capturing the whole charm of the picturesque rendezvous in the Sussex Downs. Not a little of its atmosphere is provided by its yew trees, its rose gardens, and its wine-cellars.

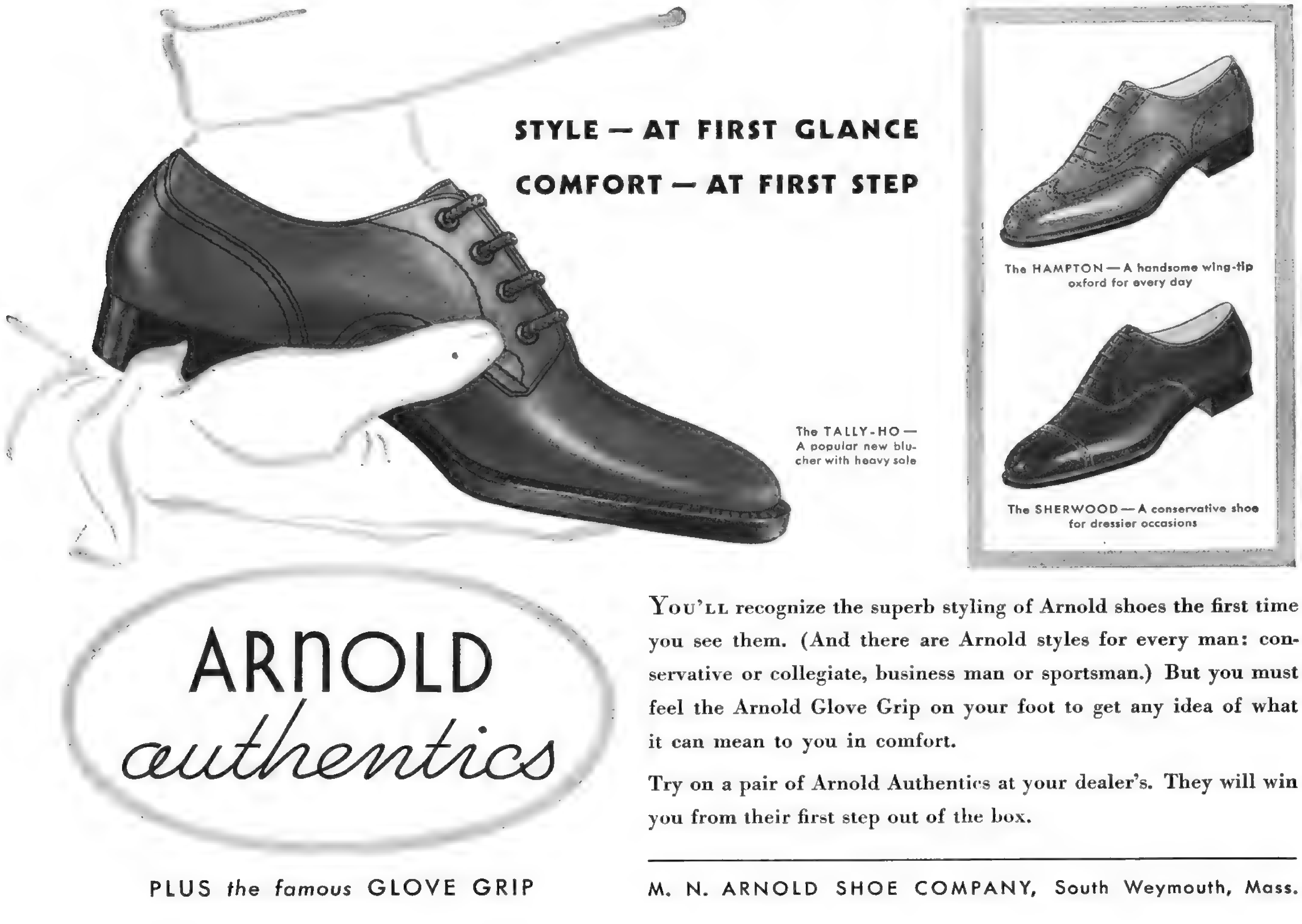
The habitual attendant misses in the records the fine work of Producer Cal Ebert and feels his attention too forcibly concentrated on the voices. Actually, the Glyndebourne singers are not good enough to record Mozart. To sing his pure melodies is to sing naked. And the microphone cruelly reveals each flaw and each pitiful struggle to cover the vocal line. The tension is less noticeable, naturally, in concerted numbers. The strong and the weak points of Mr. Busch's conducting are immediately evident, though his admirers will contend the reproduction fails to do his orchestra justice. For my ear, a harpsichord would have been preferable to a piano in the accompaniments to the recitatives.

Whatever their defects and shortcomings, these records are welcome. They are the only recordings of Mozart's operas we are likely to have. The music is ageless and a constant delight. In these days, unless you are satisfied to read the score and let your imagination supply the sound, you can never hear it.

* * *

Another *only* is the album of the Coronation Service at Westminster Abbey. It begins with the entrance of the King and Queen, includes the oath and the declaration of George VI, the presenting of the sword and spurs, the Enthronization, the anthem of Homage, the Coronation of Elizabeth, the *Te Deum*, and *God Save the King*. In addition to the liturgical part of the service (which does not vary) and the musical (which does), the reading of the rubrics was recorded along with an explanation of those ceremonial acts which are not audible in themselves.

This is the first Coronation to be preserved on wax. Needless to say, it is for posterity. #



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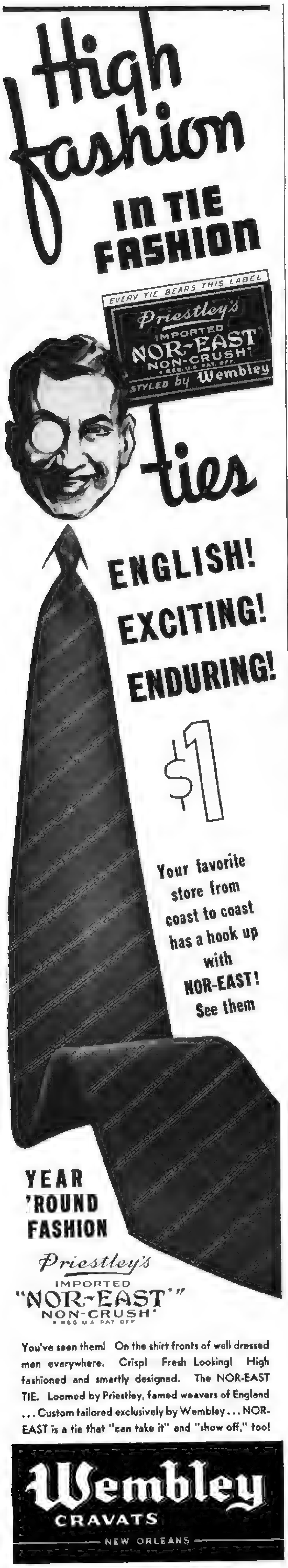

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Wembley
CRAVATS
NEW ORLEANS

Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 122

The islands have never been inhabited although practically in the Panama-Los Angeles steamship lane. Largest island some nine miles long, called Secorro in the Navigation charts, covered with intensely thick vines but no trees. Only one evidence of human occupation; a spring on the edge of a small harbor on the southwest inlet, above a beach covered with volcanic ash. Somebody has hacked a big "W" above it in the face of the lava rock, meaning water, and an arrow pointing to the spring.

Centuries ago, the Spanish *conquistadors* had an idea that this island would make a swell penal colony for the captive Aztecs. They moved a colony there but it did not survive and the attempt was abandoned. The question to be answered is: was this island an active volcano at the time? Is it part of the rocky backbone of the Peninsula of Lower California, or just the top of a submarine volcanic formation? Where did the swarm of wild pigs come from which now run wild on its hot, ash-covered slopes? Was there any evidence of ancient occupation? Will the island explode some day in a monster volcanic eruption, like Krakatoa in 1883?

CLARION ISLAND

Clarion is listed as one of the Revillagigedo Group, but it is three hundred miles farther westward. It is likewise totally uninhabited, except for thousands of pure white gulls which have swarmed all over the seaward face for centuries and left deep deposits of guano. Only possible landing is a shallow beach-bordered bay on the south shore listed on Hydrographic Office chart as Sulphur Bay. On landing you will notice the presence of sulphur in the atmosphere, and the tremors in the soft, porous lava surface are so frequent as to make camping uncomfortable. Lie offshore and return to the base ship each night. Clarion was named by a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy about 1840 after his ship, the HMS *Clarion* which made the first observations and took soundings in the harbor. It has about a dozen names on ancient maps. The question is: what is the source of these tremors and the sulphur-laden atmosphere? Is the island itself an inactive volcanic crater, or connected by rock strata with the main outlet at Secorro?

CLIPPERTON ISLAND

A microscopic British possession about seven hundred miles southwest of Acapulco. It was inhabited once, abandoned now. You can still see the remains of a short stone pier, but don't attempt to land there because there is only about 4 feet of water there at high tide. At low tide it is landlocked. Some British company during the war had the brilliant idea of using this remote island for a source of some chemical needed by the Allies, but they stopped work, moved out, and left a habitable settlement. This is a source of material for a magazine article and does not require the assistance of a scientist. The question is: "what's the story?"

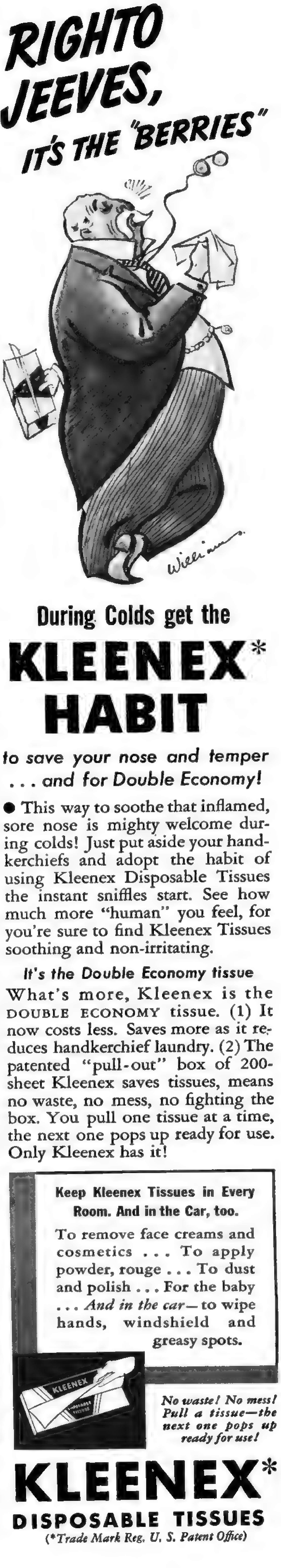
GREAT CORN AND LITTLE CORN

Here are a couple of uninhabited islands reeking in historical association, easily available to curious yachtsmen, and yet practically unknown. They are for Florida sportsmen, lying about fifty miles directly off Bluefields, Nicaragua, in the most delightful section of the Caribbean. There is no water on either island. They are about five miles apart, and low against the horizon. During the age of piracy these two islands were continually occupied by landing parties from hostile buccaneer brigs; a deal of fighting took place on Great Corn and there might be some evidence of pirate occupation there. Take an archaeologist.

Historically, these two spots in the blue Caribbean are fascinating. They are kept free of settlement by mutual agreement between the United States and all the Central American republics. During Bryan's term as Secretary of State he was all lathered up about pushing a sea-level canal through Nicaragua, and he acquired these islands by treaty. The idea was to establish a mammoth naval and air-defense base to protect the eastern terminus of said canal. But when the little republics learned of the Great Commoner's plan there was such a hue and cry about "Yankee Imperialism" and the dangers of a big Gringo naval base in their front yards, that Bryan abandoned the idea and the islands too. They have never been inhabited since. The question: What can an archaeologist learn there?

THE CAPE CHIDLEY MAELSTROM

For more ambitious undertakings, we might suggest a complete explanation of one of the greatest natural phenomena on the earth—the giant whirlpool, or maelstrom, which occurs periodically just north of Cape Chidley, Labrador. The attempt requires a large base ship and an airplane with considerable cruising radius. Icebergs newly formed from the Greenland icecap drift south until they strike a crosscurrent coming out of Hudson Strait and there, off Cape Chidley, they start going round and round in a circle whose diameter was figured by Commander Syd Bonnick at approximately five miles. When conditions are right, there is a whirlpool formed which creates centrifugal force enough to turn these bergs over and over, crush them together . . . thousands and thousands of tons of ice smashing together with indescribable violence and a force beyond measurement. Commander Bonnick was based in a *fjord* nearby on a recent airplane expedition and saw this phenomenon occur but could not get any pictures because of the extreme danger of being caught in the at-



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(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

mospheric disturbance around it. Nobody has ever, in fact, got close enough to get a picture of it. The attempt requires an oceanographer, a pilot, an aerial photographer and a lot of equipment. But if successful it would insure the expedition's sponsor of a secure place in the oceanographer's Hall of Fame.

THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE

Progressing farther into the upper strata of exploration society, there is a chance for some wealthy man to make a modern survey of the North Magnetic Pole. It has been almost forgotten since its discovery and identification by Sir James Clark Ross in 1841; the same Ross who discovered the Ross Sea in the Antarctic; the Ross Ice Barrier which became so familiar to followers of Admiral Byrd's adventures. The point is a hillside overlooking a placid bay on a moss-covered plateau known as the Boothia Peninsula, and in the century or less since its discovery hardly a soul has been there. With the marvelously accurate instruments available to modern scientists, the North Magnetic Pole ought to be rechecked. Boothia Peninsula faces the ice-locked McClintoc Channel high in the Arctic. The most feasible method of bringing science to this isolated spot is by airplane, from Great Bear Lake in upper Canada.

You make it in two hops, from Great Bear Lake to Victoria Land, north of the continental mainland, and thence to the shore of this peninsula from which point it is a 100-mile trip inland. The expedition would be sponsored by every high ranking scientific body and be followed by the scientists at home with deference and medals. There ought to be a marker at the North Magnetic Pole, at least.

LOST JUNGLE CITIES

About eight years ago Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were highly complimented by the world press upon discovering some unknown cities of the "Maya" period in the dense jungles of Yucatan. While according the Colonel and his lady every deference due their discovery, two or three Americans who knew that country refused to join in the huzzahs and the hoorays.

They knew, and so will you if you fly there, that it is practically impossible to do much serious expedition flying in Yucatan and British Honduras without discovering something of genuine archaeological value. The rub, of course, comes after the discovery. You must then hire an army of peons and Indians and hack your way through the jungle to that point and begin the laborious job of photographing, classifying, indexing and excavation. On the conscientiousness with which you clean up your find depends a large part of its scientific value.

Capt. Bob Smith, an aerial photographer, accompanied Gregory Mason down there a few years ago and their experience provides a good example of how to do the job. Gregory Mason is a professional explorer; a trained archaeologist, a member of the Explorer's Club of New York and much in demand as a lecturer. He made money on his trip, because he took the time to answer the riddles of the two discoveries he made. He "cleaned 'em up."

You can do the same. If you are lucky enough to get a recognized archaeologist to accompany you, the expedition is not expensive and almost certain to produce acceptable scientific data.

PIRATE GOLD!

Hardheaded business men continually buy gold bricks because of some sentimental factor that warps their judgment. The adolescent lure of finding a buried treasure is something that otherwise sane men cannot discuss without a wild gleam in their eyes; a demoniac laugh. They belong in a different category than the adventure-bound vacationer who wants a good time and something of scientific value to bring back. The Galapagos Islands, Cocos Island, all those Pacific paradises where pirates used to roam, have been thoroughly worked by experts without result. You'll have more fun if you don't succumb to this fever. Furthermore, no reputable scientist will accompany you if you tell him that is your goal.

If you just have a curiosity about pirate gold, there is a swell article for the *National Geographic* on the subject, illustrated by color photographs you can make of actual pieces of eight authentic doubloons, milled gold Spanish dollars that formed the bulk of pirate booty, and a leisurely jaunt around the Caribbean in a schooner to get location shots. You'll make money on that, too. The *Geographic* is a lucrative market.

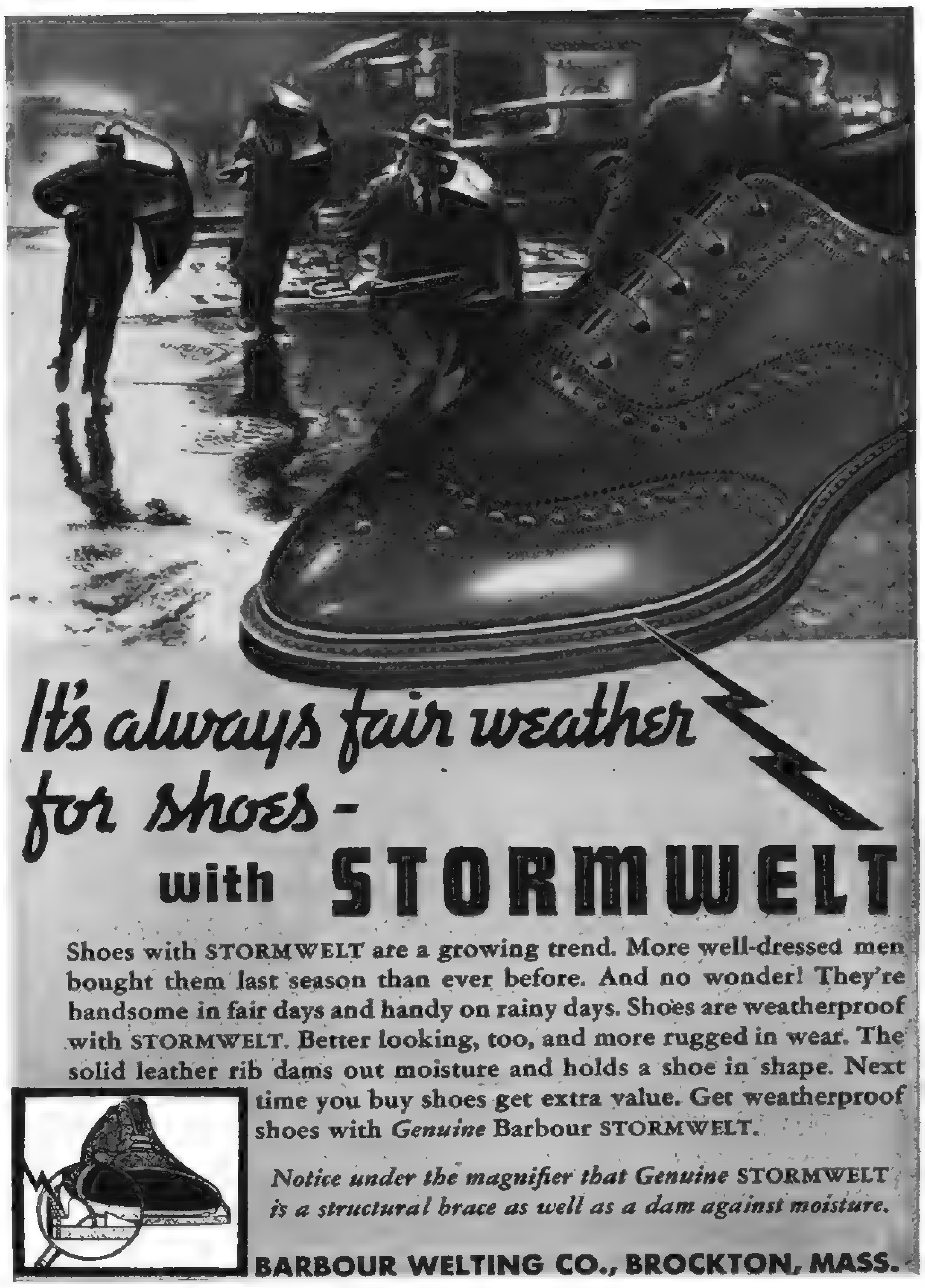
PAY ME

If your amateur expedition returns with accurate information, sharp pictures and any important scientific data, you have an avenue open for getting back the cost of the expedition. You can lecture about it if it has any popular appeal or does anything spectacular. Some lecturers go on and on forever, year after year, like Tennyson's brook. You always have the travel magazines, the popular magazines and the book publishers to help you, if your ghost writer is any good. Pick out an able feature writer on a big-city newspaper's Sunday section, and offer him a percentage of what he can make.

Travel and educational film producers buy footage of these remote spots, if you carry a 35 mm. camera. You might make a regular one-reeler of the expedition if you have some help from these distributors and film editors.

One expedition of which I have personal knowledge was finished in six weeks at a cost of approximately two thousand dollars. One

Continued at top of page 234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Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from pages 122-233

article in a popular magazine on the focal point of the expedition netted the explorer eighteen hundred. He sold four others at prices ranging from one hundred to five hundred dollars. He had a whole page of pictures in the New York *Times* roto section, and that publicity got him booked for a series of twenty-four lectures to civic clubs at fifty dollars each.

Maybe you've often wondered where these explorers get the money to make these thrilling trips. The one they just finished pays for the next. And allows them a comfortable sum over for living expenses and alimony to their wives who sometimes don't like the idea, strangely enough.

I have made a few trips like this myself; ghost-written for some successful amateur explorers, and have been studying the technique with the laudable ambition of being the head guy myself one of these days. I am deeply impressed with the rapid increase in the number of business men and erstwhile cabin-cruiser vacationists who are turning explorers.

The income-tax deduction allows them the use of a small sum which is usually all they need for the whole enterprise. And they invariably get it back, in most cases actually make money out of the adventure.

I know where there are some interesting objects in the province of Quintana Roo, Mexico, down in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that are worth going after. Some day I'm going to head an expedition of my own, down there in the Mexican jungles, and bring 'em back. I'm eager for the sway and vibration of an airplane cabin high over the Yucatan plain; the bulk of an aerial camera between my arms, and the sight of an ancient city lost to the world for a thousand years looming up in my camera sights. I know it's there. And as an amateur explorer, I'm going back and get it! ‡

The Cement Arm

Continued from page 112

after face in the smoky dive. His heart bobbed suddenly. The guy at the table next to his was a do-do. He was a Spig, apparently, a guy with coal black hair and a face as gray as rubber, and he was charged to the ears. The pupils of his little black eyes were pin points.

He was alone and Chick went over to his table and sat down. "I'm gapping, pal," he confided in a lowered voice, "gapping like all Jeeze."

The Spig turned his pin point eyes on him, slowly lit a butt and said in a far-away voice: "So what?"

"I want some H," Chick persisted, depending on that brotherhood which all junkers feel for each other. "I just blow into the burg, see, and I gotta get a wire. Do you know where a guy could get a wire, pal?"

The Spig acted like he wasn't all there. He just stared vacantly at his cigarette and said nothing at all. He was damn well charged all right.

"I ain't on the mooch," Chick went on desperately, "I got dough for stuff, plenty dough."

The Spig looked at him dreamily for many seconds, then his rubber face twitched with an effort at concentration and his voice drifted down again from far away. "I know a mug what drives a hack," he said. "His name is Bugs and he wears a cigarette back of his ear."

"Where?" Chick's teeth were clamping his lower lip and his fingers, clutching the table edge, were white with strain.

"Fifty-second," sighed the Spig, "and Lex."

Chick went back to his table, but paused there only long enough to pay his check and fish the cherry from his untouched cocktail. Munching the cherry, he left the cabaret and his stride was long as he again headed for a subway station. Now he really was beginning to gap a little. The effects of the jab he had taken on the train were wearing off and seeing the Spig under the effects of the real stuff had increased his yen to a feverish hunger. When he got on the subway train it seemed to crawl. He fidgeted and felt sweat wetting his upper lip—first symptoms. If he didn't get a real bang soon he'd have to resort to his codeine—keep on turning to cement.

Furtively, he twice circled the four corners of Fifty-second and Lexington. Then his breath escaped him in a great sigh of relief. There was a hackman there, loitering beside his parked taxi, and he had a cigarette stuck back of his ear.

Chick went straight up to him. The hackman was a big, broad-shouldered guy, a Ginny, and Chick could see right away that, like most pushers-out, he didn't have a habit. But he had that butt stuck back of his ear.

"Bugs?" Chick whispered.

"Yeah."

"I want some H."

The Ginny hackman scowled and acted tough. "What th' hell you talking about?" he demanded. "I don't know you, Mac, and I ain't got any idear what you're talkin' about."

Chick told him about the Spig do-do in Harlem. "I got the dough," he added.

Bugs gave him a long once-over. "Let's see it," he ordered.

Chick pulled out a five-dollar bill and the hackman snatched it and put it in his pocket. "That's good for two bindles," he said less belligerently. "Wait here for five minutes, see? Then shag over to Fifty-fourth and Second. There's an ashcan there. In the ashcan you'll see an old cigarette pack. Get it?"

"I get it." Chick's voice shook.

Bugs got in his cab and drove away. Chick paced nervously up and down Lexington for five long minutes. Then he walked fast to Second avenue, up to Fifty-fourth. There was an ashcan there, all right, and inside of it, on top of a lot of other refuse, was a crumpled pack which once had contained Luckies. He pocketed it and hustled away. Under a street lamp in the middle of a deserted block, he looked into it. It contained two decks all right—two small folded papers filled with white powder.

It was all Chick could do to keep from breaking into a run as he turned once more toward the subway. But it wasn't smart to run in city streets at night. He couldn't stand a frisk now, not with the precious dust on him.

With fingers that trembled, he dropped a nickel into the subway turnstile, went immediately to the men's room. There was nobody inside. He opened and closed a door, took off his coat. He sat down, rolled up his right sleeve and noosed his greasy necktie over the skinny, white arm.

Then he got out the spectacle case which contained his "works" a blackened spoon, safety pin and glass eye-dropper. He dumped one bindle of dust into the spoon and dissolved it with a few drops of water. He held a lighted match under the spoon, let the solution heat and sucked it up in the eye-dropper. Then, with a skill gained by long practice, he tightened the necktie on his arm, jabbed himself with the safety pin and inserted the tip of the eye-dropper into the wound. Finally, he released the necktie noose and pressed the rubber bulb of the eye-dropper at the same time.

Holy Jeeze, it was good! It was so good that he fainted. For almost a minute he was out of the picture. He just sat there, sprawling forward, arms dangling, small Irish face turned to the dirty floor.

Then, as the first shock of the stuff wore off, he felt wonderful. He sprang up laughing, pocketed his works, put on his necktie and coat. It had been so long since he'd had a bang of good heroin that he'd had no idea the stuff would wallop him like that. God, he felt good. It was almost like the first time he'd ever used junk.

What a punk he'd been, sticking on codeine so long, sticking in Buffalo and turning to cement when all he had to do was come to the big burg and get the real stuff and amount to something. He ran his right hand up and down his shiny left sleeve. Already, in his imagination it seemed the cement arm was softening up. If that dumb copper Riley could only see him now.

Impulsively, he ran his hand under his shirt and ripped out the Bull Durham bag of codeine he had sewed there. He dumped the contents and, laughing like hell, threw the empty bag on the floor and jumped on it. He was through with the lousy stuff, thank God. A guy might as well shoot plaster of Paris into his carcass. Boy, did he feel high!

Fighting down an impulse to burst again into hysterical laughter, Chick went out on the street. It was late now and starting to rain, but he didn't notice it. With long, springy strides he walked north. He didn't know where he was going and he didn't give a whoop. He just kept on going block after block.

Once he stopped in front of another clothing store. There was a gray-striped suit in the window like the one he had seen on Broadway and he had to laugh when he thought how he had felt he would be satisfied if he had a suit like that. Nuts! It just went to show you what Buffalo and codeine would do to a man. Now he would get himself a whole flock of suits and maybe a tux, too. He'd always wanted a tux.

No more petty larceny or shining cars. That was mug's stuff. There were better ways of making a buck. Maybe he'd break into the junk racket and be a successful pusher-out, like Bugs the hackman. There was dough in that. First, he'd turn all his profits back into H. He'd get himself a little flat and hide good H all over the joint. Then, when he was sure he had plenty, he'd buy the suits and the tux. He had to laugh when he thought of himself walking down the big stem in a tux.

Right now he wasn't in a bad spot. He was in the big burg, he had a deck on him and, while he was about out of dough, he still had that queer twenty. He'd shove it while he was still feeling high and invest the whole works in more H. Then he'd look around for a nice dodge.

Chick strode on and on and, before he knew it, he was back in Harlem again. Not in the strictly dinge quarter this time, but further east where there were more whites. After a while he met Eva.

She was a big blonde broad and she was patrolling a dingy and almost deserted street under elevated tracks. She must have weighed all of two-hundred, she was not well dressed, and she walked unsteadily. An amateur and a lush. She looked so dumb, too, that when she gave him the come-on Chick went up to her.

"Lonesome, handsome?"

Her voice was thick, she spoke with a flat Scandinavian accent, and she was plenty soused all right. Her heavy face was red and bloated, her green eyes blank, and she smelled as though she'd been swimming in hooch. If he was looking for a dame he'd tell the world he wouldn't pick on that tramp. But Chick wasn't thinking of that.

"What's a name, baby?" he asked.

"Eva." She gave him a dumb smile and clamped a big hand over his skinny arm.

Continued on page 236

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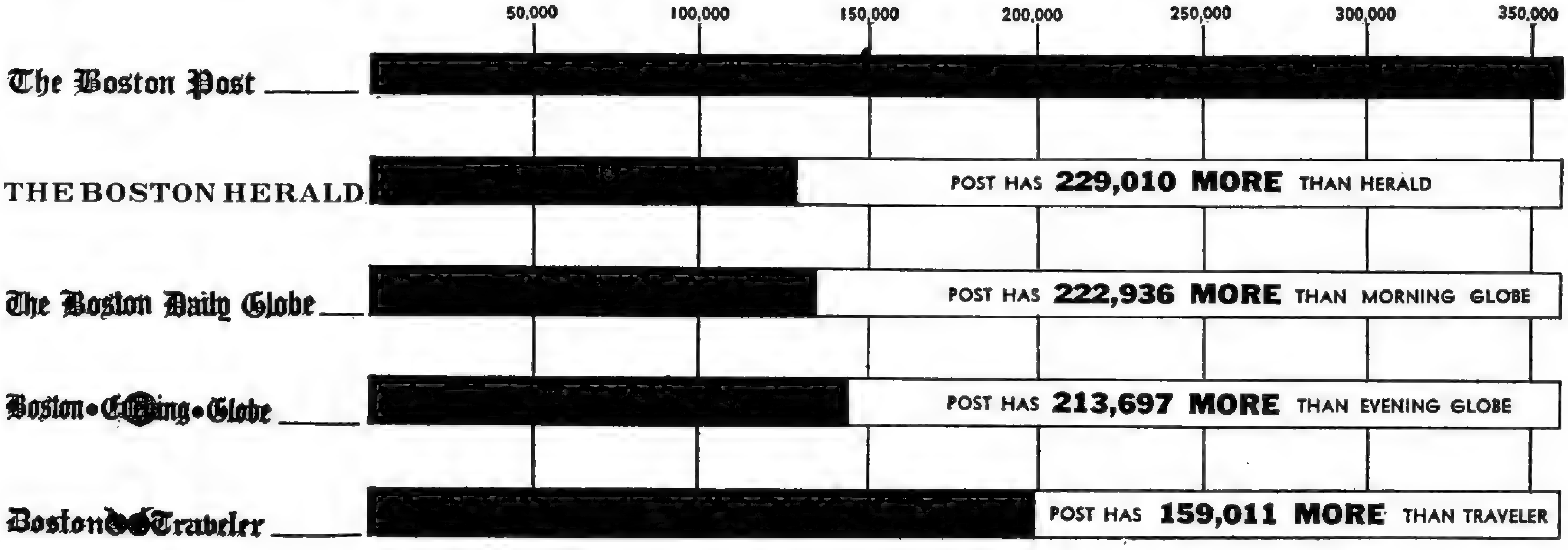

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The Cement Arm

Continued from pages 112-235

"Can you bust a twenty?"

Eva's grip on his arm tightened. "I ain't got it, dearie, but I'll tell the world I can get it." She laughed as though she had pulled a pretty good crack.

Then, as they passed down the dark street, a bulky shadow attached to a lean one, she stopped laughing and started to blubber drunkenly.

She hadn't been on the bum long, she whined, and she wasn't that kind of a girl. Ever since she'd come from Finland she'd been honest except for a little party now and then. She'd had a good job down in Eighty-third street, housework and taking care of a kiddie. The kiddie had a little fur coat, just like a lady's, and when Eva took her to the park everybody turned and looked at them. She had loved that kiddie. Then she'd got in with a guy named Willie. Willie wasn't any gentleman. He'd taken her money and got her plastered all the time, and one night she came in and was sick all over the missus' best rug. The missus had bounced her without a reference and what was a girl to do? The agencies wouldn't get you anything without a reference.

"Sure," grunted Chick. He looked at the broad's big rough hands and guessed maybe her story was true.

"Gawd, how I loved that kiddie," she sniveled, tears splashing down her red, bloated face.

"Sure," grunted Chick again. The big cow was sure one dumb bunny. He even felt kind of sorry for her, but she'd have to learn her way around. Boy, that was good H. He could still feel it.

Eva led him around a corner and into a gin mill. "You buy a li'l drink," she said, mopping her tears on her coat sleeve, "and the house will break your bill."

Chick didn't like that so much. The gin mill was a Swede joint and hooch was only a dime a shot, but the guy back of the bar looked tough. So did most of the customers—Scandahoovian seamen and dockwallopers, he guessed. But what the hell? They looked plenty dumb, too. None of them talked United States.

With Eva he sat down at a table and the barkeep brought two hooches. "Mud in your eye, honey," said Eva. She drained her glass at a gulp as he passed the queer twenty to the barkeep.

The barkeep went back of the bar, rang up twenty cents and put the bill in the till. He started to take out change but didn't quite. He took the phony twenty out of the drawer again, turned it over and snapped it under a light. Then he brought it back to the table.

"Hey, tryin' kid somebody?" he asked, looking dirty.

Chick got to his feet. "Keep your shirt on, Butch," he said. "If the bill's queer I didn't know it. I got other dough on me." He took the phony back and fished in his pocket for a quarter.

But he hadn't counted on Eva. "You dirty son-of-a-bitch!" she screamed. Then she socked him.

It was a round-house sock. It started from somewhere near the floor and landed on his jaw just below the ear. He went backward over a chair and landed on his puss. He lay there for a second stunned. The good H was still working inside of him and he didn't feel pain. He even felt like laughing. It was funny when a broad could wallop like that.

But it wasn't funny to Eva. She kicked him in the face with her big feet and he didn't remember any more. . . .

When Chick Haley came to it was gray daylight and he was lying out in the rain in Riverside Park not far from Grant's Tomb. He was very sick and wished he was dead. He was soaked to the skin, one of his front teeth was missing, another was loose and the whole right side of his small white face was swollen.

But that wasn't the worst. The worst was that he was sneezing, shaking with chills and that cramps were tearing his belly. Symptoms, withdrawal symptoms, symptoms of the horrors. If he didn't get a bang and get one in a hurry he'd be sunk.

Sniffling, bent over with pain, eyes on the ground, he walked up the drive a piece, then down a flight of steps. He took shelter under a bridge. There, out of the rain, he delved frantically through his pockets.

He was cleaned. He didn't have a dime on him. Even the queer twenty was gone. But in his coat pocket there was still the bindle of heroin and he thanked God for that. The joy stuff had spilled out of the paper, it was soaked to a paste by the rain and mixed with tobacco crumbs and dust from his pocket but it would do. Divided into two small shots it would carry him for a few hours—for the rest of the day.

But what then? The big burg wasn't any place to be without dough. The bulls were tough. He'd be picked up sure. That would mean a ninety-day cure on the island and on the island, he knew, they gave you cold turkey—let you suffer the torments of the damned without ever a shot of anything to see you through. He shook with another violent chill as he thought of it.

Down below Riverside Drive were railroad tracks, New York Central tracks. Chick looked at them. The New York Central went to Buffalo—to Buffalo, cheap codeine, copper Riley and cars in front of the post office that needed polishing. On the tracks there were some freight empties.

Chick shuffled toward the empties. As he did so he rubbed his cement arm. He'd keep that, of course. Eventually he'd be cement all over, but what the hell? ⧻

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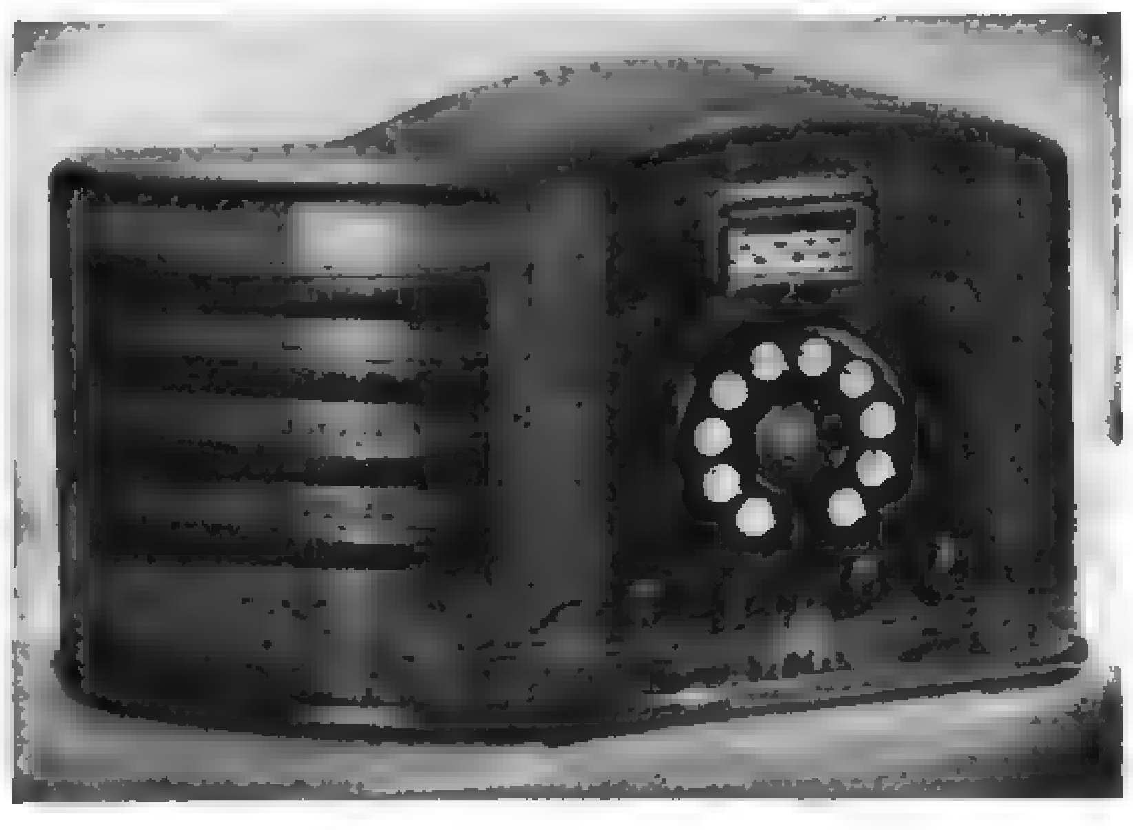

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Sunday in the County

Continued from page 47

County," Fat Smitty sighs.

"What the hell'd you want with a bicycle, fer Jeezus sake?" asks Red Murphy.

"Well, you got too dam much walkin' between freights. I figger I'll carry that bicycle and I won't have to hike around towns and division stops. It woulda worked out fine, ony this bicycle belongs to the sheriff's son. How am I gonna guess the dam bicycle belongs to the sheriff's son? When I come up for sentence they gimme the book."

"This here is a hot guy," Chicago shakes his head. "Too much walkin' between freights. No wonder he has got a can like that on him."

"There ain't no sense o' walkin' when you can ride, is there?" Fat Smitty defends himself.

Slim Andy will decide to write another letter, one to his girl. By this time the sweat is pouring down his brow. "Dear Alice. I hope you are doing well. I wish you was here. I am working steddy. How is your Mother. Things is good here with me. Do you ever see Pete Ross. Some day—" The thought of Pete Ross loose around Alice worries Slim and interrupts the smooth flow of his thoughts.

"Freedom," Margolies is saying, heaving a melancholy sigh, "is something you hear a lot about but don't see so much of. I am just trying to get from one place to another. Is that a crime? Even in Russia under the Czar they would not jug a person for going from one place to another. There is too much talk about freedom, if you will ask me. If I am a millionaire I guess it is all right. But as a member of the working classes—"

"I am a member of the workin' classes myself," says Hunk Haley. "Ony I ain't kept up wit' me dues, I guess. I remember, talkin' about work, when I was drivin' this here trolley car up in Seattle. You ever been up in Seattle, Red? About seven months a year it rains steady. No wonder the trees grow so big. Well, I'm drivin' this here trolley car, and—"

"Jeezus, them two guys is at it again!" exclaims Chicago.

There will be a great hullaballoo the other side of the bars. A lad with a huge head swings his arms wildly trying to ward off the blows of a stocky farmer lad.

"Yay!"

"Soak 'im, Bighead."

"Kick 'im in the shins."

"He is allus a-callin' nuh-names on my mother," grunts the farmer lad.

"Here. Break it up!" a guard interposes. "What the hell you two raisin' so much stink about all the time?"

"He is a-callin' me a son of a—Well, anyway, that is a reflection upon my parents, and nobody is a-goin' t' make a reflection upon my parents."

"We oughta give them dummies a kangaroo," Fat Smitty will say as they go back to their corner. "People who is failin' to behave themselfs always got a kangaroo over in Anderson. There was a County! We would hold kangaroos every Saturday afternoon and Sunday. We had a prosecutin' attorney over there for the kangaroo court he was a real lawyer on the outside. They shoved him in the can for takin' money from both sides of a case. Every new guy come in he was always tried right away for mopery and breakin' into jail. This prosecutin' attorney would give out stiff sentences, like countin' the hairs on a guy's head or scrubbin' the bull pen with a toothbrush or rollin' a peanut along the floor with your nose, and once there was a guy, Stinkfoot, they made him eat a cake o' soap. This prosecutin' attorney proved that if soap wouldn't purify this guy Stinkfoot from the outside it would do the trick from the inside. And sure enough. From then on we never had no more trouble with that crum. They oughta do that with Lousy Charlie in the other pen. This is a dead County. You shoulda done time over in Anderson. There was a good dump."

"Gimme the makin's, Fat."

"Jeezus, ain't none of you people got any dust? That was a bran-new sack this mornin'. I ain't no Creosote." He will hand over the dwindling package reluctantly. "Over in Anderson they give you two sacks o' Bull a week, not one like here. This is a lousy can."

"Thanks," says Dook, joining the group and snatching the sack of dry brown tobacco up before Fat can get hold of it again. "Jiles? Ye don't know what jiles is in this 'ere country."

"Hey, go light on that sack," Fat Smitty worries.

Dook licks the fat cigarette. "Now, if ye'd ever 'ad a piece o' time in Ole B'iley, ye c'd do some torkin'. I mind, too, the time I did me row up Manchester way. A bit o' 'armless pilfrin', it were. Nothin' more, Gor' blimee. Gentlemen, 'ighteen months and never a bloody beam o' d'ylight do I see, as true as I'm standin' 'ere. The Gawd's truth. I'm s'yin' ye 'ave wot I would call a regeler country club fer jiles in the Stites. Now up in British Columbia the keepers'll barsh in yer skull if ye merely 'ave the wrong sort o' thoughts. There's the Gawd's truth, pallies. Not 'arf it ayn't bad 'ere. Not 'arf."

Slim Andy is finished with his letters. He will be paying Happy the barber a quarter to have 'em mailed grapevine so the folks back home won't suspect he's doing six months in the County.

"Jeezus," says Fat Smitty. "I am about starved to death. What time is it?"

"I left my watch with the sergeant over in the office," Haley will shrug. "What difference does it make? All these Counties is alike. They will work your pants off, but when it comes to feedin'

Continued on page 238

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Evans Slippers

Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

Sunday in the County

Continued from pages 47-237

you that is another story. Any time I want to fight in the lightweight division I jist git meself jugged in some County and watch the fat roll off. Plenty of exercise and no rich foods."

"No rich foods is right. Well, it's the lawr they got to feed a guy," says Smitty. "They is a case on record, this here lawyer over in Anderson was tellin' us, a case where a guy was released outa jail on a writ of habbus corbus or somethin'. Some keeper held up on some guy's chow and the judge ruled it was a case of habbus corbus."

"If that is true this whole dam jail would be empty in no time," Red Murphy will observe. "Every guy in the place would be took down with a case of habbus corbus. Even a canary would not get sick from indigestion in this hoosegow. I'm glad my time is up in two weeks."

"Just the same," Chicago turns to Fat Smitty, laughing, "you do not look like you have got a case of habbus corbus yet. I bet you had to leave the farm on account you was eatin' up the whole dam crops on the ole man. You always talkin' about this Anderson County bein' a good dump. I was in one place we had an interestin' guy, a Chinaman which would let you stick pins in him. How he done it I don't know. We use to call him Pincushion Pete."

"We had a deaf and dumb guy and a bank president and two actors over in Anderson," says Fat, not to be outdone.

"Did I ever tell you how I am almost in the movies once?" asks Haley. "I'm bummin' around this Third Street down in L. A. There is a dummy he is a rassler he owes me fifty bucks which I hear is goin' to rassle in the Auditorium. I hitchhike down from Frisco, get me a lucky haul all the way in. So I'm stemmin' in Los, keepin' me lamps peeled for this here rassler, he goes by the name of Vladmir Waleska which is a phony on account he's Irish as a harp, he owes me this here money. If I can nab this bone-crusher before he can poop away this jack he's rasslin' for on some nag down at Santa Anita I am figgerin' on gittin' this dough he owes me. In the meantime I am layin' up in a flophouse which this guy runs he takes me overcoat for security. Well, first we figger the dam place is pinched, three guys come in they are wearin' neckties and all. It turns out that these three guys wearin' neckties is from the castin' office of a picture studio and is lookin' for bums which is good types in a movie where there is a flophouse like this flophouse in it. We are lined up and these guys with the neckties explains like how they will pay us fifteen bucks every day we are workin' as bums in this picture. Well, naturally no bum in this flophouse figgers on turnin' down fifteen bucks a day for actin' to be a bum, so we all piles in this big limousine these guys with the neckties on is got downstairs, and rides out to this studio. So, anyway, the windup of it all was after layin' around there two days waitin' for some director or somebody to sober up, this director come in with these three guys which brung us, and this director looks us over and he shakes his head and he tells these three guys we won't do for this picture with the flophouse in it on account we ain't the right type for bums and he decides he will have to hire character actors to play the parts. All right, I ain't so insulted because I cannot be a bum in the movies, but they never went and paid us ony our carfare into town, and when I git back I find out this here dam Harp, this rassler Vladimir Waleska which owes me the fifty bucks, is already went and rassled in the Auditorium and gone and left for Chi. So I loses me overcoat I puts up for security an' the next day I am hangin' around the freight yards and gits jugged fer vag and the judge says I am the biggest bum he ever seen in his life. That's the breaks fer you."

"I bet this Chinaman we had you could stick a pin in him all day woulda been a knockout in the movies."

"S'y, my belly feels like me bloomin' throat's bean cut," says Dook.

"I guess that chow gong is out of order," Fat will worry. "If I don't get something to eat soon—"

Kansas Eddie, the casino player with the cauliflower ears, interrupts with a loud howl. "Damn you, Smoke, you black bastard, you ain't got no right to lay down them aces for Joe to pick up. If you wanna play fair, all right. But—"

Smoke will flare up. He will not like Kansas Eddie's tone of voice. "Who is a black bastard?" he will demand, glaring.

"All right. You wanna get hard?" Kansas will glare back.

"I ain't gittin' hahd. I jes' don' like cawlin' hahd names, thass all. Hahd names makes trouble, boy."

"You wanna make trouble with me, nigger, it's o. k."

"Jes' don' remahk no mo' 'bout black bastards, thass all."

"Well, what the hell you keep throwin' down them aces in back o' Joe? Am I gotta play against pardnerships?"

"What the hell time is it?" someone shouts.

"Why, you got a date?"

"No. I'm slowly starvin' to deat."

"Well," Kansas mumbles, settling back again, "just don't keep throwin' down them aces, that's all."

"Say, they give you a bath this week yet, Lousy Charlie?"

"Boxin' gloves. They oughta tie boxin' gloves on Little Georgie. Ain't his folks never tell him nothin?"

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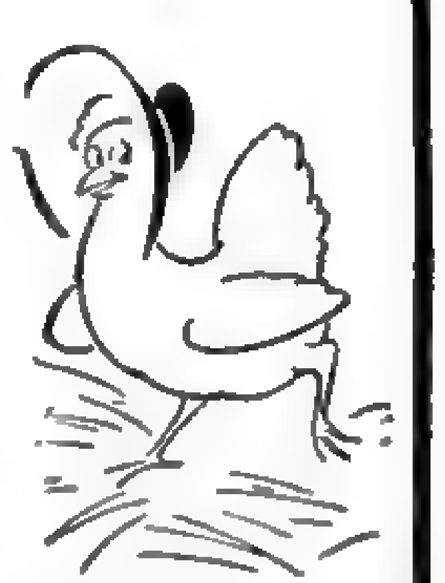

Melissa, the egg's mama

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"Over in Anderson they would have kangarooed 'em."

"Freedom," Margolies will murmur sadly. "Freedom. I like they should stop talking about it for a while and see if there is any left."

"Nuts," Kansas Eddie tells Joe Marshall. "That ain't no six. I'm buildin' threes."

"I bet if I had a good lawyer I could beat this rap on a writ of habbus corbus," Fat Smitty moons hungrily.

"You could live offn your own fat for a year," Chicago laughs. "What a guy. He has to have a bicycle to ride between freights."

"I ever tell you people about this time I am down in Nyorlins?" asks Haley. "I'm booked over in the Sportsmen's Athaletic Club to go with this guy his name is—"

At this point a loud gong rings. There will be a series of yells reminiscent of an earthquake at a zoo. Fat Smitty's face will beam. "Jeezus—there it goes, boys. chow. Chow!"

"Come an' get it!"

"Aw right. Quit shovin'. Ain' y' never had nothin' t' eat in yer life?"

Sunday in the County.

The Trial Subscription

Continued from page 60

night. Mr. E thought she looked very happy, with the sun beating down on her.

All through breakfast, she was in high spirits, but whenever she looked at the little boys, her eyes became misty, and she would smile and shake her head, and throw her arms around them, which embarrassed them terribly. And as Mr. E was picking up his hat and the morning paper before leaving, she patted him on the back of his head.

She went on this way, according to Mr. E, for the next couple of weeks. Sometimes she would come rushing in at dinnertime, breathless, with her arms filled with parcels, or a bunch of violets, her eyes looking bright and shiny. Or he'd hear her on the phone, talking to a friend about something "amusing" that he supposed had happened to her that day. Other times, he'd find her sitting in the bedroom chair, with her hand over her eyes, and that strange, peaceful smile on her face, and only a candle burning on the dresser.

For the most part, she was in an unusually happy state of mind, from what Mr. E could judge, and seemed to be full of plans. She told him, one evening, that they were going to join a Group that was discussing "Gauguin and the Post-Impressionists," and once he saw her crushing fresh strawberries, which she patted on her face.

But on the fifteenth of the month, she seemed hardly able to concentrate on anything at all, and forgot to put the little boys' oranges in their lunch boxes. Then Mr. E remembered that it was the day The Magazine was due to arrive. He was just able to get a look at the cover, which had "Rooms That Are You" written in large print along the bottom, before Elizabeth took it to her room and shut the door.

Mr. E's "Dark Days," as he sometimes refers to them, had only begun. Two days later, Mr. E remembers it clearly, because it was a Saturday, and he came home early, he found a group of small boys noisily depositing their coats and leggings in the hall closet.

Upstairs, he discovered the little boys' room to be undergoing a radical change. The furniture was standing in the hall, and Elizabeth was bustling around the empty room in a white butcher's apron, supervising. It seemed that she was giving the boys a "Room-Painting." All of their little friends, as they came in, were to be provided with a can of yellow paint, a brush, and a large apron. Then they were to get to work.

In theory, it sounded to Mr. E like the ideal outlet for the Tom Sawyer in every child. Somehow, though, it didn't quite work out, mainly because their own little boys, usually extreme exhibitionists, unexpectedly became models of sullen introversion, and refused to enter into the spirit of the thing. A few of the others attacked one wall, listlessly, but it was only after the competitive note was injected by one of the more aggressive boys, that they got anything done at all.

One of the mothers, who was watching from the door with Elizabeth, mentioned something about an "Elsie De Wolfe," whom Mr. E imagined was a mutual friend, and Elizabeth laughed and laughed.

At five o'clock, after the cocoa had been served, and the guests called for, Elizabeth surveyed the room, and smilingly admitted that she'd have to take the rest in hand herself.

The little boys, too tired to express an opinion, fell asleep on the sofa before dinner, and had to be carried up and put into Mr. E's bed.

After a week of intermittent banging behind locked doors, Elizabeth opened the room for inspection. The color scheme was yellow and brown, and since it was meant to be carelessly rugged and boyish, the few splotched portions of the wall didn't really matter. The boys' beds, arranged bunk fashion, were covered with some sort of tan burlap, and a brass lantern hung on a chain alongside them.

Mr. E was forced to admit, though, that Elizabeth's ingenuity was best displayed in her treatment of the back wall, which she had completely covered with a "photo-mural," an enlargement made of some old snapshots taken of the little boys at Camp, one showing them grinning sheepishly, with their arms jointly en-

Continued on page 240

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The Trial Subscription

Continued from pages 60-239

gulfing a leering Totem pole, and another, a bit blurry, with an unidentifiable companion, just emerged, dripping, from the lake with their trunks falling down.

The little boys thought it looked awful, and started to cry. But Elizabeth already had the happy, abstract look in her eyes that warned Mr. E there was yet more to be done.

That night, she sat up late, writing out a list of the people they knew, because she said they were going to give a party. She had already begun plans for converting the cellar into a game room and den, by removing the oil burner, and pasting magazine covers and theatre ticket stubs lopsided on the walls. The floor was to be covered with sawdust, and she wanted Mr. E to get her a hansom cab wheel, which she said she was going to paint red, and stand in one corner.

The pantry, Mr. E learned later in the week, was to be turned into a small bar, by the use of nothing but blue mirrors and paper stars. Elizabeth said she had told a few of the girls, and they all thought it would be terribly amusing.

The middle of the month, with the advent of the "MAKE WAY FOR SPRING!" issue, and a cover, in colors, of a hoe, a blue straw hat with streamers, and a bunch of carrots, saw the evolution of the garden. Mr. E would never have imagined the barren patch of earth at the back of the house to develop into anything spectacular, but apparently Elizabeth had decided they were to raise their own blooms and vegetables.

He would find her, wearing a blue linen coat, and a printed shawl that tied under her chin, roaming around each day at dusk, sprinkling and weeding, and sometimes bringing in, triumphantly, a wispy head of lettuce or a few drooped nasturtiums.

The little boys, between crying themselves to sleep from banging their shins on the bunks, and growing paler on garden spinach, had made firm their decision to leave home, because that day Elizabeth had bought them round, starched collars, determined to dress them in the manner of English schoolboys.

It was at this crucial point that Mr. E was forced to consult the specialist. After listening to his distraught account of the symptoms, the doctor assured Mr. E, happily, that Elizabeth was going to get well. At present, he said, she was going through the Manic, or highly excited, phase, characterized, as Mr. E had witnessed, by intense motor activity, volubility, brightness of the eye, general ecstasy, and the firm conviction that "all is possible." It was not uncommon, he said, for this phase to persist over a period of months. He merrily consoled Mr. E by telling him that these cases were far more prevalent than he might imagine, and not to worry.

Mr. E went home and talked to the little boys, and they all felt better, for the time being.

A few days after the "WANDERLUST ON A LIMITED INCOME" issue arrived, Elizabeth came home carrying a pile of folders with colored pictures on them of palm trees, crumbly monuments, and long, concrete roads stretched out alongside expanses of water.

At dinner, she told Mr. E of her plan for the four of them to go away on bicycles during the summer, perhaps through the Dalmatian countryside. Mr. E said he didn't think they could afford it, but Elizabeth only laughed, and told him it was really much cheaper than living at home, and that the only way to travel was on practically nothing, because then you got to see the quaint places.

But Mr. E thought he detected a hollow note in her voice that he'd never noticed before.

And then, according to Mr. E, an extraordinary thing happened. The Magazine came, as usual, in the middle of the month, and it was filled with colored pictures of tall, pale girls standing on chairs, in long chiffon dresses, and lovely flowered hats. Mr. E looked at Elizabeth apprehensively, but to his surprise, she only glanced through it, and made a funny sound between her teeth.

That night, he saw her take down the boxes of hats from the closet, and put one on. It had a long, green feather curling over the top, and as Elizabeth looked into the glass, her eyes seemed tired. Mr. E thought he heard her mumble something about it looking fine if Cecil Beaton photographed it behind a bolt of fishnet.

Then she put the boxes away, and got very quiet. She didn't mention anything more about the party they were going to give, or the bicycle trip, and they started having canned vegetables for dinner again. She hardly wanted to go out of the house, and when Mr. E spoke to her, he had to ask her everything twice before she answered. When it was almost time for the little boys to leave for Camp, she sat in her room all day, sewing nametapes in their socks, and never saying a word.

Before Mr. E realized it, they were quarreling, because Elizabeth was very touchy about everything. That was when he started to go to the Club more often. He noticed that when The Magazine came, she would give it to Ramona without even opening the wrapper.

Mr. E is, naturally, at his wits' end. But the doctor has assured him, cheerily, that Elizabeth will be back to herself in no time at all now.

Mr E says the subscription runs out at the end of September and he's hoping that by then everything will be all right. #

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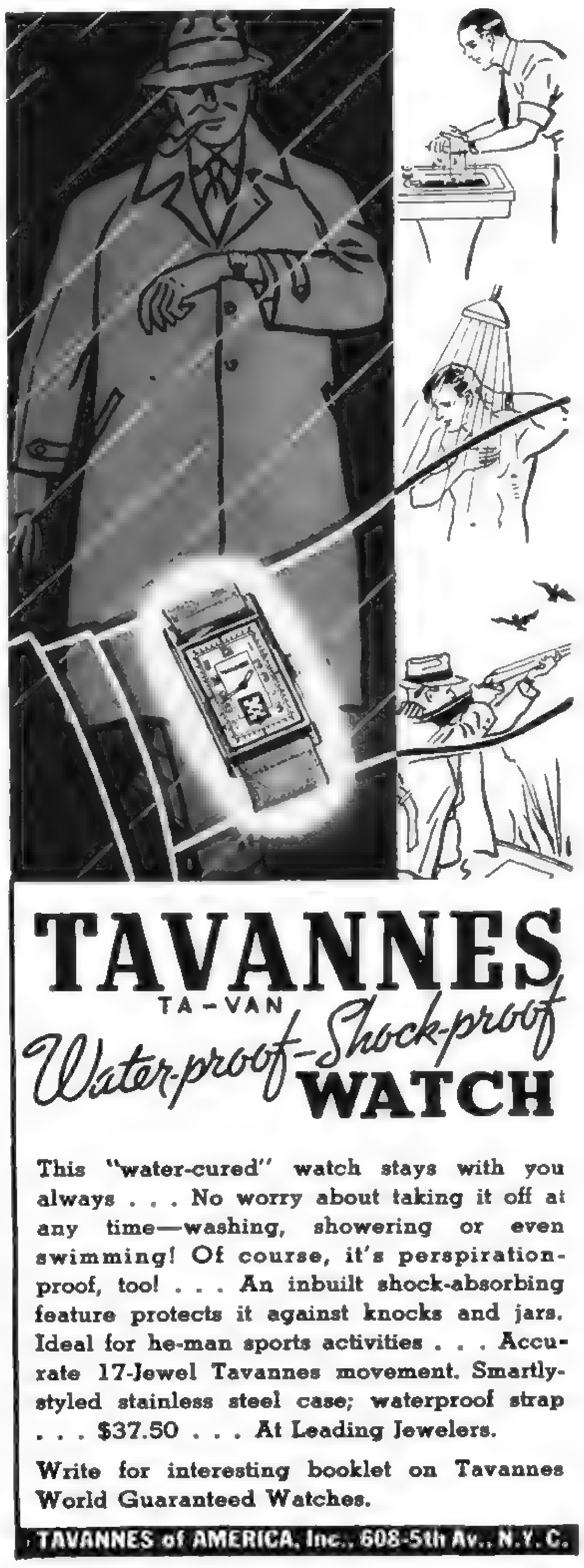

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One Hot July Night

Continued from page 45

Browning when he emptied his pockets of his money, watch, and wallet. He grabbed the pistol, and pulled the trigger. He fired twice in rapid succession, wildly, into the air, because the butler's hard fist was already on his wrist.

Charles, as he was lying on the count's chest, muttered complainingly:

"Now what have you done, Your Excellency? How could I let you go? You might kill somebody!"

The air was full of the acrid smell of gunpowder. Litzi started to scream:

"Help! Help!"

The corridors hollowly resounded with the rumbling of running feet. The astounded party of aristocrats rushed into the room, the lady of the house at their head, followed by the men, who remained in the background and lined up against the wall, like a Greek chorus.

The old countess was a red-faced, thick-eyebrowed, deep-voiced, masculine woman. In her hand a cigar was glowing. She must have had some glandular trouble because she was fat, and aristocratic ladies usually remain slim even when old. Deathly silence followed the appearance of this awful personage.

The count and the butler stopped struggling with each other. They stood up and hung their heads penitently.

The picture was so clear that the butler's contrite explanatory remark was entirely superfluous:

"I was eavesdropping, Your Excellency . . . I saw this girl, my fiancée, frolicking with the young Excellency on the bed . . ."

The three terriers could hardly control their smiles, but the squire made a stern face, not knowing how to behave now that he had become a witness to a very disconcerting occurrence in the affairs of an extremely noble family. The sybarite count mused, mildly envious: "What a man!" The M. P. thought of his traditional parliamentary bad luck. The same *malheur* here. As he jumped from the table he had kept his cards in his hands. He showed them: "In ten years this was the first time I had six tricks in my hand. And then the game is wrecked!"

The lady of the house fixed her stern eyes on her daughter's betrothed:

"Is this true? Answer me! On your word of honor!"

The boy whispered, hardly audible:

"Yes . . ." And simultaneously, from the corner of his sensuous but by no means evil eyes, a pea-sized, naïve teardrop rolled down to the tip of his nose, where it stopped, imploring, clean, sparkling.

Litzi began apologizing:

"So help me, Your Excellency, on my honor, by my parents' health, it wasn't my fault! I only . . ."

The lady of the house cut her short:

"That's enough from you! On your way! One, two—!"

Charles looked after the girl as she slunk out. Everything was over for him; his world lay in ruins. Good-bye to honor, job, and woman! he thought. Then he wiped his nose wretchedly:

"I'll leave in the morning, Your Excellency . . . I'm not going to steal anything, either . . . You can search my chest. Maybe you could write in my book that I've been in this house for twenty-eight years . . . Served with honesty . . ." His glance fell on the white tile stove, and his eyes were filled with sorrow. "I knew everything in this house . . . I thought I would grow old here . . ."

"You are going like hell! Who is going to take your place at the table? Some peasant with his boots on? You are going to stay! That's all!"

The old countess' voice was harsh and rasping. Her punctilious eyes spied on the floor the young count's scattered belongings. His trousers, socks, and shoes, as everything had fallen from the overturned chair.

"Pick up those things!" she commanded unmercifully.

Such a voice had to be obeyed. Charles began to work. He carefully rearranged the young count's wardrobe, and then made for the door. But something occurred to the lady of the house:

"Now apologize to His Excellency!"

Charles drew his head back jerkily, as if he had been hit in the nose. Apologize to this kid? But the old countess' eyes commanded him with hypnotic force. Well, if he must . . . He stepped before the boy, and stood erect like a soldier. He suppressed a groan, and said:

"I humbly apologize, Your Excellency!"

"Never mind . . . I'm not angry any more . . ." He said "not angry," but his voice sounded like a soft "forgive me!" Charles sensed this fine distinction, just as he had sensed the attitude of his mistress toward him. "The old Excellency won't let me down!" Then he did not lose his job and his honor . . . But what about the woman? Yes, what's going to happen to her? He excused himself, and, while going downstairs to the servants' quarters, he was wondering what to do about his fiancée. Should he beat her, break every bone in her body, and then forgive her? Or should he just look haughtily over her head and ignore her?

The lady of the house cast an annihilating glance at the boy who was standing before her, gaudy like a parrot in his pajamas:

"I leave it to your judgment as to what you will do after this! Perhaps it would be best if you took the train in the morning!"

Continued on page 242

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By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

One Hot July Night

Continued from pages 45-241

She nodded haughtily and marched out of the room, drawing after her the men who dared to take leave of their friend only with secret winks.

Late at night, in the common bedroom, the sybarite count remarked upon the event:

"My dear Carola, we are all human, after all. It is true that the boy was at fault, but he behaved very correctly afterwards. He even cried!"

The lady of the house wrathfully inflated her double chin, and cracked down on her husband:

"Very characteristic of you to side with him! I see nothing to save him in this ugly mess!"

But she did. She, too, had noticed the imploring large teardrop on the boy's nose. Wasn't he scared! The boy could be groomed, he is the subservient kind: erring, weak, young—just the ideal son-in-law! Then, her maternal instincts became vaguely aroused: this unruly colt would surely present her with a swarm of grandchildren!

Countess Emma was informed by her beau concerning what had taken place. Very subtly, full of self-negation. He defended the boy openly, and explained to her in an enlightened manner that with most men such things are quite common, and that it was hardly worth resenting. But inwardly he gloated. How amusing! The kid was discovered in his fiancée's house with a peasant maid!

The countess had a nice ear for such things. Such concealed ill will angered her. She looked at her beau as he talked. He seemed envious, desiccated. She fancied on his face the expression of youthful rapture she had seen on her fiancé's face. The picture revolted her. She became embarrassed, and struck a key on the piano. She sat farther away from the man.

"I have a headache," she said coolly, and went upstairs to her room.

By this time her fiancé was sleeping. He thought he would not be able to close his eyes after they left him. He tossed in his bed for about twenty minutes, which seemed like hours to him, but finally he fell asleep sadly, with the piqué coverlet between his knees, his face thrust into the pillow.

After a while he burst into such a terrible crescendo of snoring that an owl which was sitting in a chestnut tree facing his window in the dark, opened its yellow eyes wide.

* * *

The M. P. had left for his district to make speeches to his constituents, and had taken the automobile with him. The boy had to wait for the eleven o'clock passenger train. He was going to sneak down to the village without saying good-bye to anyone, and sit in the notary's house until traintime. His suitcase was packed; he was going to call the castle from the village and ask to have it taken to the station.

He looked out on the terrace; it was empty. He went down to the garden, and, as he hurriedly walked down the winding path, he almost upset the deckchair in which his fiancée was sunning herself behind a bush.

The countess began to cry nervously.

The boy was surprised by this. So he sat down by her, and watched the light-brown down on the girl's neck. The countess had no stockings on. There was a fine down on her legs, too, with traces of mosquito bites. He had never before seen her in such negligee. He liked her better this way than in her long evening gown, slim and well-combed. He felt an urge to kiss her face covered with fine freckles and salty with tears. It really grieved him that he had lost her.

"Don't cry, darling," he muttered. "In the first place, you wouldn't cry if you knew how unhappy I am. In the second place, it's a dirty shame that they told you. In the third place, it was all your fault. Nobody else's."

The girl snapped at him heatedly:

"Mine? How dare you say!"

"Yes! Yours!" the boy repeated stubbornly, and they began arguing.

It was eight o'clock when they sat down together. At nine forty-five the lady of the house found them kissing. She tiptoed away so that they might not notice her. And she liked what she had seen. Already last night she had begun worrying about the other combination. The old countess had not always been fat, and she realized what a difference of twenty-five years in age would have meant in the more intimate aspects of her daughter's married life. So she left and announced the cessation of hostilities to the head of the family.

The sybarite count smiled: thank God! And he recommended that they have the wedding before winter. Let's have it in August, right here, in the castle! The country is cheaper; in addition to that it would be a good excuse for not inviting anybody but the relatives.

At ten-thirty the lady of the house returned to the garden. The kiss was still in progress. She waited about as long as it takes to soft-boil an egg, and then she clapped with her hands to shoo them apart.

"I, too, was engaged once, but such exaggerations were unheard of in my time!" she said very sweetly.

By noon the young countess' lips were tingling. She was in love. Why had nothing like this taken place between them before? She vaguely felt that it was indeed all her fault. She had been speaking

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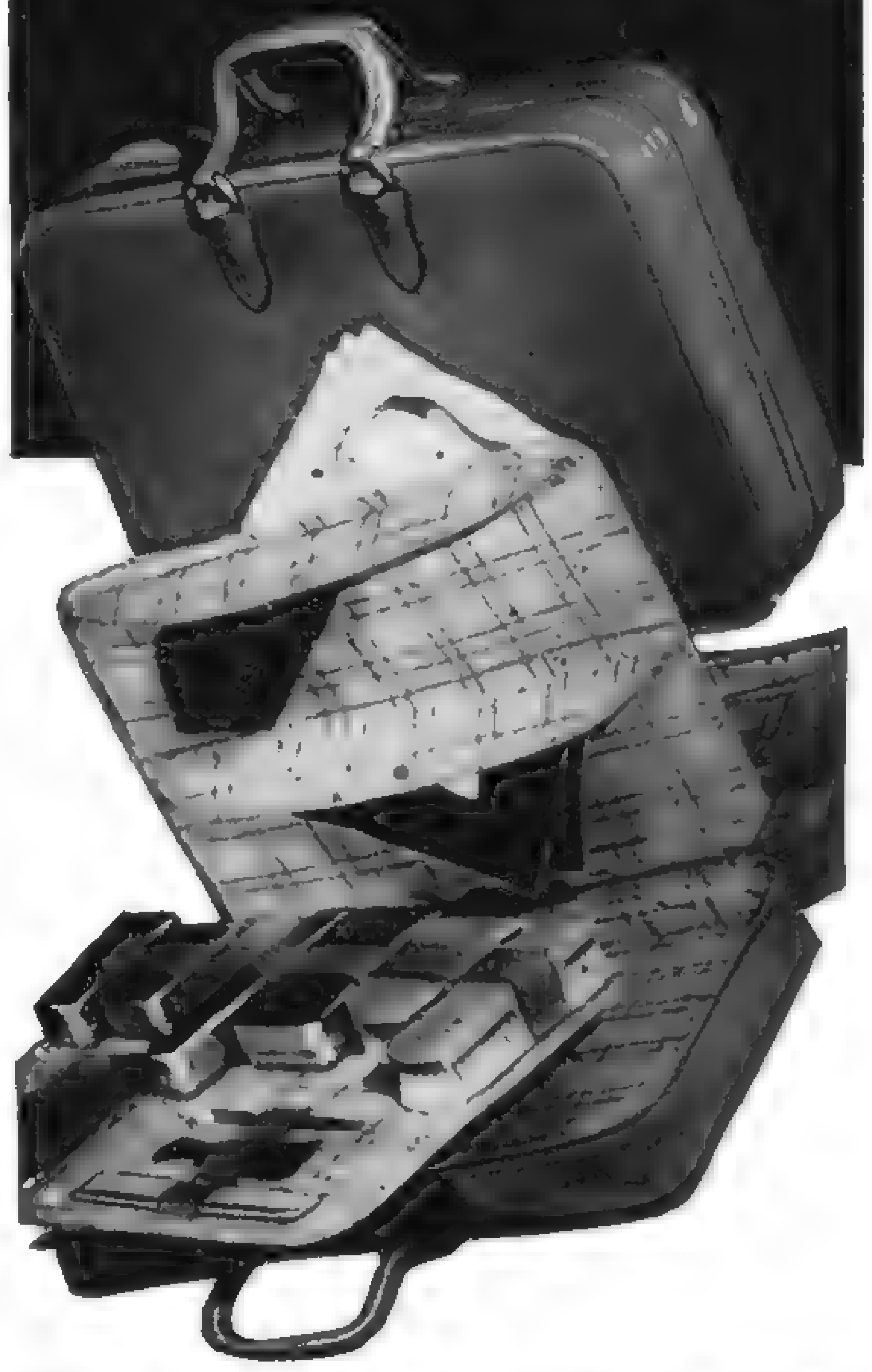

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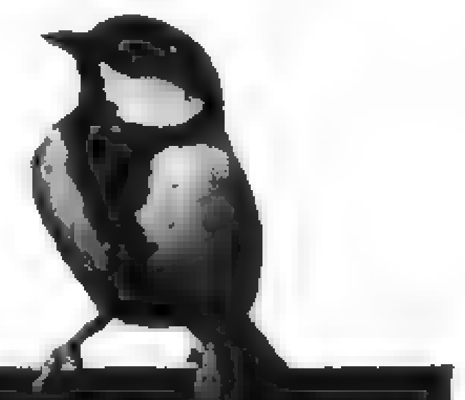

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always about Huxley, Toscanini, and Renoir; no wonder the boy did not dare grab her as one does a barmaid! Now that they had had a little practice, they were satisfied with each other. "I never knew this girl had that in her!" the boy thought. He was proud, happy, elated.

Berenice came with her Egyptian bracelets on her wrists, geranium cheeks, indigo eyelashes. She smiled furtively at the bridegroom, either congratulating or reminding him. The lionhunter had been felled. He looked like a hurt old maid, although in truth he felt greatly relieved. The danger to his selfish isolation had passed. Thank God the tempting dish had been removed from his sight!

Litzi had no reason to be unhappy, either. Her man did not leave her, merely gave her a sound beating. There was a large blue spot under her left eye. She was sore all over. Still, she was happy, because she imagined herself the center of the whole affair. She was impudent enough to take secret pity on the bride-to-be. "If she had only wanted!" As for her future, she was assured. True, she had been beaten, unmercifully. But even under his blows she could analyze him. He might be bridled.

Charles carried the plates around with a serious face. His right cheek bore a reminder of the previous night, a curious stigma in the shape of an Arabic signature at the bottom of an Oriental parchment. He held the roast duck obediently for the bridegroom. He was no longer jealous, not even angry, only ashamed. The trouble had originated in heights too dizzy for his eyes. If Leda had some mortal lover, it is certain that he felt no resentment on account of the swan. #

Notes on a Hurricane

Continued from page 63

likely to be most frequent. Pensacola, on the West Coast, rates next.

Miami "boards up" on an average of twice each fall, battens down its hatches in preparation for a hurricane, on advice of meteorologists. The fact that in most cases an expected storm goes flouncing off toward Greenland, or swings around and bites itself to death, does not detract from the mental effect such periods have on Miamians. All business is suspended. Normal life ceases. Water, gas and electrical service are discontinued. Streets are deserted. And inside each home men, women and children wait in growing terror. Time, itself, stops.

Assume you are one of the waiting thousands. You have spent most of the day taking the precautionary measures all Miamians know so well. You have staked down the trees in your yard, cut the coconut clusters from the palms so they will not be blown with the speed of a cannonball through your roof, and lopped weak branches from the mangroves.

Perhaps as you worked on the latter trees you recall that following the Labor Day hurricane in the Keys, rescue squads had to dissect bodies of men who had been blown into the high roots with such force their corpses could not be removed whole.

You have put up the heavy, reinforced hurricane window shutters with which every Miami house is equipped, and you have stuffed newspapers around the sills, even though you know a hurricane can drive water through solid concrete, and that the rains which usually come with a hurricane will probe your roof and come down through the ceiling anyway.

Inside the house you have rolled up all rugs, piled furniture and prized possessions on the beds and covered them with tarpaulins. Your piano is swathed in blankets, for plaster may fall, and your books and papers are packed in trunks set high on old chairs.

Your bathtub is filled with water, taken before the source was shut off, for it may be days before you can get clean water again. A supply of candles and hurricane lamps is ready, to substitute for electricity which may be absent for weeks as shattered poles and torn cables are replaced. In the kitchen you have a great supply of canned goods, and a gross or so of canned heat with which you may have to do your cooking for an indefinite period.

Perhaps you are not a drinking man, but like your neighbors you have laid in several bottles of rum or whisky. It's an old hurricane custom, and even the most arid bluenoses follow it.

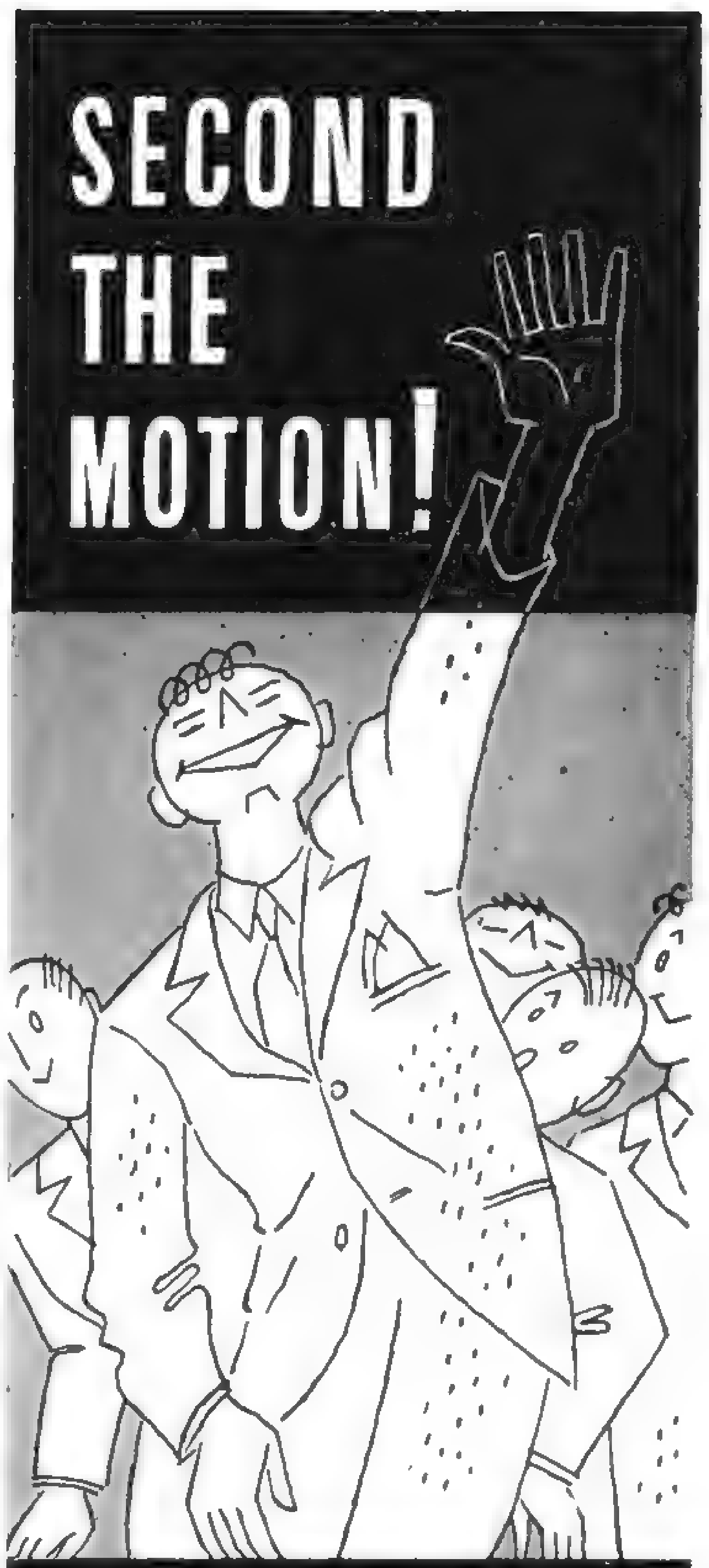
So you are as prepared as anyone can be for the disturbance which the weather bureau advises is now central about fifty-five miles south southeast of Miami and moving north northeast at the rate of seven miles per hour. You hope the weather men are accurate. Sometimes they are. Meanwhile, all you can do is to wait. Wait and watch your barometer.

If grandfather clocks are indigenous to all well-appointed New England homes, barometers are equally indigenous to Miami homes.

One of the first things new residents learn is that normal barometric pressure is 29.80 and that the world's lowest pressure of 26.75 was recorded on Lignumvitae Key during the Labor Day storm of '35. Hurricanes feed on low pressure, and you know that when the column of mercury begins to drop steadily, hell will soon be popping.

Thus you sit with your family in front of the glass and watch its slow crawl downward as you won-

Continued on page 244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Notes on a Hurricane

Continued from pages 63-243

der if this hurricane is the one which will take your house, like the last one did poor Smith's over on Palmetto street. They found unpleasant parts of Smith and his wife three blocks away, you recall.

Perhaps you'll remember reading about the newspaper photographer working with a hurricane rescue party, in the Keys, who saw a woman standing stark nude in the middle of the field, and found on closer examination that she had been spitted on the sharp butt of a sapling and was quite dead.

You'll be suddenly panicky as you try to remember if your life insurance is paid up and whether the policy on your car covers destruction by wind. Then, perhaps, you'll decide a drink will calm your nerves and you crack the first bottle.

If you open your door and look outside, you may find the sun shining, the birds singing calmly and not a breeze to ruffle the languid hibiscus. But if you're an old hand at hurricanes you'll know such signs mean nothing at all and that the storm may strike within five minutes or fifty, depending on its whim. Or you may find it raining softly, with a strangely purple sky above. Hurricanes don't signal their approach to the layman by any standard warning.

Your telephone, last of the utilities to be shut off, offers some outlet for your emotions and you call the Weather Bureau, knowing in advance the line will be busy.

You may call a newspaper office and ask, "How soon?" But the voice which answers can only repeat the latest Weather Bureau advisory, cold technical terms which do not meet your need for assurance.

For a man who thinks himself more than usually blessed with guts, you now reason, you're acting like a fool. Perhaps another drink. . . .

When they cremated those poor devils down in the Keys after the Labor Day storm the greasy smoke stunk up the whole coast.

The barometer has dropped to 28.43.

Miami's aquarium is a gigantic German schooner, the *Prinz Valdemar*, blown from the bay clear up on Biscayne boulevard by a hurricane.

Who was that architect who said there is no such thing as a hurricane-proof house? There's a frame shack in Key West that has stood up in all the hurricanes since 1846.

The last storm took those massive steel oil tanks on N. E. Second avenue and twisted them like tinfoil.

The barometer is passing 28.20.

Softly, almost gently, now, the wind begins to blow. It whispers around the corners of your house, shakes the upper branches of trees, plays with stray bits of paper. Rain falls, erratically. The sky is cloudless, yet the sun oddly fades. A purple streak across the horizon grows, spreads like an evil fungus across your world.

Then, suddenly, brutally, the hurricane arrives.

Wind has a voice of its own. No other force in nature can duplicate the snarling whine of a hurricane, and as this rises in ever increasing pitch it seems to shut out all other sound. You may talk, and hear others answer, yet the feeling persists that no words have been spoken, that communication was perhaps mental, not oral. No voice, you feel, could penetrate that all-enveloping scream.

Your house vibrates, creaks under the hammers of the storm. The wind comes not as a steady push, but as a series of gusts. Slapping, punishing blows which whip trees out of their earth sockets, bounce them across the ground like straws. You watch your prized bushes straighten and grow taut, then vanish completely. You cannot see their swift going.

Now the rain, in reality sea water picked up by the storm during its leisurely cruise across the Atlantic, begins its destructive march. It does not fall, as rain should. It comes horizontally, blown straight by the hurricane. It streams around and through your shuttered windows, runs in rivers under your doors. Only persistent sweeping and mopping will keep it away from your furniture.

There is relief in work, and as you labor, sweating in the hot air—so humid now your clothes drip water—you begin to feel a sense of excitement. After all, this is an experience to talk about later. This is a Florida hurricane, and you're in it!

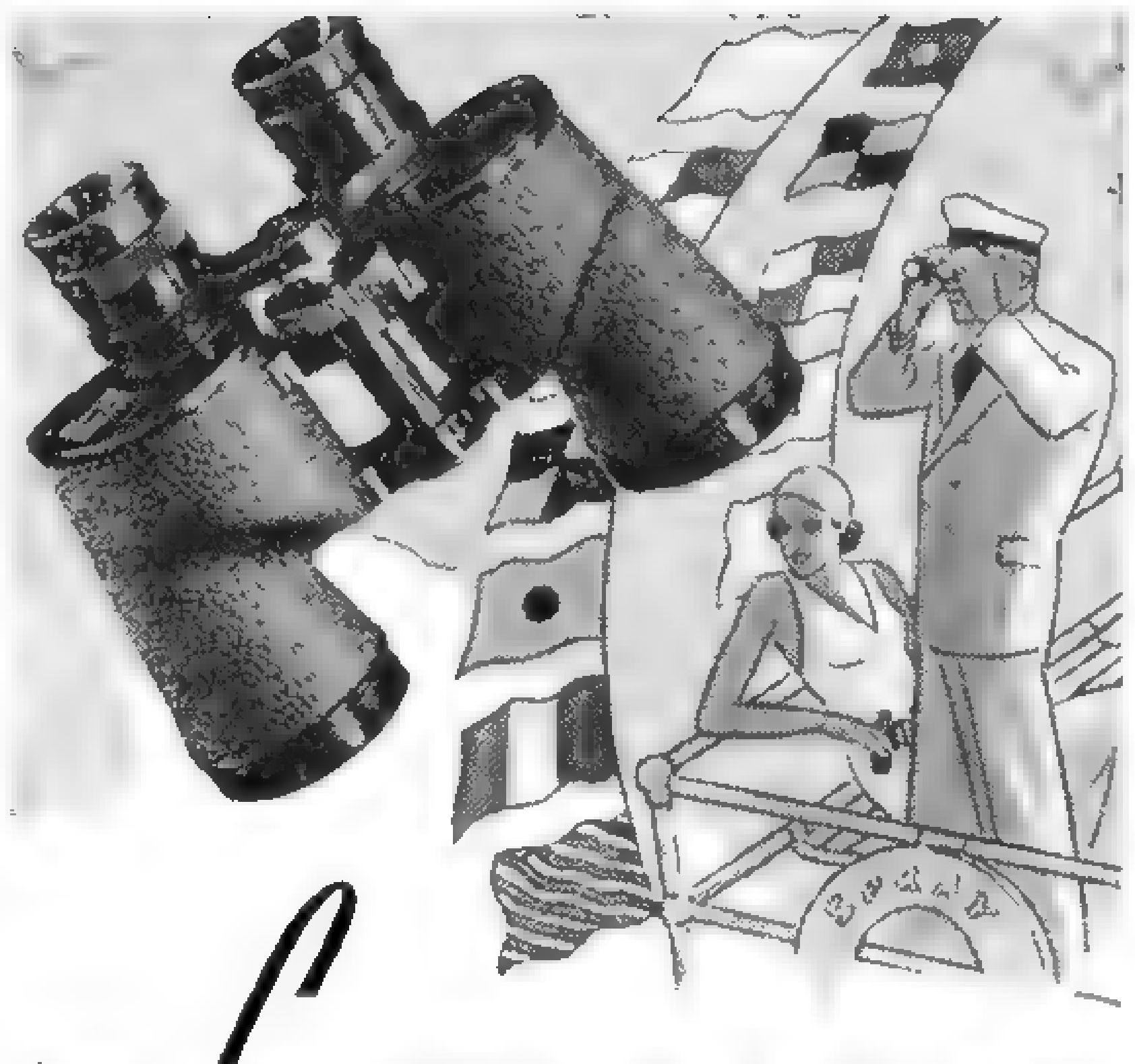
You'll begin to like your hurricane now. Especially if that bottle is kept handy. You bustle about, mopping, testing window locks, snatching glimpses of the hell outside and hazarding guesses as to the damage it is doing. The November, '35 blow cost $3,000,000.

It would be a pity if some practical soul in your house reminded you now that this is but the prologue to your hurricane, that the rending, tearing, howling thing outside is only a trumpeter for the real show.

It would be a pity, yet no matter—for you'll be just as astonished when the lull comes.

Because of its circular movement, each hurricane has two distinct phases: it blows from the northeast, then from the southwest. Between these phases, center of the storm, is a dead calm. It arrives so suddenly even the most hardened hurricane veteran is inevitably shocked. Simultaneously the wind, the noise and the rain stop dead, and silence shatters your eardrums.

Lethargy, stupidity sweep over you. It is with the greatest effort



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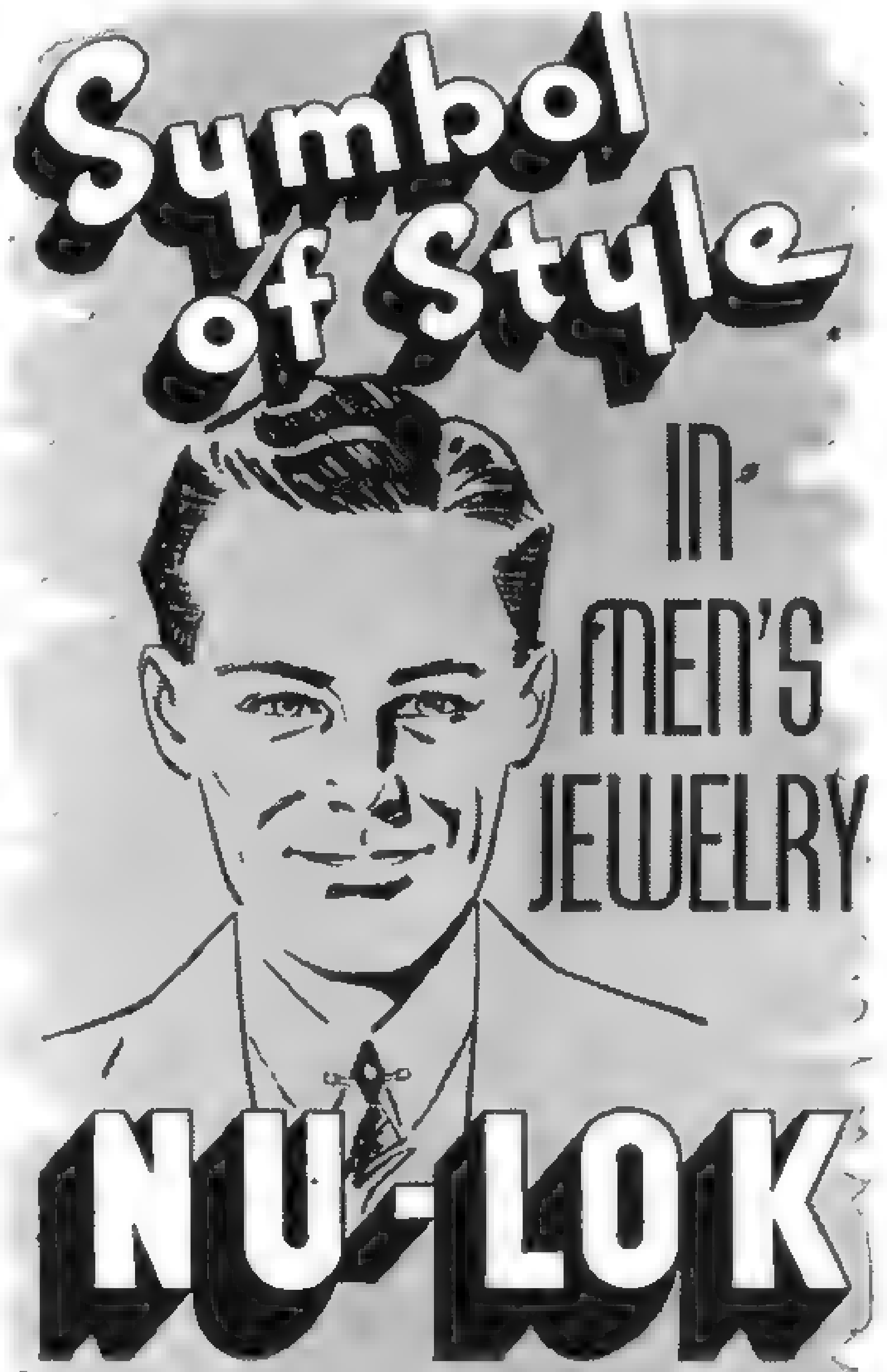

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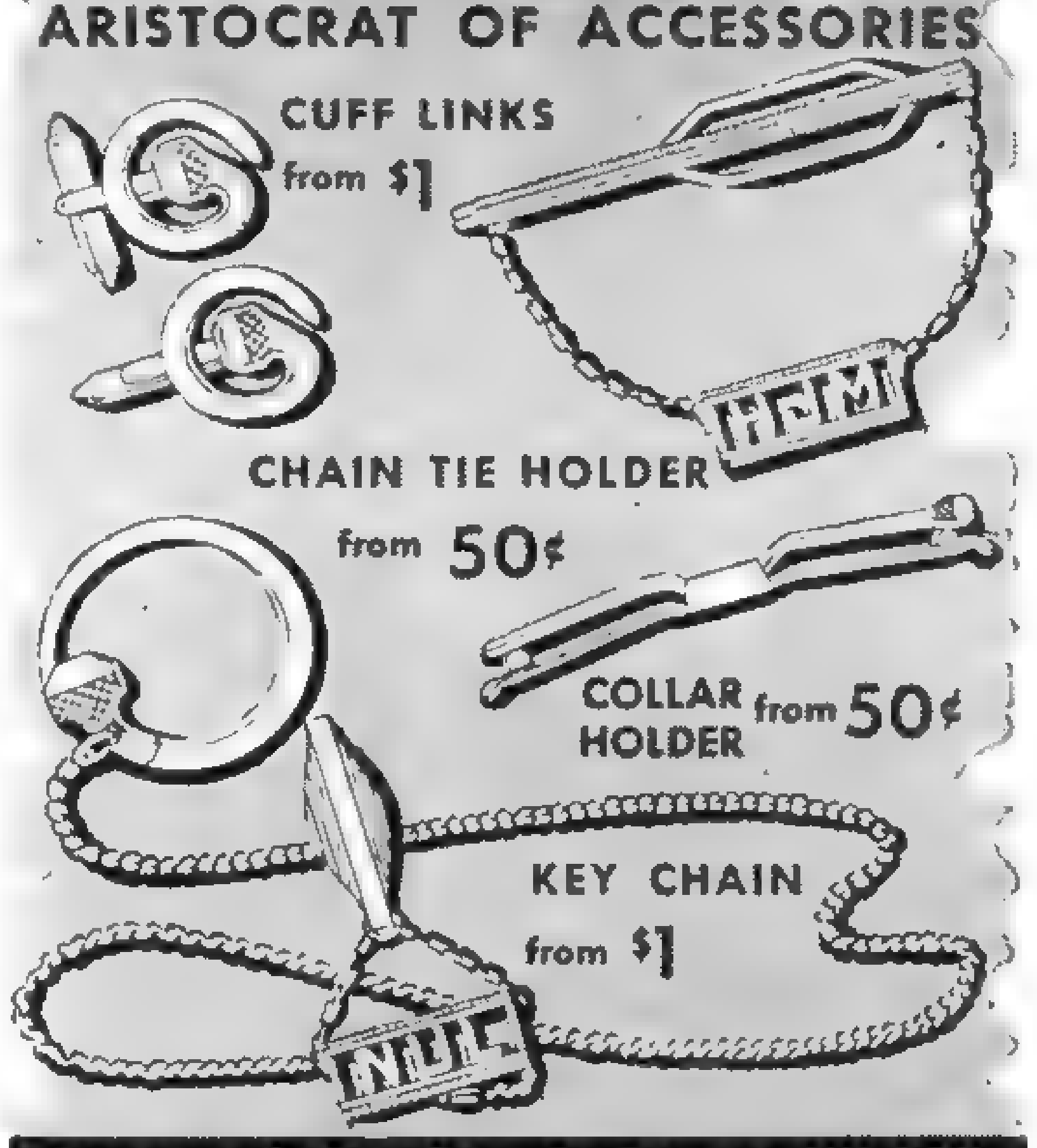

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you open your door and step outside. The sun shines. The wet, littered pavement steams. No sound. No bird-trill or insect hum to break the flat, thick silence.

You look about. Damage is slight in your neighborhood. A few trees blown askew, bushes torn away, a tilted telephone pole clinging sadly to its wires. Stray bricks, shingles.

A cat, wet and shaky, crawls across the road a block away. It puts the only bit of life in this still canvas, for a cardinal rule in Miami is—never go out during a lull. It was ignorance of this law which killed so many in 1926.

So you go back into your home, to wait God knows how long for the real hurricane. Often lulls last hours, again they last but a few moments. In any case, it is a good time to catch up on your drinking, to drive some of the fog from your brain, precipitate with alcohol the geletinous plasm choking your mind.

It is in the midst of a swallow that the second half of your hurricane arrives. It comes that suddenly, without the slightest warning. No introduction to this, the last act.

Now your brain clears, grows cold. Not from exhilaration, but from fear. This is different. God, this is awful.

So loudly howls the wind you cannot talk, in truth. So powerful is its ceaseless hammering that pictures fly from the walls and are flung across the room. The house rocks on its foundations and the stout, bolted hurricane shutters you thought nothing could tear away, are splintered in an instant. A window blows in, flooding a room with water. You shut off that room, hysterically, soundlessly, shouting as you push heavy furniture against the door to hold it shut.

It grows dark, and if you have courage enough to look outdoors you can see nothing but water . . . water rushing past as it does by the porthole of a ship in a heavy sea.

That is rain, rain in which a man would drown if he faced it. The air about you is so wet you gasp. Your hair drips. Your nostrils are filled with water.

And fear, so strong it shakes your bones, takes you in its grasp.

Can there be anyone left living in this world, beside yourself? Is not your house, now so unsteady on its foundations, the last left standing in the city? It must be. Nothing man-built could remain together in a storm like this.

What can you do? You can cower in a corner, your family clinging to you.

It is this fear, this complete helplessness and sense of futility which makes living through a hurricane comparable with no other experience. Men can face death on a battlefield with some éclat, for there is usually action accompanying the fate. You can die more or less bravely in the electric chair, for there are spectators about to flatter your ego. You can be struck down by a speeding automobile and at least writhe publicly before you die. But in a hurricane all you can possibly do is cower and wait. The proverbial rat was a free agent beside a man in a hurricane. There is evidence such fear is why so many of those who drowned during the Keys storm did so before their time—they could wait no longer for the storm to bring their number up. They ran out to meet it.

You won't be killed, of course. The death toll of a Florida hurricane these days is a mere fraction of the number of traffic fatalities during a single month. You won't die, and no one you know will. You may get bounced on the head by falling plaster, and you'll be about as uncomfortable as it is possible to be, but you won't die.

This will amaze you when the hurricane, at long, long last, perhaps two days, perhaps two hours later, puffs itself out and goes roistering off into the Gulf of Mexico. You will drag yourself out of the corner, wring out your shirt and be completely astonished to find you are still quick rather than dead. And with the discovery you'll go a little mad. You're alive, when you should be defunct. You're breathing and moving, when you should be floating face down in the boiling, receding waters outside.

There's only one thing to do. Celebrate.

Which is precisely what Miami, and any other city does, when it comes safely through a hurricane. It's the chance of a lifetime to get stinking drunk and cut loose. So you grab the remaining bottles and set out to do the town.

You walk, because your car is drowned. And walking you meet friends, bent like yourself on sightseeing and celebration. There are frequent pauses for refreshment, and if you run out of whiskey you can always step through the shattered window of a liquor store and restock. Police are too busy downtown to bother with gay vandals in outlying districts.

Yet downtown is your destination. Flagler street, lighted only by hurricane lamps and candles, swarming from curb to curb with shouting, laughing citizens. Biscayne boulevard, crisscrossed with hundreds of fallen palms, its two dozen hotels debouching worms of mad folk like yourself.

You find yourself seizing a passing girl, crushing her in your arms and kissing her, much to the riotous glee of your companions, who seeing merit in the idea, start hunting some busking of their own. The girl is not unwilling. Haven't you both been just dragged back from the slippery slide to hell? What's the difference!

Grim Mardi Gras, without that bawdy celebration's real gaiety, hurricane night is Bacchus' own.

Men are satyrs, women fawns, and if you don't like it, go home to your soaked bed and try to sleep alone—if you can. ⌗

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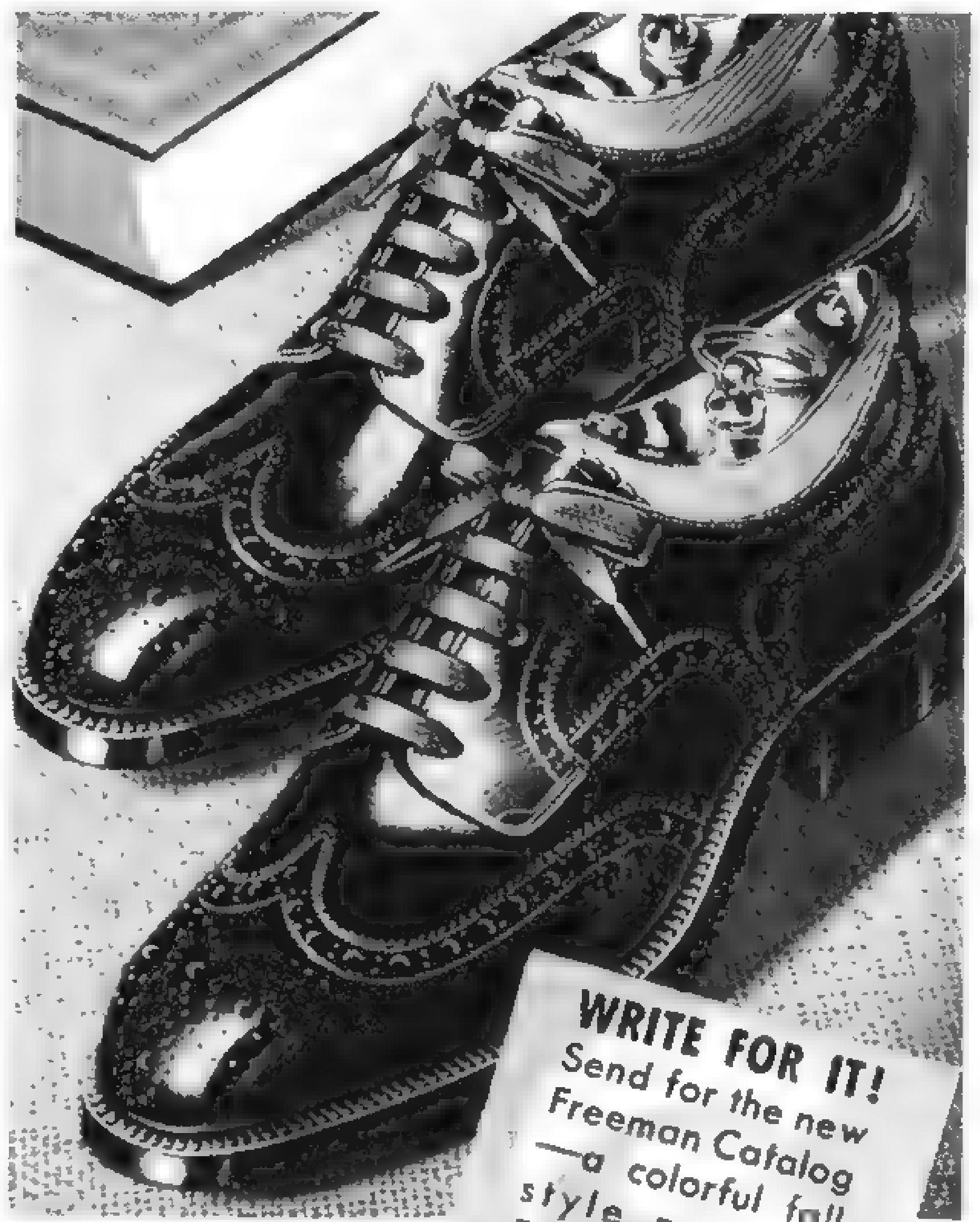

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ENQUIRIES INVITED

The Newspaper Hero

Continued from page 50

me nervous. I confess I felt quite happy the day I found him at the table with a troubled look in his eyes.

"I saw doctor inoculate soldiers downstairs in lazaret," he said in his broken French. "All the officers vaccinated too. How about you?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I did it in Rome. You see, we civilians are more dependent on precautions than you people of war. I suppose you personally will defy such cowardly measures."

He babbled something and left. In the evening he did not appear at the table. Officers were telling that they saw him sneak into the lazaret. I went to see him. The door of his cabin was locked from inside but nobody answered.

The next morning he showed up. Now he was the wounded soldier of the movies, with one arm bandaged and in a sling. He was dressed in green pajamas. The bracelet and the dagger were there, however.

"Don Fernando," I exclaimed. "what is wrong?"

"It is nothing," he said coldly and sat down. "Don't pay attention. It is just small wound."

"Who wounded you, Don Fernando? Was it the doctor?"

He jumped up and grasped his dagger but the inoculated arm obviously hurt him. With a groan he let the dagger fall:

"Caramba. You will pay for these words."

I did not have to pay. He forgot the whole incident in a few days after he had recovered and could wear his uniforms. Meanwhile we were approaching our goal.

One night we suddenly saw lights at our right. These were the lights of Massawa and of the Italian war trucks climbing toward the mountainous inland. Disembarkation was announced for morning. Only a few slept that last night. Laughter and singing stopped. With serious faces young Italians looked toward the lights. What awaited them? Death? Would they ever see Italy again?

That night Fernando appeared on deck in full tropical uniform, armed with a riding crop, dagger and revolver. He wore mountaineer boots. A loaded knapsack was on his back. On his hip hung an officer's map case. He placed the sack near the wall; lay down on the crowded deck; and placed the crop near his left hand and the revolver by his right. And a minute later he was happily snoring, ready to step on the path of the greatest war adventures ever experienced by a human being.

Much time has elapsed since then, but I still clearly remember all the little details of the first day on African soil. Although the Spaniard looked too magnificent to be genuine, he was able to make me worried about my own future. Since he was so marvelously equipped for warfare there was the question of how I ever could compete with any more Fernandos. Again and again I recalled my nightmare. Thus my thoughts were quite unhappy while disembarking in Massawa and getting aboard the little white one-car motortrain to go up the mountains to Asmara. The crucial moment came when the automobile which had met us at the Asmara station stopped in front of a dainty palazzino with a few palms in the plot and the driver said:

"*Eccoci arrivati.*"

Then I breathed a sigh of relief. Here was the Press office and here were men in civilian clothes with little if any military appearance. "Hello, war correspondents with the Italian army!" As I shook hands with them I ascertained that those with the most prominent names were the most modest and shy looking. I stole a glance at Don Fernando and was happy to discover disappointment on the warrior's face.

But Fernando came to show what a Spanish war correspondent could accomplish and thus his first move was to demand a transfer to the front. To his and my surprise there was no difficulty about it at all.

Two press cars were to leave the next morning for Adowa and Axum and two seats were still available. Fernando took the first. I took the second. And the next morning we left on a history-making trip. I in the first car and Don Fernando in the second, because he was late completing his magnificent wardrobe which included two revolvers, the dagger and the crop, and his baggage, which included sleeping bags, tent, blankets and field kitchen.

The road to Axum may today resemble an American highway but at that time there was little similarity. After three hours of driving the road became narrow and rough and looked more dangerous as it started winding along dusty hills baking in the sun. An unpleasant precipice was on one side. The colored driver did not care much about safety precautions and made blind turns at full speed, barely avoiding collision with on-coming trucks. He would enter a dust cloud and feel his way along the precipice at forty miles an hour with little chance of not rolling down the slope to join the ruins of war trucks scattered over the valleys. It was unpleasant but we were ashamed to show fear to the other fellow. So we remained outwardly calm. . . .

Signals from the second car forced us to stop.

It was Fernando furiously cursing, yelling in a hysterical voice at the chauffeur. His French companion in the car, Demaitre, came running toward us:

"I will kill him," he shouted. "This Spaniard drives me crazy. I can't stand it."

"What is wrong?"

"He is afraid," shouted the Frenchman. "He screams like a

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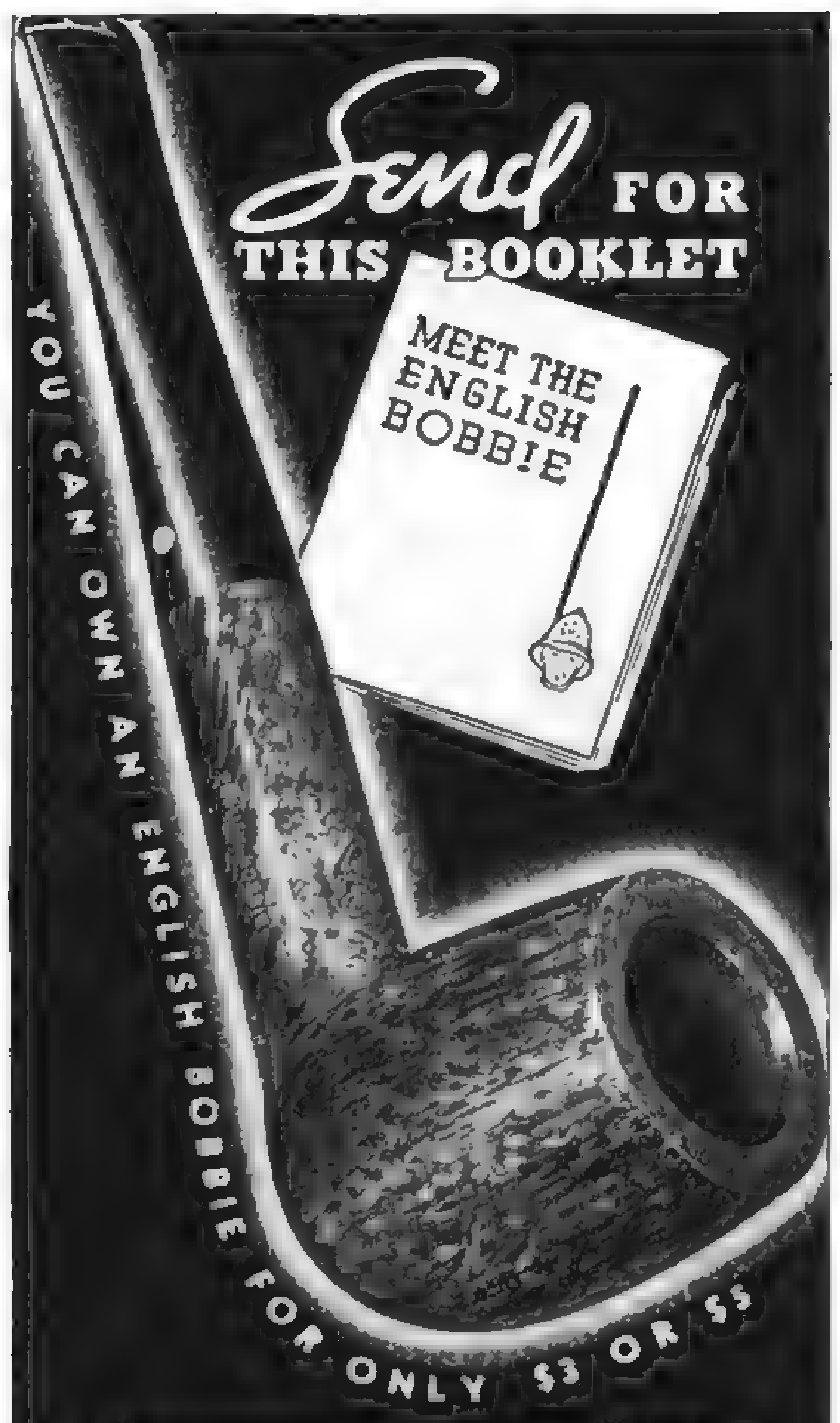

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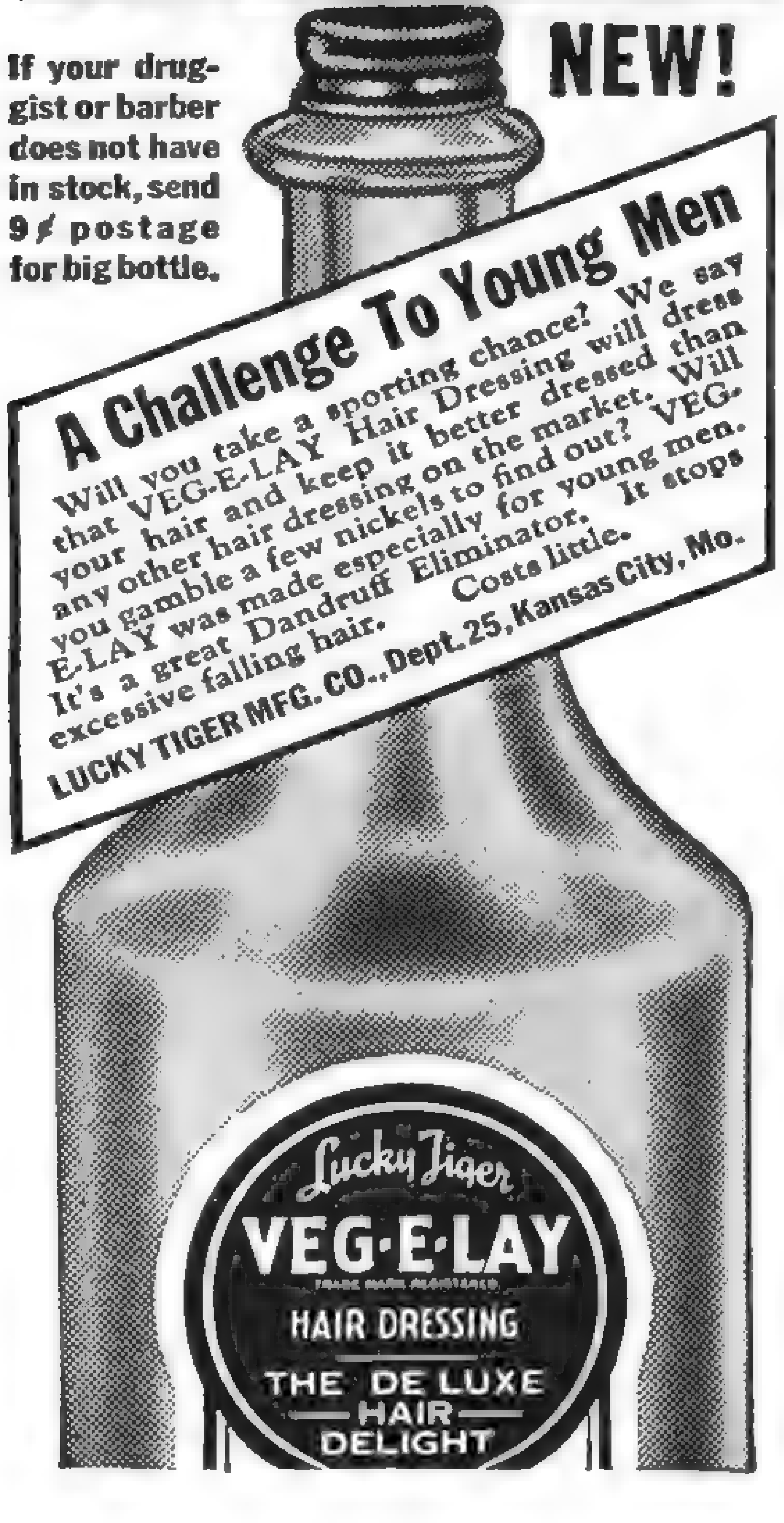

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woman at every turn. He is the lowest of a coward I have ever seen."

Don Fernando a coward? Don Fernando, the god Mars, the only warrior among plain civilians? Don Fernando, the man with the bullets on his wrist. . . . We stared at him. He saw our looks and retrieved his vanishing bravado. He shouted:

"We go. But if chauffeur again crazy I kill him with dagger and three bullets in heart."

Six hours later we stopped in front of the former Italian Consulate of Adowa now transformed into General Maravigna's headquarters. We had heard shouting from the second car but did not stop again. The yelling gradually faded out and the car followed us silent as a shadow. Now the car stopped behind us and the Frenchman jumped out. He shouted:

"Come and look. Let us do something about it."

There was Don Fernando lying on the back seat, his face white and tormented. His crop was broken into two parts, the round tropical helmet was crushed under his feet, cartridges from the famous bracelet scattered over the car. The poor fellow had been carsick for hours and now he appeared almost dead.

An Italian officer approached the car and we showed him the "corpse" of Don Fernando. He took the Spaniard's pulse and shook his head:

"We must send him back to the Asmara hospital. Immediately."

There was no ambulance available till night and we placed Fernando in the field surgeon's tent, where he started to rave while his temperature rose. We felt sorry for him although we should have been glad. However, we pitied him. The poor warrior of Spain. . . .

In the evening the ambulance came and soldiers packed him into the car for a rueful return trip to Asmara.

This, I thought, was the end of a myth, the end of Don Fernando as war correspondent. But I was mistaken.

Very much mistaken.

Four days later, unshaved, dirty and exhausted, we entered the Press office in Asmara. There was Don Fernando sitting at one of the big tables. His dagger lay in front of him; his left hand with the famous cartridge-bracelet rested on the table while the right was busy scribbling on white sheets. He seemed fully recovered.

"Hello, caballero," we shouted. "How is your health?"

"Good, gentlemen," was his absent-minded answer. He continued writing.

"Are you writing letters, Don Fernando?" I asked. A suspicion arose in me.

"Oh, no," he said and leaned back. "This story third for day. About my trip to front. A splendid story of Lieutenant Lusardi dying in battle on my lap. He tells me: 'Tell Il Duce that I gave my life for him.'"

We looked at him in surprise. What was he talking about?

"Don Fernando," I said meekly. "I am afraid there is some misunderstanding. You did not see Lieutenant Lusardi dying. You have never been at the front. As a matter of fact the only thing you saw was the hospital tent in Adowa."

Don Fernando muttered something in Spanish which obviously was equivalent to the American "So what?" He put down his pen and expounded his creed.

"Does not matter," he chuckled. "You fellows think you go out and get big news? You stupid. Best news in my own head. Why go out and risk life? I went, found photographs and descriptions. I know Adowa and Axum better than you know. I write great story. Much greater than yours. Because I got imagination. My story is already out and yours is not yet written. I not go any more to the front. Not one step from this table and best stories. You only watch me."

"But you can't do that, caballero."

He shrugged his shoulders:

"I cannot? Why? I don't lie. I tell truth. Did Lusardi die after battle? Yes, this morning. What did he say? 'Tell Il Duce that I gave my life for him.' Who saw it? Italians. Well, what is the difference if I were there and held his head? No difference, he died anyway. So I tell I was there and have a fine story. See? Have good imagination and you are a good newspaperman."

That is how Fernando's star began its startling rise. He remained faithful to his words and never moved from our palazzino. The war went on, the Italians slowly penetrated deeper into Ethiopia, the General Staff moved with the army but Don Fernando stayed where he was: in Asmara. He would not try the trip again, although we often tried to lure him into the open. He stayed in the Press office and wrote. In the morning, in the afternoon, in the evening, as long as there was light and there was paper, Fernando wrote his dispatches for Madrid.

We did not know in the beginning what they were about, but he liked to boast. So we were well informed. He took the most important event of the day from the news bulletin and played it up into an exciting story placing himself in the foreground. He did not bother much whether one skirmish occurred in the Tembien, the other, the following day, in the Danakil, on the other side of impassable mountains. He would just invent some means of transportation which would transfer him to the other region in time.

Mostly it was an Italian plane. Sometimes a camel caravan. Sometimes a fast tank. This did not cause him the least inconvenience. He would always arrive in time to see the battle, to participate in it, and to shoot Ethiopians with his revolver. His battle stories were a hundred times more terrible than the events they described. There was always blood in the stories,

Continued on page 248

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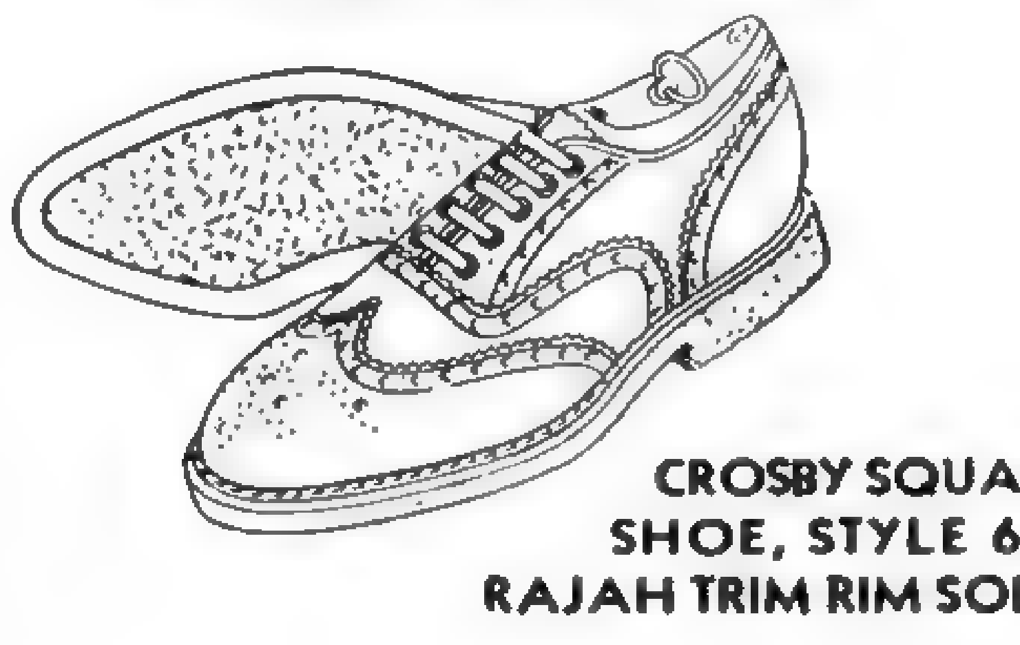

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The Newspaper Hero

Continued from pages 50-247

much blood, and often there was blood on the blade of his own Toledo dagger.

You see, he was a hero . . . in his dreams.

His inventive mind was fantastic. One morning, toward the end of his first week at the imaginary front, he appeared with developed film and showed it around, proudly, triumphantly.

"My first work," he said. "Look."

It was really astounding. Here was Fernando on the negatives, with a revolver in his hand. He was crouching behind a rock and desperately shooting at a group of Ethiopians easily recognizable in their white dresses. Some of them lay dead. The group had been put into flight. . . .

"Good job, Don Fernando. How did you do it?"

He was a babbler and could not keep secrets. So he blurted it out. It was certainly a fake. He had become acquainted with officers of the black Askari training camp at Amba Galliano, a hill in the outskirts of Asmara. One day he approached the Italian officers with a request to permit him to make some photographs. They gave the permit and the rest was easy. Every Askari has his civilian white "gemma" dress. Every Askari likes to participate in a war show. So Fernando staged it and played the hero while one of the officers snapped the pictures.

"See," he popped his eyes. "This is illustration to story of battle in Tembien. Our company is in trap but I put enemy to flight. This is proof. Readers like proof."

He went further and transformed the camp in Amba Galliano into a second Hollywood. He staged everything. He would play the rôle of a good Samaritan surrounded by Askari children and use the photo as an illustration to a story about his entering a captured village with Italian shock troops and helping the starving population. Or he would stage a whole battle with corpses around and place himself in the middle offering his flask of water to a "dying" soldier. Or he would build a machine-gun nest and take the place behind the gun.

There was a camel cemetery near the hill. Sick camels from passing caravans would find their way to the place and die there. The odor of the dead camels was so strong that no human being would step into this dead valley. Fernando braved the stench and moreover he persuaded an Italian soldier to come along. Using as background a sandy hill which might be taken for a desert, Fernando posed. He put his foot on the stinking corpse of the camel and pulled his revolver. The camera clicked.

The caption he wrote under this photo was:

"Our correspondent defending his life after his camel had been shot under him in a battle at the Tekaze. See article in column."

We smiled. We laughed. We ridiculed him. Fernando did not mind. He felt he stood above us all. Whenever we went out on our exhausting trips to the front he bade us farewell and a happy return with a superior smile. He knew we were the suckers, he was the wise guy. Returning in our dusty cars or lorries from the front we would find freshly developed film hanging on the veranda of his barrack. Inside was his improvised dark room. Between writing stories and making photos he took sun baths in the courtyard in front of the barracks. He covered his body with beauty tan oil and felt happy.

One morning, Jacques Barré, the Havas man, knocked at my door. He looked serious.

"I came to talk with you about the Spaniard," he said as he sat down on my bed. "Do you realize that while we are joking about him, readers take it for granted that every word he writes is sacred truth? Do you realize that this man has achieved more than all of us together? As a matter of fact he has already gathered his first fruit. He received a telegram from Madrid this morning from his publisher. Congratulations and double salary."

"What?" I jumped from the bed.

"Yes," repeated the Frenchman calmly. "They didn't suspect anything and raised his salary for his outstanding service. I would not be surprised if they soon make him a national hero."

The Frenchman's words were prophetic. . . .

Telegrams and letters poured in congratulating Don Fernando upon his glorious work. Mothers wrote him that they prayed for him. Fathers wrote that they wished their sons would grow to become like him. Young Madrileno girls sent him love letters. Those of them who once rejected him begged forgiveness. They loved him, more than ever. He received letters from members of Spanish high society, from members of the Cortes, from city officials. We saw them all from Fernando himself, who proudly exhibited the letters. He showed us a newspaper where his three-column portrait adorned the front page. One day he emerged from our little post office at the palazzino with the announcement that he had been made honorary citizen of a Spanish city.

Fernando did not rest on his laurels. Inspired by his success he continued his work of marvels. He scored two news scoops.

One was his participation in the air raid on Dessie. To achieve that he took his camera and went out "on location" to the airport near Asmara. There he borrowed a pilot's overalls and took a photo of himself standing in the door of Count Ciano's famous bombing plane No. 1 of the La Disperata squadron. He wrote the caption:

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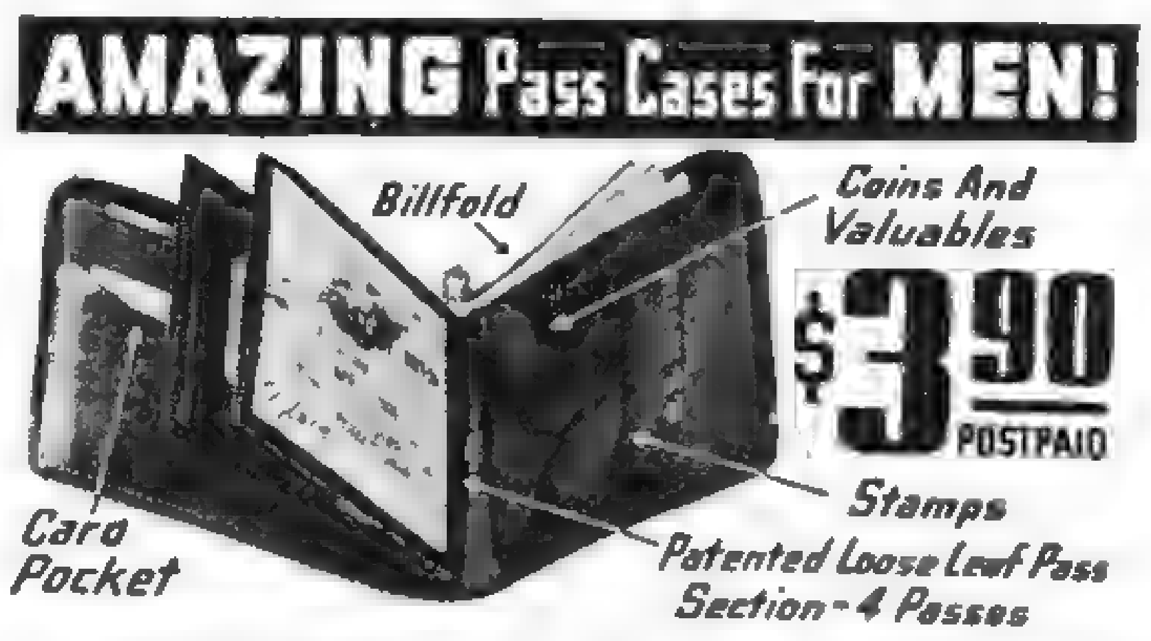

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"Our special correspondent in front of Count Ciano's plane, ready to start for the bombardment of Dessie." The story described the raid from the personal angle according to Fernando's philosophy which he presented to us the same evening with the superior smile of a tutor:

"Did planes bombard Dessie?" he asked. "They did. How many people are in one plane? Who cares? Suppose I was among the crew. Would this have stopped bombardment or have changed attack?"

The Press office distributed pictures taken by the Italian pilots during the bombardment, and Fernando calmly added the caption:

"Special photo taken by our correspondent."

A few days earlier we witnessed the arrival of the new Italian commander, Marshal Badoglio. With a hope and a promise from the Press office to arrange an interview we all went down into the hell of Massawa. Don Fernando did not move. Two days later we returned with the new commander but without an interview. He was a hard boiled egg, this Marshal Pietro Badoglio, even worse than his predecessor, De Bono, who poisonously hated newspapermen.

Fernando received us with a smile of ridicule. He thought we were stupid.

The evening of Marshal Badoglio's first day at Asmara, a mimeographed sheet was distributed to us during dinner. It was a statement about the high commander's plans, not saying anything in particular. The absence of Marshal Badoglio's name made the unexciting statement worthless.

While everyone else tossed the sheet to the floor or shoved it aside after reading it, Don Fernando produced his fountain pen and started writing something in between the printed lines. He looked serious and tense.

"What are you doing now, Don Fernando?" asked one of the Frenchmen.

Fernando smiled. Then he looked around, triumphantly, gloating.

"You want to be newspapermen?" he asked. "You want to be clever. You go down to Massawa and return with a long nose and no interview. I take sun bath and don't move, and I get interview. The first exclusive interview with Marshal Badoglio. See? I write here questions before every paragraph and Il Maresciallo answers them. See? He answers all my questions and you sit stupid and dumb and have nothing. I go now to telegraph office. Good-bye gentlemen, and much luck."

We were beaten. There was no doubt about it. Everyone of us, including William Chaplin, Whitaker and Packard, the ace correspondents. Fernando achieved everything where we failed. He obtained interviews where we were refused. He went to regions which bore the sign "No admittance for newspapermen." He was the magnificent, invincible international war correspondent No. 1.

We realized that we were outwitted and overshadowed by a coward who built himself a monument of bravery out of lies. We were obviously bewitched to be stupid enough to keep his secret at our own expense.

It was difficult to make the first step as nobody wanted to express the suggestion which was in our minds. Everyone realized that if the suggestion was not met with approval, the initiator would run the danger of being stamped a coward himself, envious of a fake Spanish newspaperman's achievements. At last Barrê took the first step. He received immediate full support.

Then came the historic day when forty internationally known newspapermen gathered to seek self-protection from the imagination of one Spaniard. When the resolution was passed, it flung an ultimatum to Don Fernando to terminate his honeymoon of fake glory. If he refused, the following measures would be taken: his publisher and also the left-wing papers in Madrid would be informed about his deeds. The Geneva international newspaper association would be informed as well as the Italian authorities in Rome. If he yielded, his secret would be kept for at least the duration of the campaign.

Poor Don Fernando. He wept when he was told about this decision. He could not understand why these men were so cruel. He had not done them any harm publishing all that stuff in Madrid. Every respectable Spanish journalist wrote the same way. What could he continue to write from Asmara that would be readable? He was afraid of the road to the front, and would not be able to find anything to cover comparable to his previous exploits. Oh, that meant his death. That meant his immediate disgrace. . . .

He would have to go home.

He wept. His tears fell on his bracelet and wet the cartridges as he tried to dry his eyes. And the death's-head on his chest seemed to cry with him. But the boys remained firm. They gave him three days to decide.

It was one of my misfortunes during the war that the next day I was called down to Massawa as the first newspaperman to go aboard the hospital ship *Urania*. Later the *Urania* lifted its anchor and I left the northern front with the cargo of wounded Italian soldiers. I never returned to Asmara.

But I often think of Don Fernando. I heard from reliable sources that he soon left Ethiopia and returned to Madrid. He might have been in the center of the July uprising. He might have been one of the first victims of the Civil war. Knowing his abilities I don't believe it. I am more inclined to presume that his cowardice kept him away from the troubles and that his genius has found a marvelous opportunity in the press offices of the Spanish Rebels. ⌗

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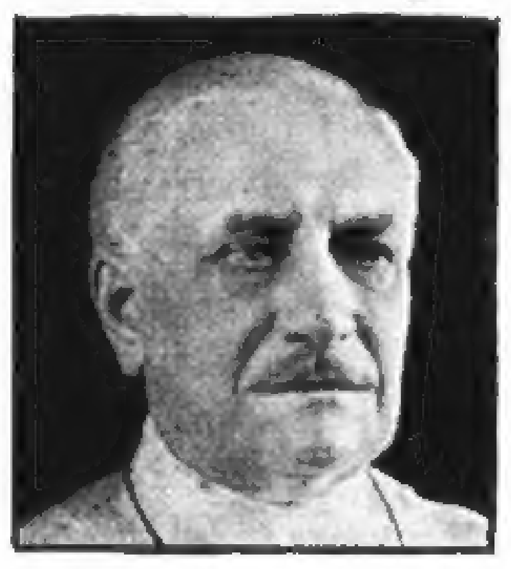

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51,285,918 five-cent cash fares paid by this traveling audience every single week equals $2,564,295.90. That is more money by two times than is paid for all the news-stand sales combined of all the six leading weekly magazines published in all of America.

The cost of complete coverage per thousand for Greater New York is .56c. That is equivalent to fifty-six ten thousandths of one cent per rider. Expressed in this manner, .00056, it is the biggest small fraction sales cost known to Advertising men.

No wonder Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have learned to depend on sales increases through continued use of this amazingly economical medium.

Little advertising pennies in car cards make big dollar sales in business.

CAR CARD ADVERTISING

The spot-light advertising medium in Subways, Elevateds,
Street Cars, Buses, Suburban Trains and Express Systems.

Headquarters: 745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
Telephone: ELdorado 5-6701

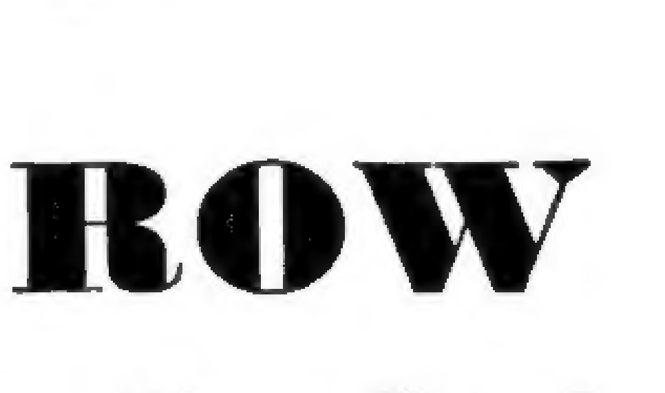
Sales Representatives Throughout All the Principal
Cities of the United States, Canada and Cuba

Originally the backbone of Greater New York's carrier system, the surface lines despite newer paralleling operations remain today one of the greatest traffic factors.

Busy New Yorkers take to the subway almost by instinct. Colorful Car Cards and brilliant Station posters are both instructive and entertaining to this number one audience.

Famed for their "ride in the open" slogan the arterial system of elevateds offers, through car cards and station platform posters, an unusual advertising and sales opportunity.

Bus Systems have far exceeded original passenger carrying expectations. Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have been quick to sense the importance of this medium.



The Advertising Agency recommendation which employs a correctly proportioned formulae of Suburban Railway Advertising, seems touched with sales magic.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

L.F.
Always in Good Taste
Inter Woven
NU-TOP

"Nu-Top"

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

An entirely new and different
SELF-SUPPORTING SOCK
No gadgets, no garters,
and they **DO** *stay up*

Inter Woven REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

2 pairs $1.10 *75¢ the pair* *$1.00 the pair*

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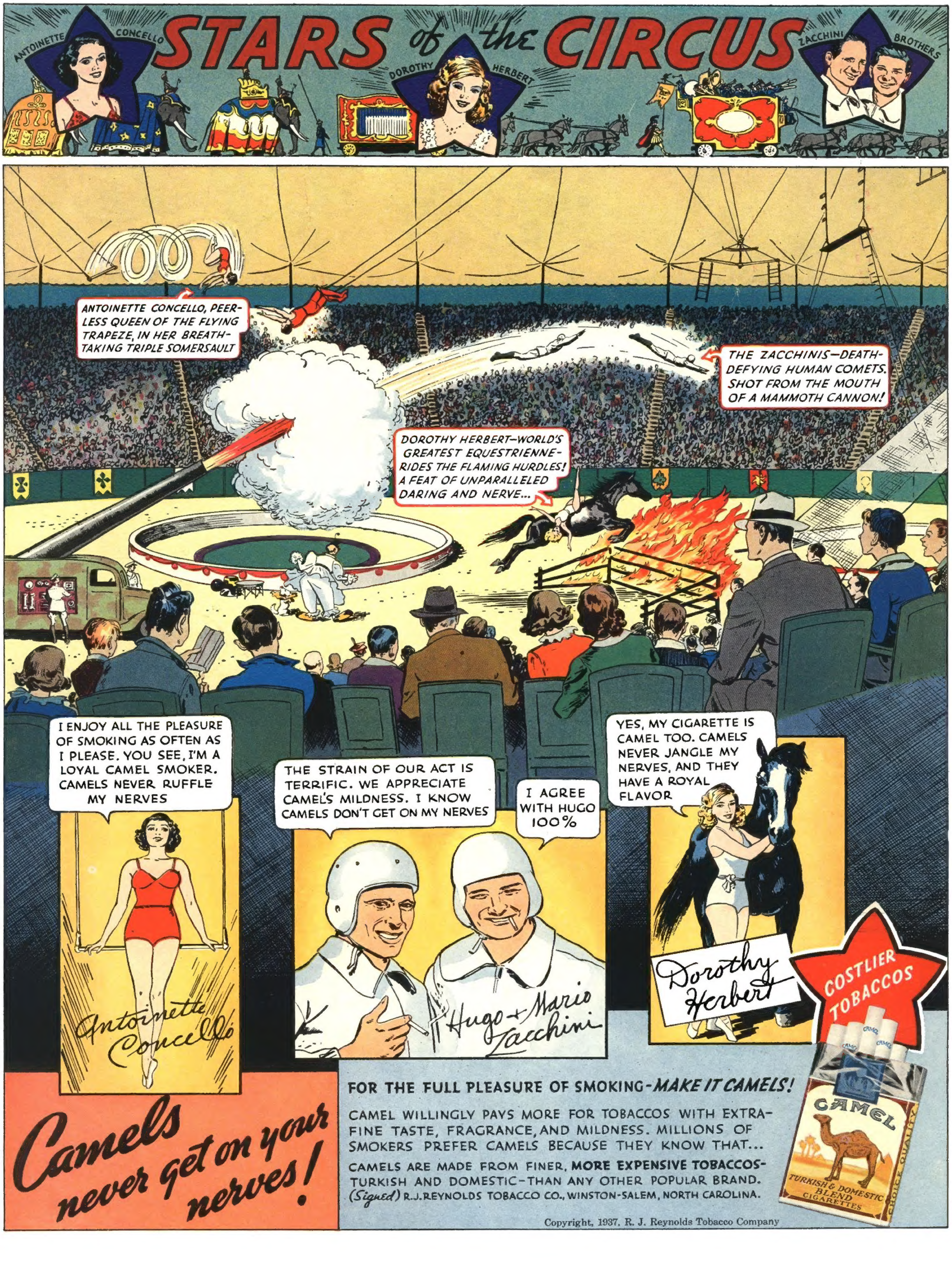
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO
STARS of the CIRCUS
DOROTHY HERBERT
ZACCHINI BROTHERS
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO, PEERLESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATHTAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT
THE ZACCHINIS—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS. SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!
DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...
I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES
Antoinette Concello
THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES
I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%
Hugo + Mario Zacchini
YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR
Dorothy Herbert
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
Camels never get on your nerves!

FOR THE FULL PLEASURE OF SMOKING-*MAKE IT CAMELS!*

CAMEL WILLINGLY PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCOS WITH EXTRA-FINE TASTE, FRAGRANCE, AND MILDNESS. MILLIONS OF SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT...

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. *(Signed)* R.J.REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.

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